MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

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THE OLD FAMILY ALTAR.

BY REV. EDGAR C. MASON, '87.

How dear to this heart is the old family altar,
Though oft from its dear sacred teachings I roam!
These feet, so inclined to go wrong and to falter,
Are strengthened and guided by memories of home.
The ladder of faith and of holy emotion,
Set up from that altar of prayers and of sighs,
Stood for the ascent of our simple devotion,
And on it the angels came down from the skies.
The old family altar, the prayer-laden altar,
The love-kindled altar whose fire never dies.

That old family altar, where father and mother
Bowed low to the Lord in devotion and prayer,
And taught me to kneel with a sister and brother,
How oft once again I have wished to be there!
Alas! all in vain is the thought and the yearning,
But still come the visions of home to my eyes,
And I see the warm flame of that altar still burning,
Though the soul that inspired it has passed to the skies.
The old family altar, the prayer-laden altar,
The love-kindled altar whose fire never dies.

That old family altar is dearer and dearer,
As each passing year bears me farther away;
And living is nobler, and heaven comes nearer,
While trying to teach my own children to pray.
So great is the joy in the sweet consolation
That over the ladder of faith there may rise
The incense of hearts, an accepted oblation,
While angels of blessing come down from the skies.
The old family altar, the prayer-laden altar,
The heaven-lighted altar whose flame never dies.

Basking Ridge, N. J.

THE SOUTHERN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE AT ASHEVILLE.

What Northfield is to the Eastern students, what Lake Geneva is to the Northern college men, what Pacific Grove is to those beyond the Rockies, just that is Asheville to us of the Southland.

There, up among the mountains, secluded from the bustle and confusion of the neighboring city, the Southern students gather at Bingham Heights for the annual ten days' conference that has come to mean so much to them.

It would be a hard task for any one who has had the inestimable privilege of attending one of these student gatherings to tell of it in a day or in a week, and much harder is it in the brief space of this article to give more than a mere glimpse of Asheville, 1900, but we will consider briefly some of the leading features.

Those conference days were busy days, as this program will show: Morning Watch: Breakfast, Missionary Normal Study Class, Missionary Conference, Bible Study Classes, Platform Address, Dinner, Recreation, Supper, Life-work Conference, College Problems Conference, State Delegation Conferences, College Delegation Conferences.

The Mission Normal Study Class and Student Volunteer Conferences were under the wise direction of Secretaries F. P. Turner and Dr. Ottley. Here were discussed all questions of prime importance to Volunteers, and also to those who would lead mission study groups at the next session of College. The book now being studied is "The Evangelization of the World in the Generation" (Mott).

The Missionary Conference was open to all delegates, and was very delightful. The work of the Missionary Department was placed before each college man as he had never before seen it. It was a pleasure to hear Dr. Lambreth, of the M. E. Church (South), as he presented China's need. Dr. Lambreth speaks with authority, as he has just returned after twenty years of labor in the great empire.

After leaving this conference we scurry up the hill to Bible classes. There were three courses given: "Studies in the Life of Christ," conducted by Secretary Gilbert, an old Yale man; "Life of Paul," Secretary Gleason, a Harvard man; Personal Workers' Class, Mr. Nash, of Toledo, O. Great emphasis was laid on the importance of Bible study, and every college man at the Conference was enrolled in one of the classes.

The last feature of the morning was the Platform meeting. Here we heard such men as Dr. Pierson, of Asheville; Dr. Dargon, of Louisville; Dr. Erdmann, of Germantown; Dr. Grammar, of Norfolk; Robert E. Speer and Dr. Lambreth. The eminent men of their denominations—it was a privilege indeed to listen to the messages they brought to the young college men from their wide experience.

A college man must have his recreation, his out-door sports and pleasures, and so these were all provided. The fine Gym of the Bingham School was thrown open to the Conference, and Prof. A. G. Villee, of the Atlanta City Association, gave a leaders' class in physical culture each day.

Tramps to the mountains and springs, and a never-to-be-forgotten ride to Biltmore, the vast estate of Mr. Vanderbilt, were enjoyed.

Two championship games of base ball were played. In one we saw our own State defeated by Virginia, and in the other Virginia defeated by the "whole South" team.

After supper, the Life Work meeting was held, and the various callings were presented by well-qualified men. This was followed by the College Association Problems Conference, in which were discussed such topics as "The Associate Member," "The Budget," and the like.

Then, last of all, the Delegation Conferences, where we looked back over the day's work and talked it over informally, and thought how the suggestions could be best applied in our own Associations.

Maryville at Asheville.—We were fortunate in being represented by four delegates—Maguire, '01; Hammontree, '01; Dickie, '04, and Webb, '02. Our sojourn at the Conference was most delightful. The good fellowship of the one hundred and seventy men gathered from eleven States can never be forgotten. The Conference is over and done for another year, but its impress upon the mind of many a man will never be effaced, and the circles of influence of those days will widen till they touch Eternity's shore.

Frederic Lee Webb, '02.

BARTLETT HALL.

The Y. M. C. A. commences the year with a bright outlook. From a practical and spiritual standpoint, the prospect is most encouraging.

Cordial greetings have been extended to new students at the depot, on the campus, and at receptions in the chapel. Their appreciation has been manifest in various ways, and we are glad to note their interest in the religious work of the College.

Officers and chairmen of committees have met as a cabinet and prepared plans for the coming year.

The Advisory Committee has also held a meeting, at which it was decided to meet monthly for consideration of associational problems. We hail this step with great pleasure, as marking an increased interest in the Y. M. C. A.

Paul C. Dickie and Reuben Larson have been placed in charge of Bartlett Hall. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder with them in their important and onerous duties.

Large attendances have marked our opening meetings. At the decision meeting many new students took part, and signified their intention of being faithful to the Master. The Bible study rally resulted in twelve young men taking up a systematic study of "The Life of Christ," and six young men will take up the study of personal work.

A program of religious meetings has been published, and to this we would especially direct the attention of members. Commencing with the subject of "Christian Courage," we shall discuss Biblical characters typical of each subject. These will culminate in "The Perfect Man." Let us make this a fruitful source for character building.

Bartlett Hall has reached another step toward completion. The auditorium has been completed, and only needs chairs and lights to make it one of the most convenient and attractive lecture halls in the South. As soon as outstanding subscriptions are collected, the whole building will be completed. *Ultimam jam sit!*

The total cash receipts for our building so far are $11,514.65, of which the following amount has been recently received:

462	Roger S. Boardman	$7.00
463	Prof. John G. Newman	20.00
464	Frank French	5.00
465	John A. McCulloch	5.00
466	Cash	2.25

Dr. T. L. Hughes, who delivered two addresses during last commencement week at Maryville, died suddenly at his home in Piqua, O., last June.

OPENING OF THE FALL TERM.

The fall term of 1900 began September 5 under favorable conditions, and with the usual number of students for the college and preparatory departments. Sixty-one of the two hundred and thirty-four now (September 24) enrolled are new students.

The returning students will notice a number of changes on College Hill. Their attention will be directed, in the first place, to the new Registrar's office, in the old Senior class-room of Anderson Hall. In accordance with the action of the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, consolidating the offices of Registrar, Treasurer and Recorder, this office-room is occupied by Major Ben. Cunningham. Under his care and direction during the summer many repairs and improvements have been made. The Loan Library has been taken from the Lamar Library Building and placed in the old Greek room in Anderson Hall, where also is now the students' post-office. In Science Hall the museum has been placed in order, and in Bartlett Hall the large auditorium, forty feet square, with its high ceiling and gallery, has been finished, and is ready for the Y. M. C. A. meetings.

A number of changes have occurred in the teaching corps. Prof. Henry C. Biddle has been granted a year's absence from Maryville at his own request. He is at present engaged as instructor in Chicago University, in the Department of Chemistry, and he intends to make an effort to secure some funds during the year for an endowment of our Science Department. During his year's absence the College has secured Prof. Albert F. Gilman, a teacher of experience, and a graduate of Amherst College, Massachusetts, to fill his place in teaching chemistry and physics.

Miss Amanda Andrews, who is likewise absent on leave, studying in Germany, has an acceptable substitute in her position as teacher of French and German in the person of Miss Henrietta M. Lord, '00, who studied during the summer at Chicago University.

Miss Gwendolyn G. Clark, a graduate of the Cincinnati College of Music, and a holder of the Springer medal, has taken charge of the Music Department. Mrs. West, in addition to teaching elocution, has the entire charge of Lamar Library. Mrs. Clemmons, of Jerseyville, Ill., has taken the place of Mrs. Sanford, as matron of Bartlett Hall.

On Friday night of the first college week the Y. M. C. A. gave a reception at the chapel to the young men, and at the same time the Y. W. C. A. gave a reception to the young ladies at Baldwin Hall.

On Friday night of the second week a joint reception was given at the chapel, and the address of welcome was delivered by Professor Newman.

The names and addresses of the new students, except those from Maryville, are as follows:

Orville B. De Witt, Paulding, O.
Mary Hamilton, Coulterville, Ill.
Creed F. Wilson, Paint Gap, N. C.
Harry J. Bassett, Moran, Kan.
Isham O. Siler, Lot, Ky.
Bessie H. Clemmons, Jerseyville, Ill.
Frederick F. Shell, Chipley, Fla.
Clyde Ervin, Greenfield, O.
Nelson A. Hope, Flat Rock, Ill.
Etta M. Clemmons, Jerseyville, Ill.
Louis P. Girgou, Valdese, N. C.
Leola C. Landon, Jerseyville, Ill.
Rolana B. Kyle, Cedarville, O.
Lambert M. Ware, Jr., St. Andrew's Bay, Fla.
James G. Thomas, Coal Creek, Tenn.
Susie York, Bearden, Tenn.
Boyd L. Davis, Line Springs, Tenn.
George Tinsley, Knoxville, Tenn.
Joseph C. February, Jonesboro, Tenn.
Robert L. McReynolds, Friendsville, Tenn.
Willard H. Brooks, Bearden, Tenn.
Robert W. Pitkin, Milburnton, Tenn.
John M. Lowry, Rex, Tenn.
Gussie P. McReynolds, Friendsville, Tenn.
Maude L. Bright, Milburnton, Tenn.
Horace D. Chandler, South Rockford, Tenn.
Clyde C. Hale, Lowland, Tenn.
Johnie M. McReynolds, Friendsville, Tenn.
Samuel P. Cochran, Rockford, Tenn.
Thomas M. Hutton, Woodson, Tenn.
Georgia E. Warren, Newport, Tenn.
Mary A. Lowry, Rex, Tenn.
Cass H. Yerkes, Clinton, Tenn.
Frances G. Hamby, Grassy Cove, Tenn.
Georgia Curtis, Cliff, Tenn.
Samuel H. Bright, Milburnton, Tenn.
John B. Brown, Philadelphia, Tenn.
Maude T. Smith, Miser, Tenn.
William V. Anderson, Louisville, Tenn.
James J. F. Rogers, McMillan, Tenn.

OUR MUSEUM.

From time to time in the past friends and alumni of Maryville College have sent various articles and specimens for our Museum. Many of these are rare, and intrinsically valuable, and most of the others possess more or less educational value.

For many years the students of the College did not obtain the greatest possible benefit from these because of the lack of a suitable storage place. Crowded into cases in the library, or piled heterogeneously in boxes and locked up, around the scientific laboratories, the choicest geological and biological specimens were unavailable for class-room work, except through a great expenditure of time and labor on the part of an already busy teacher. Since the completion of Fayerweather Science Hall, however, a large room has been set aside for the Museum, and our collections have assumed a decidedly more artistic and educational tone. A large wall case has been built, and in this and other cases, the various articles have been advantageously displayed, systematically arranged and numbered, and appropriately labeled. Mr. F. L. Webb has been devoting his spare time to this since last winter, and now the laborious task is almost completed, and we can invite the students and the public into

a room that must prove of genuine educational value to the one, and highly interesting to the other.

Of the material now on hand, the Japanese collection, contributed for the most part by the Maryville College Club of Japan, is perhaps the most complete. It includes implements of war, as swords, spears, and a valuable armor several hundred years old Musical instruments, idols, rosaries, prayer-book, pilgrims' robes, vases, household articles, clothing, coins, photographs of industrial pursuits, and various other interesting objects are in the collection.

Rev. Lyman B. Tedford has contributed many interesting things from India, and Miss Cora Bartlett has similarly remembered the College from Persia.

Petrology is represented by the Government Educational Series of Rocks, one hundred and fifty-one specimens selected by the United States Geological Survey, and by valuable samples of polished Tennessee and Vermont marbles, presented by the Evans Marble Company, of Knoxville, and the George N. Keefe Marble Company, of Rutland, Vt. The Dr. F. Krantz collection, purchased from Germany, contains two hundred rocks and minerals from all over the world. The College has, also, something over three hundred other specimens collected and contributed by friends.

In paleontology, the lepidodendrids, sigillarids, calamites, conifers, and ferns of the Carboniferous age are best represented. Prominent among the donors are General Wilder, Miss Mary Roberts, and Rev. Bates. Many trilobites, orthoceratites, brachiopods, crinoids, and corals of the Cincinnati period have been received, Mr. Webb presenting a number. Ammonites, gasteropods, lamellibranchs, and other fossils complete the collection.

The Maryville College Club of Dendrology has contributed seventy specimens of polished woods, all cut from the College campus. The Calkins collection of lichens is probably one of the best in the State, and the collection of fishes, corals and shells are very fine.

Indian and Mound Builder relics fill considerable space, a Chinese flag and Japanese allegorical pictures decorate the walls, and the Museum contains a rare collection of old books, some of them printed hundreds of years ago. There are on the shelves also a number of articles of College interest, as the spinning wheel of "Aunt Flora Anderson," wife of Dr. Isaac Anderson, the founder of the College; the pen used by Professor Lamar in signing his will, the banner of the Columbian class ('92), and other similar articles.

It is the desire of the College to make its Museum as large and interesting as possible. This is the proper repository for athletic and class relics, for otherwise they are soon lost, and pass out of College life. To our friends, and especially to our alumni, we appeal for material, whether geological, anthropological, biological, or otherwise. Send us what you have before it is lost or destroyed, and if you have nothing, collect or purchase something for your alma mater. There is not a man that graduated from Maryville College ten or fifteen years ago, who has not every reason to be gratified with the progress of the College since. Every expansion gives him more reason to be proud of his diploma, and the very fact that he is an alumnus of the College fastens the duty of supporting and aiding it upon him.

In sending specimens for either a gift or a loan, give all possible data, and they will be properly classified and cared for, and your name placed upon the label as the donor or lender. Make your name a familiar one upon our shelves, and thus keep in touch with the life in Maryville College, of which you were formerly a part.

John W. Ritchie.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of Morristown, spent a day on the Hill and the Campus, He is the only surviving member of the class of 1850. He was very much impressed with the advance the College has made.

PRESIDENT BOARDMAN AT THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE CENTENNIAL.

The Centennial of Middlebury College, Vermont, was celebrated in July, and Dr. Boardman, a graduate of the class of 1851, was one of the speakers. One of the significant facts of the Centennial was the large number of graduates present—51 per cent. of the 574 living. The Vermonter, an illustrated magazine, says:

"Dr. Boardman's address, 'The Contribution of the First Century of Middlebury College to Christian Progress,' was a vigorous presentation of concrete facts, and easily ranked among the most valuable contributions of the week."

A few paragraphs from the address are given:

"The time when the College was founded is of interest. Washington had just passed away. The Federal Constitution had been in operation only eleven years. The heroes and statesmen of the Revolutionary period survived, but were rapidly passing away. Napoleon was beginning his marvelous career. Burns and Cowper had recently died. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey were beginning to write. Byron, Shelley and Scott had not yet risen to notice."

"In this place the intellectual life of fifteen hundred graduates has been formed. Upon this College the eminent achievements of many of them have reflected charm and luster. They were once here. They went out to large and earnest service in all the world. Most of them are not, and yet they live and will ever live, here and in the many fields of their active life work."

"There is a peculiar emotion attending a college brotherhood. We are one family. We have but one alma mater. She may be less richly endowed in some respects than others, but she is ours, and we love her with a unique and undying affection."

"Middlebury College has sent forth thirty-nine foreign missionaries, all with substantially the same spirit of Fisk and Parsons. When the sea shall give up its dead, Warren, Winslow and Keith will come forth to glory. When George C. Knapp, '52, died at Bitlis, Turkey, where he had labored for forty years, the city mourned; the Gregorian ecclesiastics tenderly desired to bury him in their own consecrated ground, and attended his obsequies as a token of respect in their full canonicals. Hiram Bingham, '16, will ever remain one of the most conspicuous figures in the history of the Hawaiian Islands."

EAST TENNESSEE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

This association of teachers met on August 8, 9 and 10, at Maryville College. The evening sessions were held in New Providence Church, and the day sessions in the newly-finished auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. Building on College Hill.

The address of welcome was given by Will A. McTeer, and the response by L. S. London, of Bristol.

The address of the President, Ed. S. Vaught, of Dandridge, was on the subject, "Public Schools and Politics," in which he made a plea for greater care on the part of the citizens of East Tennessee in selecting school directors.

On Thursday morning the topic, "Some Needed Improvements in Our Public Schools," was discussed by Supt. J. H. McCallie, of Knoxville; Professor Alexander, of Greenville and Tusculum College; I. A. Gaines, of Chattanooga, and E. B. Waller and J. F. Iddins, of Maryville. Other topics considered during the day were, "Supplementary Work," "Self-Government," and "Elementary English."

At night a good audience assembled, and heard T. C. Karns, of the University of Tennessee, on the subject, "History of Tennessee"; S. T. Wilson, of Maryville College, on "History of the United States," and W. M. Graybill, President of the Rogersville Synodical College, on "The Ideal Teacher."

On Friday, the principal topics considered were: "School Hygiene," "The Tennessee Text-Book Law," and "Civil Gov-

ernment." On account of the absence of the State Superintendent of Education, who was to have given an address Friday night, the Association adjourned Friday afternoon, after passing the customary resolutions of thanks, to meet next year at a time and place to be determined by the Executive Committee.

ALPHA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

These last months of the century find the "wise brethren" once more in their old quarters, with heads full of plans for a fall campaign. Many familiar faces are seen in our hall, while we gladly welcome quite a considerable number of new ones.

The first meeting was, of course, devoted to reorganization. Our new officers are: L. B. Bewley, '01, President; W. D. Hammontree, '01, Vice President and Treasurer; R. M. Caldwell, '02, Recording Secretary; J. S. Caldwell, '02, Corresponding Secretary, and E. N. Quist, F. H. Hope, and T. F. Campbell, Censors. With such a corps of leaders, the year is sure to be one of advancement along all lines.

While all our meetings have been well attended, the Junior section deserves especial notice for the fine showing they have so far made.

The combined active membership of both sections last year reached seventy-nine. Of this number forty-six are back, while new men bring the number to very nearly sixty.

At a special meeting held for the purpose on September 21, several badly needed amendments to the constitution were made, all with the intention of securing greater efficiency in the year's work.

The alumni gallery has been increased by the addition of quite a number of photographs since the year opened. Among others, the genial face of A. A. Griffes, '97, now preaching in Ohio, and the broad "mug" of the general favorite and everybody's friend, Harvey C. Rimmer, now of McCormick Seminary, look down upon us.

The first open meeting of the year was held on September 28, with a house literally overflowing with friends and visitors. Dr. J. C. Barnes occupied the chair. The wisdom of the movement among our colleges toward the three years' course was discussed by Messrs. W. D. Hammontree and Daniel Castile for the affirmative, and F. H. Hope and T. F. Campbell upon the negative. George Duncan, the Iowa heavyweight and orator of the evening, bore off the laurels from the other boys by more careful preparation. Penland's declamation was good, and the Alpha Sigma Advance, by Eli N. Quist, brought down the house repeatedly.

Altogether, our prospects are brighter than ever before, and we go into the year's work closely united in a determination to gain all the benefit from society training possible.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Athenian Literary Society begins the year with bright prospects for a successful term.

The first regular meeting was held in the society hall September 13. An interesting program was carried out. The question for discussion was, "Resolved, That the amendment to the constitution of the State of North Carolina, disfranchising the bulk of the colored vote, is unjust." The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

The affirmative was led by John E. Tracy and the negative by Will Keeble.

The Society has not yet elected officers, so the officers who were elected last year are still in power.

The Quartette and Glee Club have not yet been reorganized, but will be in the near future. The Athenians have each year heretofore furnished good material for these organizations, and no doubt will this year.

The first open meeting was held September 29. The following program was carried out:

Recitation.....Lester Stevenson
Oration.....Reading K. Beatty
Music.

Debate—"The Cuban Situation is Satisfactory."

Affirmative—Tracy.

Negative—Maguire.

Address.....Hon. John C. Crawford

The Athenian.....Frederic L. Webb

Music.

There is no work in school, outside the class-room, that can do more toward training the mind than society work. Every student should connect himself with one of the societies of the College, and feel that he is an important factor in the cause. If each member would take a greater interest in the work, it would greatly revive the societies.

BAINONIAN SOCIETY.

The Bainonian Society has entered upon this year's work with its usual number of members, and more than its usual energy.

The balloting held at the opening meeting resulted in the election of the following officers: Elva Barton, President; Helen Irvin, Vice President; Nancy Gard ner, Secretary; Ada McCroskey, Treasurer; Lena Hastings, Editor; Helen Post, Cora Curtis, and Martha Boardman, Censors.

The literary programs for the year were arranged during the summer by a committee appointed at the close of the spring term, and provide for the study of nineteenth century writers. These strictly literary evenings will be alternated with debates and variety programs.

The evening with Scott, which was held September 20, was well attended, and profitable.

ATHLETICS.

Proud as the athletic record of Maryville College has been in the past, it must be confessed that for the last two years our athletic record has been anything but a favorable one. This has been due, not to the lack of available raw material from which to develop athletes, but to a lack of that spirit in the student body which creates, organizes, and cheers on athletic teams and supports them in defeat as well as in victory. Our students have been too lacking in this respect. They have been ready to support a good foot ball or base ball team if victorious, but unwilling to do their share in making these teams. They have gone too much on the pessimistic basis that we are unable to accomplish anything in an athletic line, that Faculty support is lacking, and that the efforts of the few enthusiasts who have endeavored to keep things going were made solely to further personal interests. The Faculty, also, have not been free from blame in regard to the stagnant condition of athletics. They have, it is true, generously contributed whenever a subscription has been taken for athletic purposes, but they have taken little personal interest in student affairs in any except an educational or religious line. We do not think that the Faculty have intentionally abstained from participation in student affairs; they have only been uncognizant of the great good that their influence and example might do.

It is to endeavor to arouse some interest in the student body and to acquaint them with the fact of what our athletic condition might be that this department of our college paper has been created. We hope that our efforts will be appreciated, and that the year 1900-1901 will witness a renewal of that enthusiasm which characterized the College a few years ago.

By the time this article appears, foot ball practice will have commenced, and we can begin to see what our prospects for the season are in that line. Though the class of men here is lighter than in many years, this will not hinder our having a fast team, if the men come out and work. Though we may not be able to cope with any very heavy teams, a good schedule of games can probably be booked, and with a good practice game every afternoon, the enthusiastic foot ball looker-on need not go elsewhere for entertainment. The team will be coached by Professor Gilman, Professor Ritchie, who played on the team here for several years, and M. H. Gamble, who wore

the orange and garnet several seasons, and who played guard last year on the University of Tennessee eleven.

The Athletic Association met early in September and elected the following officers: President, John E. Tracy; Vice President, R. K. Beatty; Secretary, George L. Duncan; Treasurer, Reuben Larson. The Association will meet again soon to elect a Manager and a Captain for the foot ball team.

Reuben Larson, the newly-elected Physical Director for the Y. M. C. A., arrived early, with enthusiastic plans for the year's work. He will organize basket ball and indoor base ball teams later in the season, and arrange a schedule of games for the winter. Hand ball courts will also be put in the large gymnasium room, and various improvements in the gymnastic apparatus will be made.

Professor Gilman, the newly-elected Professor of Chemistry and Physics, is welcomed with satisfaction by the students as a representative of athletics on the Faculty. He played on his class base ball team at Amherst, and made quite a reputation there as a track athlete, making a record of 11:30 on the two-mile run.

The Golf Club has started in this year with renewed zeal, and will remodel the links to suit the new improvements on the Campus. Among the new members is Miss Clark, the new instructor in music, who has had quite a little experience on the links around Cincinnati.

ALUMNI.

It is the desire of the Maryville College Monthly to give its readers all the news possible concerning graduates of the College. To do this it is absolutely imperative that we have the co-operation of alumni and their friends. We want not only to know where each alumnus is and his occupation in general, but something of his life, work, successes and surroundings. We ask you, alumnus, to yourself write these things to us. Don't be too modest, for we have asked you to do so—or manipulate affairs so some friend will do it for you. We must have the information in order to give it to our readers, and much of interest will never reach us if you do not send it. We can not manufacture alumni news.

Carl Elmore, '98, is back from Princeton with a 1900 diploma and a Phi Beta Kappa key from that institution, and many interesting reminiscences of Princeton life. Carl is in charge of the Academy at New Market, and reports indicate that a very successful year has commenced there.

Charles Magill, '99, after a year in Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., has gone to Chicago to pursue his studies in McCormick Seminary.

Horace Ellis, '98, has resigned his position in the Preparatory Department of Maryville College to accept a position in Sweetwater College, Sweetwater, Tenn. Sweetwater College has been reorganized under a new management, and Professor Ellis is one of the many improvements introduced.

Rev. W. C. Broady, '82, after an eight years' pastorate at Lexington, Ind., has accepted a call to the Forest Hill (Ind.) Church.

Francis A. Penland, '95, who was for three years principal of the New Market Academy, is now in charge of McKinney Academy, Sneedville, Tenn.

Roy S. Hanna, '82, is postmaster at St. Petersburg, Fla., and also deputy collector of customs at that port. Mr. Hanna was formerly engaged in journalism in Charlotte Harbor, Fla., and later in the real estate business in St. Petersburg.

R. S. Boardman, '96, who graduated from Harvard in '98, and taught in Henry College, Campbell, Tex., last year, has gone to a position in Newkirk Academy, Newkirk, Oklahoma.

Maryville College Monthly.

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BAINONIAN, - - MARY LENA HASTINGS
ALPHA SIGMA, - JOSEPH S. CALDWELL
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ATHLETICS, - - - JOHN E. TRACY
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EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

It is not surprising that the rapid development of the College during the past few years has not been altogether symmetrical. The completion of the beautiful auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. Building and the unstinted praise bestowed upon it by members of the East Tennessee Educational Association, which met there in August, makes our chapel more conspicuous by contrast. We are aware that the finances of the College are strained to meet the many new demands, but a comparatively small expenditure would make this room, where we daily gather for devotional services, much more comfortable and attractive.

With this issue the Maryville College Monthly begins its third year. Under its plan of management none of the editors derive any financial profit from the paper, but all receipts are expended upon it. Four thousand copies in all would have supplied our subscribers and exchanges last year, but 8,600 copies were printed, and the extra copies widely distributed. In addition to the copies, weighing 1,229 pounds, sent through the mail, many hundred were distributed at conventions and county institutes. The regular size of the paper last year was twenty pages, but one special issue contained thirty-two pages, so that the second volume of the Monthly has one hundred and seventy-two pages.

The financial report is as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last year	$1.08
Subscriptions	63.30
College Advertisement	150.00
All other Advertisements	151.00
	$365.38

EXPENDITURES.

Printing 8,600 copies	$279.30
Half-tone engravings	23.22
Work and commissions	17.25
Express and freight from Cincinnati	22.16
U. S. postage on 1,229 pounds	12.29
Miscellaneous	10.60
Balance carried forward	56
	$365.38

One of the objects of the Monthly is to encourage the students to write articles for it. A comparison of the two years will show that more articles were contributed during the second year by the students than during the first year.

An approximate classification of the contents of the Monthly during the two years will show this fact:

	First Year.	Second Year.
Articles written by students	24	33
Articles written by teachers	25	28
Articles written by former students and graduates	12	8
	61	69

In order, however, to give a little incentive to the students enrolled this term, the Monthly offers a prize of five dollars for the best story, containing 1,500 to 2,000 words, written by a student of the College and submitted by January 1, 1901. The editors will appoint judges to decide which is the best of those handed in. Let a large number of the students engage in this friendly contest and help to promote imaginative writing in the College.

We have received a thesis, presented by Jasper C. Barnes, Ph.D., for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, on examination, in the Post-Graduate Department, Course A, Philosophy, of the University of Wooster. This thesis is reprinted from the Wooster Quarterly, April, 1900, and its subject is "The Influences of the Change of the Industrial Systems of the South on the Development of Personality in the Afro-American."

We congratulate Dr. Barnes upon the successful completion of his course of study in the Post-Graduate Department of Wooster University, which he has carried on, in absentia, for a number of years. His thesis contains a number of sociological tables concerning the conditions of the negro citizens of Maryville, and presents many surprising facts, as, for example, 46 of the 55 families considered own their own homes. His conclusion from these tables and other data is:

"The negro is engaged chiefly in agriculture, or personal service; he has made little progress in manufacture, transportation, or trade. He is, however, making good progress in acquiring property, especially farms and homes. He is developing a definite personality. He is overcoming the evil influences of slavery. The industrial schools are the leaders in this great work. Industrial, intellectual and Christian training is making his character broader, deeper and higher. Manual training alone will not develop him. Professional life must necessarily be limited until the masses have obtained substantial industrial training and sufficient amount of property to support the professions. As fast as the negro does this, there is no reason why he may not continue to develop and enlarge his personality."

Commissioner of Education Harris, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy for the Bureau of Education in Washington, says:

"It will be of great value to our specialists who are studying the school systems of the South."

The pamphlet of Dr. Barnes shows the true scientific spirit in the presentation of his facts, and is a refreshing contrast to the customary rhetorical declamations which we hear so frequently upon this subject.

NOTES FROM THE COLLEGE CLASSES.

SENIOR CLASS.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Nineteen-one.

This is what eleven Seniors are yelling when their dignity permits. With only one less than we had as Juniors, the class of 1901 is back, and expects to open the twentieth century with a "record-breaker." The class organized with Miss Pearl Andrews as President, John E. Tracy Vice President, Thomas Maguire Secretary, William T. Bartlett Treasurer. Already the periodical attack has been opened on the Faculty to allow four or five representatives of the class to speak at Commencement instead of the whole class. A committee was appointed at the first meeting to bring this matter before the Faculty.

It is rumored that the Freshman and Junior classes are thinking of challenging the Seniors to a game of croquet. They say their girls can't play foot ball.

Dr. Morton, of San Francisco, Cal., who completed his Junior year in Maryville College, is taking the Senior year's work at home, and expects to graduate with the class of 1901, which will give the Senior class one more than the class of 1900.

W. A. E. Campbell is at Danville, Ky., this year, taking a combined seminary and college course.

R. O. Franklin is teaching and preaching this winter.

Harry Feagles, our old classmate, is still in the Klondike.

All the Senior elective courses offered are being taken by one or more students.

We all have had pleasant vacations, and are back eager for work. Miss Anderson spent her vacation at Montvale, Bartlett played second base with the Charlotte (N. C.) Base Ball Team, "Biljo" Henry spent ten days in Louisville, Ky., at the Confederate Veterans' Reunion with a Georgia band, and most of the remainder at home; Maguire was head man at a North Carolina summer resort; Tracy, after helping Uncle Sam take the census, went on the road with a company of civil engineers; North, after making a fortune in the book business, retired from active work.

"The Travels of the Senior Class Recitation Room" is the title of a new book soon to be issued by Dr. Boardman. After peacefully reposing in the old Senior room in Science Hall, we were routed out on the morning of September 27, and forced to seek refuge in Professor Ritchie's room, and only the next morning made a second move to the German room. It is reported that an addition will be made to Anderson Hall for the use of the Senior class, but we have heard no particulars.

Mr. S. H. Bright, of Greene County, is a valuable addition to the Senior class. He comes to us from Greenville and Tusculum College. E. R. North, '01.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Who do?
We do.
1902.

The Juniors of this year of possibilities are enduring with much charity the chaff of Seniors and lordly Sophs concerning the size of the class. We are not so numerous as some classes now in Maryville, true enough, but in this case quality compares very favorably with quantity.

The class roster contains these familiar names: Misses Elva Barton, Helen Ervin, Mabel Franklin, and Mayme Stebbins; Messrs. Joseph Caldwell, William Keeble, Frederic Webb.

Miss Ervin is our President this year, and Webb Secretary.

The class is thoroughly satisfied with the old colors and flower, and will keep them till the end.

Red and White—Rah!
Daisy—Rah!

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN.

The Juniors and the Freshmen are a friendly class, as every one knows, and have already formed a joint organization to make trouble for the Senior-Sophs.

President, Jo. Campbell, '02.
Secretary, Maud Bryan, '04.

Boom-a-lacka! Boom-a-lacka! Bow! Bow! Bow! Ching-a-lacka! Ching-a-lacka! Chow! Chow! Chow! Boom-a-lacka! Ching-a-lacka! How! How! How! Freshman-Junior! Hur-rah! Rah!

The Juniors and Freshmen hope to meet the Senior-Soph aggregation on the gridiron after the first frost.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

The Sophomore class has organized and elected officers for the coming year. They are as follows:

President, Miss Nancy Gardner; Vice President, Thomas B. Brown; Secretary, E. L. Grau; Treasurer, E. C. Alexander.

The class has decided to change its colors and yell.

The Sophs have three ladies this term. They are Miss Nancy Gardner, Miss Mollie Gamble, and Miss Martha Boardman. The boys are as follows: E. C. Alexander, Thomas G. Brown, George L. Duncan, Arthur Holtsinger, Dennis Crawford, A. E. Snierly, E. L. Grau. No new members have yet entered the class, but no doubt there will be some new members after the holidays, and some of the old members will then return who are teaching this fall.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

Professor Gilman has an extra large class in chemistry this term.

Prof. Frank Gill and family visited their relatives in Ohio during the summer.

John C. Crawford, '97, and M. H. Gamble have opened a law office in Maryville.

Prof. John W. Ritchie spent part of his vacation studying at Chicago University.

The game of base ball with the Louisville nine was a victory for Maryville—26 to 6.

Professor Wilson filled the pulpit of the Fourth Presbyterian Church at Knoxville September 23 and 30.

Prof. John G. Newman spent the month of August in New York, and supplied the pulpit of one of the city churches.

W. R. Jones, a former student of Maryville College, has returned to Ohio after an extensive visit to the old country.

President Boardman delivered an address at the Centennial of Middlebury College in July, and preached in several Eastern cities, including Auburn, N. Y., during the summer.

The McTeer Peerless Band reorganized early in September with bright prospects for the year. Most of the old men are back, and with the vacant positions filled by new men, the band is practicing hard to meet their fall engagements. The political campaign will require the very material assistance of the band this fall, and it made its initial appearance at the opening of the campaign in Blount County on September 21. It furnished the music for the Odd Fellows' picnic at Wildwood on October 6, and will also give a concert in the near future. The band is under the leadership of C. W. Henry, '01.

During the summer Professor Barnes spent about three weeks visiting county Normals. He spent two days in Sevierville, five days in Maynardville, four days in Rutledge, one-half day in Morristown, and two days in Loudon. The superintendents, teachers, and patrons received him courteously. They invited him to address the Normal each day, gave him liberty to choose his own subject, and the privilege of speaking as long as he pleased. The following are some of the topics discussed by him: "Model Solutions of Problems in Percentage." "The Five Necessary Steps in Teaching." "The Laws of Teaching." "What the Teacher Should Possess." "The Importance of Studying Psychology." During this trip Professor Barnes met about three hundred and twenty-five teachers, and one hundred prominent citizens of the towns and counties mentioned, whose names and post-office addresses he has learned and filed away for future reference.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER SPEAKS.

A Talk on College Spirit.

Fellow Students: The expression, "College spirit," is illusive, slippery, and hard to define. It is rather like what Augustine said of time: "Don't ask what it is, and I know; ask me, and I don't know."

By the way, now, what is college spirit? Perhaps it is the appearance at all the athletic functions gaily bedecked in colors and waving pennants bearing mystic numbers. It may be so. May be it is the cheerful howling and rooting at the side of the diamond and the gridiron. This, too, may be what we're after.

But, ladies and gentlemen, leaving cane rushes and the like and narrowing down, can't we say that it is loyalty to the old alma mater expressed? Loyalty to college, loyalty to class, loyalty to society, and lastly, loyalty to your college publication.

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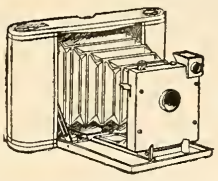

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOLUME III. MARYVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1900. NUMBER 2.

"A THING OF BEAUTY."

On entering Maryville College Library the attention is at once attracted to a beautiful stained-glass window, representing Duerer's "Resurrection of Christ." No visitor entering the library for the first time can resist the magnetic power of such a picture, and usually gazes in wonder and admiration at the risen Lord.

The majestic sweetness of the face, half in thought and half in expectation, has a far-away look; a white robe, whose folds are gathered up gracefully over the right hand, half covers the body, while the hand points up with its two forefingers and reveals in the open palm the print of the nail; the left hand holds a staff, at the end of which is a small banner, bearing the emblem of a cross and floating gently in the air.

The position of the feet suggests immediate departure, since the body is supported by the left foot, while the right is stretched forward. The whole figure is in the midst of a fleecy cloud, bright with angel faces, that express gladness and welcome to the Risen Christ, as they hover around him on their infant wings.

The setting of the picture is beautiful beyond description. In the midst of an aureole of golden light the head stands out clear and distinct: while the white robe, with its rich purple lining shading into rose and amber, lights up a face of majesty and glory, and fills the spectator with awe and reverence.

The details of the picture, though subordinated to the central idea, are interwoven in such a skillful way that, while they add to the beauty of the central figure, and are, as it were, lost to the eye at the first gaze, they reveal, on closer examination, hidden beauties that unlock the secret door to the thoughts of the artist.

At the feet of the Christ we are brought face to face with a dead world. The Roman soldiers, with their bodies reclining on a rocky bed and their helmetless heads resting on the empty tomb, itself marked by an embedded bolt with ring attached and an unbroken seal; the discarded helmet, the unstrung bow, the untouched quiver, and the callous faces of the sleeping guard, are in striking contrast to the waking world above and around them.

Soldiers, standing in the background of the picture, grasping their spears and battle-axes, looking upward and around in fear and consternation, are arousing their slumbering comrades; lances, spears and battle-axes; helmets, chains and banners intermingle with each other around the fearful faces of the discomfited soldiers, appalled with the revelation of that Easter morn.

And what a rich blending of color from that golden aureole, radiating to the fleecy clouds and softening the rich purple robes of the Christ; transfiguring a world beneath with its rosy hues, and blending with the gorgeous colors that mark the dresses of the Roman soldiers! Purple capes and lavender tunics, blue sleeves and brown cuirasses, stand out in bold relief amid the brazen helmets, dazzling lances and gleaming battle-axes; indeed, everything is beautiful in the light of the Risen Christ on that Easter morn.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

Have you never felt, while strolling the campus at close of day, watching the last rays of the setting sun as they pick out the detail in the marvelous panorama of the mountains, and the lengthening shadows chase each other down the long slopes, a longing desire to know the world that lies beyond those forest-clad barriers?

Then, son of Isaac, when the week has drawn near to its close, and has left you with a deep-blue feeling and a dark-brown taste, tired of books and lectures and Professors of assorted sizes, flee to the mountains, and after a season spent in close communion with nature, return from those fastnesses—jolly tired in limb, but in better trim for the "greasy grind."

When can season more delightful be found than the golden days now upon us? The distant mountains loom up sublimely, and the Indian summer haze adds an indescribable "something" that is particularly enchanting. But a more intimate view discloses the true colorings and how marvelously the Artist has laid them on. It would seem that Nature in a tantalizing mood had painted with all her skill, and had defied all the limners of mortals to copy her.

Go, then, tread new paths, see new skies, drink from crystal springs—live!

It is the purpose of this brief article to tell you of some of the most accessible of the many charming spots that are hid away so carefully that no one may become too intimate with them, and thus dulled to their exquisite beauties.

There is no trip that one can make that is so full of pleasure as a trip to Bald Mountain, either a-foot, in the saddle or with vehicles; but many lovely places can be found between Maryville and Bald Mountain. If you walk, your baggage must be as light and compact as possible—blanket for each, your simple toilet necessities, your sweater and your grub. Wear leggings if you have them.

You start for the Bald, but you don't have to go all the way if you don't want to.

We start out the Crooked Creek road — the road that goes along the campus next Professor Barnes' — and eight miles brings us to the foot of the Chilhowees. Take the right-hand road — the left goes to Miller's Cove — and two miles' stiff climb puts us at the top, where is secured a view of the lovely vale of Tennessee. Here now our road takes a turn and entering a gap — known as Wolf's Gap — strikes across toward the "big mountains." Just as we come out of the gap we remark by the trail a large pine that has been "blazed" to call attention to a trail that leads off to the right to Maple Springs. This is at a distance of about a mile, and is an ideal camping place, and has become quite a favorite camping place. Pitch your tent by "Cure-all Spring" and repose promiscuously by a blazing fire of pine knots, and as the balsamy incense to the sylvan deities is wafted upwards a blessing will descend upon you in the form of renewed strength and vigor.

Well, as time is limited, we won't go out to Old Maple, but keep right on the main trail. We descend Chilhowee, and after crossing a few ridges, come out into a long stretch of level, covered with "second-growth" timber. A beautiful mountain brook — Gold Creek — crosses this flat, which is known as the "Flats of the Mountain," and about a quarter of a mile below tumbles over some immense rocks and makes the charming Gold Creek Falls. Now, coming out from the flats, we note another little road, leading off to the right, and some of these days you must "knock off" and come out and explore that bit of road, for it is only about a quarter mile long, and comes out at "Monkey House," a fine cabin, where Maryville fellows have camped more times than at any other place in the mountains.

Resisting the temptation of going up to the old place, we simply "change shoulders" and keep moving, catching glimpses of sublime stretches of the Smoky Mountains and many a bit of scenery that we must needs pause and admire. For about five miles we have as good a road as one could desire, and by keeping the weather-eye open a brush fence by the road will be noticed. Kindly take that as a reminder to look for a path which branches off to the left and leads down about a hundred yards to a little cabin by a yellow sulphur spring. This cabin will

be a proper place to stay a night or two while doing Abram's Falls. Abram's Creek is only two miles away, but as the trail is not very well defined, 'twill be better to go on a mile to where a hospitable mountaineer lives, and who will cross the mountain to the falls with us. The creek flows between Cade's Cove Mountain and the Hannum Mountain. From the top of Cade's Cove Mountain the creek can be seen flowing down in the bottom of a deep gorge, its waters tossed up in spray by rough rocks. A steep path leads down to the gem of the mountains. The creek, after having come down in a series of cascades for nearly a mile, makes a plunge of nearly thirty feet from a ledge of gray limestone, and passes over into a beautiful basin, where the blue waters eddy and swirl, and clouds of airy, illusive vapors invite rainbow glances. The great rocks are covered with polypods and laurels fringe the stream.

You may go on to the cove, for it is close by, or to the "Big Smoky," the grandest range of the Southern Appalachians; but do this trip, and save the rest for what Kipling would call "another story."

Fellows, try this jaunt some holiday season, say Thanksgiving, and you'll forever spin yarns of it. Abe.

LETTERS OF A CENSUS ENUMERATOR IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

Sunday, June 3, 1900.

Dear Bill: I arrived home from college late last night, having spent the last two days on my way here at work in my census district. On the little experience that I have had, I don't think it is a half-bad business after all. Wearing the government badge adds a little more dignity to the calling and commands more respect than one would obtain in the agency business. I find I am going to enjoy myself studying people. I see them of all sorts and conditions, from the rich New Yorker down here playing at farming, who called me into his private office to give me my information, to the poor renter, with two or three acres of ground, who shook three or four tow-headed children out of the one chair he possessed in order to make me comfortable in the front doorway, and when questioned in regard to the value of his agricultural machinery, replied that all he had was one hoe; and from the "lady of high degree," spending the summer in the mountains, to the poor widow with a bevy of children, who kept me there for an hour telling me her troubles.

I ran upon on man yesterday with whom I was afraid I was going to have trouble. I made my usual salutation, stating my business, and started in to question him, when he interrupted me, and asked me who was going to pay for this. I told him that he was, in his taxes, and then he began to vituperate. He started in on the subject of high taxes, thoroughly discussed this, gave the trusts their share of honor, and finally wound up with Mark Hanna. The only way I could get him to stop was to brag on his farm. I found that this would always bring them around.

I had my first downfall late yesterday afternoon. I was walking along past one of the railroad camps with a pretty important air, carrying my portfolio under my arm, when a fellow came up and asked me what book it was that I was selling. He said he wanted something to read over Sunday. I glared at him, and told him that I was the census enumerator. He apologized very profusely, but that didn't take away the sting. I felt rather like the fellow who was so exultant over his invitation into high society until he found that they had written "Please reply" at the bottom of the invitation, because they thought he wouldn't understand "R. S. V. P."

I must close, as I have all the preparations to make for my next week's campaign. I start to-morrow for the wildest of the wild country, to be gone a week among the hill-billies. I hope I will come out of it alive. Yours, Jim.

McBroom Manor, Thursday, June 7.

Dear Bill: "Where I am at" is a little farmhouse out in the wilds of the Tenth District, where I alighted half an hour ago, and after taking the census of the family and complimenting the molasses-covered-faced baby, decided to stay all night. I want to take back everything I said in my last letter. I'll tell you I am sore on this census job. I'd like to see a man offer to take it off my hands. Wouldn't I fall on his neck! The experience isn't so bad, but I'll tell you it gets terribly monotonous riding along in the rain, with your hat pulled down over your face, and your mackintosh buttoned tight around you, astride a nondescript animal, that was built for a pile-driver, asking the same questions and cracking the same jokes to get the people in a good humor to answer you. It has rained steadily ever since I left home, and I am beginning to feel like a soaked dog. I got all my schedules wet the first day, and have them to copy. Interesting experiences, though, are as plentiful as ever. I always thought heretofore that Gulliver's story of the Civil War in Lilliput over the egg question was a clever satire, but I have run across an egg war here that has Gulliver's clear faded. A very shiftless fellow, by the name of Jim Smith, lives near here with his wife and two sons, 'Lige and Jasper. One day 'Lige in some fashion became possessed of an old hen, and in the course of time the hen laid an egg. Then the strife began. 'Lige, by right of ownership, wanted to eat the whole egg himself, while his father wanted to make gravy out of it, so that they could all have some of it. On my word, Bill, this is straight, just as I have told it. The mother took 'Lige's side and the other son Jim's, and, as they say in Texas, "there was ten minutes' rough-house." When the smoke of battle died away the defeated party, the mother and 'Lige, gathered up their wounded and left the field to the victors. The family is separated at the present time. I never did hear what became of the egg.

I struck a case the other day of what they call in economics "immediate consumption." I asked an old farmer how much tobacco he raised last year, and he didn't seem to know. His wife told me that he "chawed it up before they could get time to weigh it."

I have struck a new disease which our medical friends would do well to fathom. I was taking the mortality report of a woman's father-in-law, and asked her as one of the questions: "What was the cause of death?" She said it was what they called croup, but the doctor called it "indigestion of the lungs." Although I had heard of grief eating a man's heart away, I had never heard of any one eating his lungs, so I asked her if it wasn't congestion that the doctor said. She replied that maybe it was that; it sounded something like it, any way.

Lord McBroom, the master of the house, has arrived home, and her ladyship is calling me to supper, so I must close. Yours,

Jim.

A BALLOON ASCENT BY NIGHT.

The town of —— was the county seat of a farming center in East Tennessee. Seldom were we treated to those amusements that usually find their way to large cities, but once a year we had "special attractions" to amuse those who came to celebrate the Fourth of July. On this particular Fourth an exceptionally large crowd came to town for the purpose of seeing a parachutist "drop from the clouds." The crowd paid its money, and when the time arrived for the parachutist to make the ascent it was announced that he had missed his train and could not reach the town. Great was the disappointment, greater the growling, and greatest of all the disbelief of the people in the excuse put forh by those in charge of the show. The general opinion was that we had been hoaxed.

When I got home that night the situation was discussed by my friend Jones and

myself as we swung in our hammocks. I suppose we had discussed the matter for about two hours after everybody else had retired to bed, when suddenly Jones made a proposition that we should steal away to the recreation grounds and find out whether the balloon we had seen was such as could take a man up, or whether, as we had suspected, it was simply paper—made and prepared for the occasion. "Cat-footed we stole through the town," into the grounds, and were soon satisfied that the balloon was a reality. There it was, pulling and tugging at the ropes that held it to the ground. What a beauty it looked in the clear moonlight, with its shadow playing and dancing on the greensward!

"Let's get in," I said, suiting the action to the word. But Jones hesitated until he saw me on the platform holding to a cross-bar. Then he took hold of a rope, intending to sit beside me, but, oh, horror! the balloon shot up like a rocket and left him. He had unintentionally pulled on the rope that disconnected the balloon.

How shall I describe the first moments of that ascent! Going down a coal mine, one thinks he is ascending; but going up in that balloon was to me like a *rat* spinning around in his cage. The eddying balloon made the receding earth turn around and my heart lost its place. As the balloon righted itself, the plains below were like an angry sea, and the vanishing buildings were as black hulks tossed to and fro on the angry billows. Up we went, Pegasus and I, soaring to the blue dome of heaven; he enjoying the race and I just recovering from the first sensation. Where were we going? Where should we stop? How would it all end? Such were some of the questions that crowded in upon my brain amid the exciting sensations of my nocturnal ride. My spirits were buoyant to a degree that I can not account for, considering my perilous position. At one time I imagined myself in the Arctic regions; the silvery clouds were icebergs lit up with all the modern appliances of electricity; at another I was dancing in an ice palace to the music of the spheres, and again I seemed to be deep down in the ocean, surrounded by innumerable fish that gleamed and glittered phosphorescence from their shiny eyes.

But what brought me to myself was the thought that I was on a ship sailing without compass, chart or rudder; that this ship was speeding straight for some deadly ice floes, whose towering peaks rising and gleaming in the moonlight were like fiendish giants brandishing their huge battle-axes and laughing in derision at my despair. On, on we sailed to destruction. I clung to the rigging with the tenacity of one who sees death, and trembles at its threats rather than at its reality. Nearer and nearer I approached my doom, and then, when within a few feet of the glittering mass, I closed my eyes. Bang! I woke up and found myself with my hammock on the floor. Jones had cut the rope after various attempts to wake me.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

The visit of Judge Reagan, of Texas, this summer, to his old home in Sevier County, attracted a good deal of attention. While in Sevier County he expressed his regret that lack of time prevented him from visiting Maryville, where he spent two years in College, under the instruction of Dr. Anderson, more than fifty years ago. When he parted from his classmate, R. B. Brabson, in 1834, he said that when they met, it would be in Congress. This prophecy was fulfilled twenty years later, when both were elected Congressmen from different States. The varied career of Judge Reagan is well set forth in the following extract from the Knoxville Journal and Tribune:

"Knoxville and East Tennessee bid the Hon. John Henninger Reagan a cordial, sincere welcome. He is welcomed because he is a native of this section, born in Sevier County, when the State of Tennessee was less than a quarter of a century old. He was quite a young man when he left us, not

twenty years old, but he is still regarded here as a Tennessean.

"He went to Texas about three years after that famous Tennessean, Davy Crockett, fell at Alamo, three years after that other famous Tennessean, Samuel Houston, had been inaugurated President of the Republic of Texas. He has remained there since, and has seen that State become the great empire State of the South, a State with possibilities that can not be estimated.

"When Judge Reagan, at the age of twenty-one, reached Texas, it was a vast territory, only a part of which had been explored. Not exceeding one-third of it had been laid off in organized counties. Large scopes of this ample territory were designated on the maps by the names of Indian tribes. Vast droves of wild horses roamed about its broad, rich prairies. Judge Reagan saw it annexed to the United States, saw it become a State in the Union, saw the stream of immigration set in, saw the rich resources of the State developed. He has seen the population grow from less than one hundred thousand white persons to not far, if any, below three millions at present. It is a pleasure to look upon and to hear the voice of a man who has lived long enough to witness so many wonderful things.

"Fourscore and two years ago Judge Reagan was born in Sevier County. On some of the exciting events that have stirred the minds of man since Judge Reagan left his native mountains to find a home beyond the great Father of Waters, those of his countrymen have greatly differed with him sometimes. In his native county, in 1861, only sixty voters of the entire county favored secession; he espoused the cause of secession, and became the Postmaster General of the Southern Confederacy. He was on one side, and the descendants of the neighbors and friends in his boyhood days were on the other, arrayed in deadly hostility.

"But in all the storm of passion that so fiercely raged in the eventful few years of the Civil War, it is the truth that East Tennesseans always admired, and do yet, the rugged honesty of John H. Reagan. They have never forgotten him, and while differing with him in the days spoken of, as widely as the poles are apart, they have admired the stern, unyielding tenacity with which he has clung to whatever cause he has espoused.

"It is a pleasure to know that after so many years of such active life he still lives and has strength to come so far to visit the land of his birth. It is pleasant to know that after the extraordinary activities of his long life, with its distinguished honors and burdens, his heart still turns to East Tennessee."

A VIGNETTE.

Darkness was closing over the gridiron. For thirty minutes the regulars had hurled themselves against the scrubs, only to be checked by a spirit daring as their own. The coveted touchdown and the rooters were slipping away. The crescent moon revealed rather than dispelled the darkness. "Third down, one yard to gain," monotonously chanted the referee. "Guards-back right," responded the ringing voice of the captain. "One hundred—two hundred—seventy-five—A—B—C," chimed in the quarter-back, and the human avalanche again threw itself against the gallant scrubs. For a moment they wavered, tottered to and fro. Then out from the writhing mass shot a burly form and disappeared in the gloom. A scrub started to pursue, but it was too late. Confusion and darkness reigned—all trace of the ball was lost.

Suddenly a gleam of light appeared at the end of the field. Brighter and brighter it grew, bringing a look of wonder to the bruised and sweat-stained faces. All gazed again, and a familiar light-encircled form stood between the goal posts, the pigskin esting gracefully upon his arm. Simerly had scored a touchdown and his triumphant smile was illumining the field!

AN OLD COLLEGE LETTER.

Lansingburg, August 30, 1827.

Rev. Dr. Anderson, Maryville:

Dear Brother—Your favor of the 17th ult. was duly received by my wife while I was on a tour to the West, from which I returned last Saturday. I have delayed answering it a few days in hopes Bro. Sawtell would arrive from Utica, where I left him last week. I feel it important that we make a joint communication to you of our success and prospects, etc.

It gives me new strength and courage, as well as new arguments, by which we can present our claims in behalf of Maryville, to hear of the great prosperity of that institution. The hand of God is with you and his cause must there prevail.

Dr. Rice is now in Troy as agent for the Seminary in Virginia. He is quite successful. I had an interview with him day before yesterday, and from that I am led to conclude that he is not altogether cordial towards our Seminary. He expressed some fears that the course of studies there are not thorough, and seemed to regret that it is both literary and theological. In my exertions for Maryville I have felt the necessity of a better knowledge of its constitution, course of study, etc., etc. An agent ought to be able to lay before the publick a full plan of his object. If you have not a charter, I think exertions should be made without delay to obtain one. This will give the publick a confidence in it that nothing else will. I am fully of opinion, dear sir, that you must come on to the General Assembly next spring, and act as an agent in this region next summer. You are extensively known as the active agent in building up that Seminary, and the statements you would be able to make would give you an influence which no other one can have. I have no doubt but your agency six months would be worth more to the institution than mine for six years. The way is now prepared to receive help from this region, and I am confident that you would be able to found one or two professorships if you should come. We have a partial pledge from one man that he will found one at a future day. I have succeeded in securing the support of more than twenty students, annually, at Maryville, and made some other valuable collections, which will be duly forwarded. Six or eight young men, devoted to God I think in heart, will accompany me this fall to you. If there were no prospect of your coming on I should feel it my duty to stay another year, for I believe that the object is now so fairly before the publick that I could collect more in three months than all I have yet collected. The plan of the students laboring is a very popular one in the minds of those who wait for the consolation of Israel, and ought to be persevered in. A student can habituate himself to labor three or four hours in a day without any injury to his studies, and thereby, partly at least, support himself and preserve his health and energy.

I expect to leave to-morrow for the East, and shall be absent two or three weeks. I shall go as far as Boston. The first of October, if the Lord will, I shall set my face towards Maryville, and if the Savior has anything for me to do there he shall have my poor services. If you can, I wish you to secure a comfortable little house for my family. I shall come with the Lord's horses, carriage and harness—which will turn to some good account there.

I hope to have a considerable little assortment of cloth on this fall belonging to the Seminary.

We must go on and build at least one-half of our large house next summer, and the God in whom we trust will furnish the means. Direct your next letter to me at Philadelphia.

With kind regards to your family, Messrs. Hardin and Eagleton and all friends, I am yours, M. Hall.

P. S.—Dr. Rice told me that he was informed that there was a great falling away of the converts of the late revival in East Tennessee. Is it so?

Maryville College Monthly.

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EDITORIAL STAFF.

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ATHENIAN, - - ARTHUR E. SIMERLY
BAINONIAN, - - MARY LENA HASTINGS
ALPHA SIGMA, - JOSEPH S. CALDWELL
THETA EPSILON, - - - MALLIE GAMBLE
Y. M. C. A., - - - THOMAS MAGUIRE
ATHLETICS, - - - JOHN E. TRACY
ALUMNI, - - - - JOHN W. RITCHIE
BUSINESS MANAGER, - FREDERIC L. WEBB

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EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

At the beginning of the year several members of one of the literary societies laid their heads together to accomplish the abolition of compulsory rhetoricals. To this end the four societies so revised their constitutions as to make regular attendance and participation necessary to membership. Then a petition was presented to the Faculty, asking that those members of the various societies who were actively engaged in society work should be released from rhetorical duty. The Faculty, however, considered that the time was not yet ripe to adopt what has been the custom in most of the Tennessee colleges for years, and, therefore, killed the movement.

It seems to be difficult for students, at times, to distinguish between harmless and harmful pranks. The student body too often considers itself beyond ordinary laws and customs, and the fable of the boys and the frogs has no meaning for it. We believe that, as a rule, our students are considerate of the rights of others; but this makes the "engine episode" the more disgraceful. We do not believe that those students, who dragged the engine away from its place where the well was being bored on the campus, realized that this act would cost the workmen a half-day in getting it back into position. The honorable way now will be for the leaders to make an assessment upon all participants and settle for their fun with the workmen, who can not afford to play the part of the frogs in the aforementioned fable.

Maryville College students were recently treated to the anomalous spectacle of a "water-witch" walking solemnly about the campus with his forked peach-tree limb and gravely noting where the stick "turned down." A few days later a gentleman with a more pretentious divining rod of steel and copper made his appearance, and located not only water, but a stream of gold!

The affair furnished a pleasant diversion for the students and gave a good illustration of how far the untutored mind will yield itself to superstition; but judge of the astonishment when it was learned that these magicians were locating a well for the college! Maryville College! Center of learning! Teacher of science! Witchery for water!

We do not care for the expense—Maryville College is well endowed—but we can not endure the disgrace. When we think we have enlightened the community, we find that we ourselves have not learned that there is no attraction between wood and water! Eighty-one years of college history and the nineteenth century are crowned by this paradox. Our hearts are sad; our pride is gone. We have been "witched," and we are inconsolable.

As a sequel to the above episode, a well-drilling machine has located itself on our lawn, and is now piling cinders and vomiting clay paste upon the carefully started grass between Anderson Hall and the library. The location may please those who brought the machine there. It does not please us. To be of any service the water from a well must be pumped into the general distributing pipes, and we wish no pumping station where the well is being driven. Neither is it common sense to tear

up our lawns laying underground pipes to pump the water from a distance. Water will probably be found, for wells and springs are abundant in the same stratum, but the location is wrong.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

Have you written that prize story yet?

The next issue will be a special Christmas number. Send in your articles.

Dr. Boardman preached in the Fort Sanders Presbyterian Church on October 28.

Dr. Boardman made his annual report to Synod, and it showed the marked progress of the College during the past year.

A postal card from Berlin, Germany, requests that the Monthly be sent to Miss Andrews, who is studying in that city.

The College coal pile of four hundred and fifty tons, near the power-house, makes us independent of coal strikes or car famines this winter.

Prof. E. B. Waller preached at New Market one Sunday last month, and on Monday visited the New Market Academy, which he found to be in a flourishing condition under the charge of Carl Elmore, '98.

During the meeting of Synod a number of visitors were seen upon the hill. Chapel services were conducted one morning by Rev. James A. Worden, D.D., Superintendent of the Sabbath-school Work of the Church, and Rev. Thomas Lawrence, D.D., a Trustee of the College and President of the Asheville Normal Institute.

Maryville College is controlled by a Board of thirty-six trustees, twelve of whom are elected every year for a term of three years. The Synod elected the following Trustees at its last meeting: Rev. C. A. Duncan, D.D., Rev. J. W. C. Willoughby, D.D., Rev. J. E. Alexander, D.D., Rev. W R. Dawson, Rev. John S. Eakin, Rev. Charles Marston, Rev. John B. Creswell, Hon. W. L. Brown, Colonel John B. Minnis, Ben Cunningham and T. G. Montague.

Prof. Herman A. Goff has resigned his position as Financial Agent of the College, and has taken charge of the Sunday-school work in the Presbyteries of Union and Kingston. He secured lately a good donation towards establishing a laundry at Baldwin Hall, and all regret that the College has lost his faithful and valuable services.

Dr. James A. Worden, of Philadelphia, was so pleased with the singing, at Synod, of the graduate quartette, composed of Rev. Herman A. Goff, '85; Rev. John B. Creswell, '87; Rev. John S. Eakin, '87, and Rev. John G. Newman, '88, that he will make an effort to have them sing at the next meeting of the General Assembly, which meets at Philadelphia.

In the last issue of the Monthly Professor Ritchie had an article calling attention to the completion of the work of classification and arrangement of the specimens and articles of interest in our museum, and urging friends to contribute to the collections.

And now, though such a brief time has elapsed since the publication, we are beginning to see the good results. It is with pleasure that the directors of the museum acknowledge receipt of two contributions.

First, from the Rev. Mr. Williams, Asheville, N. C., specimens of mica, beryl and other minerals, and specimens of balsam gum, cones and leaves, all from Yancey County, N. C.

The other, from Miss Stella Hart Eakin, an Indian woman's skull from North Dakota, a mound builder's pestle and a pair of buffalo horns. The directors extend their thanks for these gifts, and hope that many more may be received in the near future.

ALUMNI ET ALUMNUS.

S. A. Caldwell, '91, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Robinson, Ill.

H. O. Rimmer, '00, is pursuing his theological studies in McCormick Seminary, Chicago.

Miss Helen Minnis, '98, formerly instructor of music in Tusculum College, has taken charge of the music in Sweetwater College.

John N. Davis, '97, for two years principal of the schools at Opdyke, Ill., now holds a similar position in the schools of Sturgis, S. D.

Rev. George H. Lowry, '94, is in charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Montgomery, O. He paid his Alma Mater a visit at the opening of this term.

Miss Stella Eakin, '94, who since her graduation has been prominent in the social and religious life of Maryville, has gone to Jonesboro, Tenn., where she will make her home with her brother, Rev. John Eakin.

I. A. Gaines, '95, Princeton '98, who has been an instructor in both Washington and Maryville Colleges, has been called to a very high educational position—the principalship of the high school on Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

The screws from the seats in the Senior recitation-room are in John Tracy's pockets.

The Economic class had their final examination during the last week in October.

The class received a letter from Dr. Morton last month, in which he says he is looking forward to Commencement with much pleasure.

Hammontree, Bewley, Henry and North are on the Alpha Sigma midwinter entertainment, and Tracy, Bright and Maguire on the Athenian.

Dr. A. W. Morton on October 10 performed, for the first time on the Pacific Coast, an operation which is destined to revolutionize surgery. Without using any anaesthetic in the ordinary way, cocaine was injected into the spinal canal and the patient rendered insensible to pain, though never unconscious for a moment.

The camera fiends are now in the land, and a large number of Seniors have fallen victims to them. Our chemist, Bewley, appears in a picture taken in the "lab"; Hammontree is numbered among the hash-slingers, and Tracy and Henry in the picture of the "eleven." The four reformers, Tracy, Bartlett, Henry and North, will soon have their likenesses struck.

The chief occupations of our Seniors this fall are: Bartlett, hunting rabbits on the campus; Hammontree, practicing in a quartette; Henry, studying his lessons, as all Seniors should; Bewley, suffering from the effects of chlorine; Miss Hastings, trying to convert Dr. Boardman to her theory of Evolution; Tracy, playing foot-ball and helping Professor Gilman; Bright, stealing moonshine; Miss Alexander, writing letters and day-dreaming; Maguire, paying livery and doctor's bills; North, writing notes for the "Monthly."

E. R. North, 1901.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

The class of '02 will hold a family reunion after Christmas. Old Disney, Thomas and Dick Caldwell will be back, and things will seem like old times.

Two months of the term have come and gone, and so swiftly has the time flown that it seems but yesterday since we got our chemistries and began looking for trouble.

Misery loves company and Juniors are hospitable, so the class in General Chemistry opened wide the laboratory doors and welcomed into those unhallowed precincts eight Seniors and one Soph cripple. To

these was given the glad hand of fellowship, and all grips, signs and passwords appertaining to the Concatenated Order of the Tribe of Ben-Hadad.

Everything was lovely, peace and harmony prevailing till Cl and H Cl were located by the divining rod of Professor Gilman, and subsequently brought to light by the efforts of the Tribe, concerning which the least said the better. The Junior Chem. class is the greatest thing on the Hill.

The '02 contingent comes as close to being the advance agents of the Twentieth Century as any M. C. class. They lead in Art, Literature, Athletics—though they do not claim to be sharks at baseball—and in Music. Concerning the latter a few remarks are in order: The Junior Male Quartette, composed of Messrs. Caldwell, Holtsinger, Keeble and Webb, was organized early in November, and is as much a part of the College as the new well. The purpose of the new organization is severalfold—to furnish classic and rag-time music at all class functions, to promote social intercourse between the class men, and to be present at any and all functions of the Seniors and Sophomores for the purpose of giving serenades and to administer such special dispensations that may be decreed by the Council of Eight.

ALPHA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

The work of the quarter has been very satisfactory. At the beginning of the year we determined to keep none but genuine members upon our rolls, and that regular attendance and participation should be necessary in order to remain among us. The experiment is a decided success. While a bit of hopelessly dead wood will here and there be pared away, the general result has been to open up old channels and start afresh the circulation of the real Alpha Sigma sap throughout every fiber of the society.

We offer this year two medals, to be given those members who shall make the most improvement in the year's work. Every boy in the whole line-up is making grand-stand plays—not without an eye to the gate receipts—and next May will see some close work in selecting the winners.

Both sections met on Saturday night, November 3, to have an old-fashioned spelling match. Nearly fifty were present. Bewley and Hammontree, our most experienced pedagogues, divided the house, and after an hour and a half of spelling the score was announced as follows: Bewley, 37; Hammontree, 31. Another evening will be spent in the same way some time before the end of the term.

THE BAINONIAN SOCIETY.

"The Bainonian," prepared by Minnie McGinley, was bright and interesting.

On invitation of the Chilhowee Club, the Bainonians met with them on reciprocity day.

The attendance has been large, and new members have been received at almost every meeting.

At the first Bainonian meeting of October the question of the imperial policy was discussed, the decision of the judges going against it.

The Bainonian officers for next term are: Mabel Franklin, President; Nettie Walker, Vice-President; Nellie Jackson, Secretary; Bessie Clemmons, Treasurer.

Our latest meeting was a Presidential campaign. Representatives of three parties made speeches, announcing their platforms. These were followed by enthusiastic stump-speakers. All the speakers were frequently and vigorously applauded by their loyal constituents. Ballots were then cast, the returns showing McKinley to be elected by a large majority.

As Charles Dickens came next in the Society's study of nineteenth century

writers, the evening of October 26 was devoted to him.

The readings, "The Death of Little Nell" and "Sam Weller's Love Letter," were particularly enjoyed. A novel feature of the evening was an open discussion of "What I Like Best of Dickens."

On October 18 the following Fairy-tale and Folk-lore program was carried out:

The Infant Imagination of the World.
.....Helen Post
A Fairy Story.....Told by Leola Landon
Hans Christian Andersen—His Work and Worth.....Lois Alexander
Reading from Gulliver's Travels.....
.....Nancy Gardiner
The Brothers Grimm...Martha Boardman
An Uncle Remus Story....Rose Hastings

Every participant had carefully prepared her part, and the result was an especially interesting evening.

Big books,
Grave looks,
Midnight oil,
Ceaseless toil—
That's a Senior.

Temple fair,
Maidens rare,
Lads who pray,
Chased away—
That's Baldwin.

Wondrous speed,
Take no heed,
Hit the floor,
Awful sore—
That's snap.

Baldwin hash,
Football rash,
Moonshine, snap,
Flunks, mayhap,
Seniors, Sophs,
Reverend Profs,
Short and tall—
Takes them all
To make college.

S. P. A., '01.

THE FOOTBALL GAME.

On November 10, on the Maryville Athletic field, the Maryville football team and the second team of the University of Tennessee had a very interesting game, abounding in fumbles, good individual plays and poor team work, so far as Maryville is concerned. The line-up was as follows:

Maryville.		Tennessee.
Penland	Center	Corden
Hope	R. G.	Wrightman
Simmerly	L. G.	Cox, J. T.
Beatty	R. T.	Cox, W. M.
Newman	L. T.	Worthman
Ware	R. E.	Cooper
Laughead	L. E.	Alexander
Tracy	R. H.	Bacon
Brown	L. H.	Donaldson
Duncan	Q. B.	Thornberg
Henry	F. B.	Galbraith

Most of the Maryville boys are new to the game, and nervousness interfered seriously, especially in the first half, Tennessee running up a score of 11 to 0 in the first eleven minutes of play. After that Maryville braced up, and only seven more points were gained, making the final score 18 to 0.

Bacon was the star of the U. of T. team, making one run of thirty-eight yards and another of thirty-five. Cooper and Alexander were also in the game for Tennessee at all times. Their back field plays together well, and their game is brisk and snappy.

Henry was pre-eminently Maryville's reliance, especially on the defense. He smashed interference and tackled all over the field, and was also the best ground gainer in the offense. Beatty did some good playing, and Duncan tackled splendidly, but was weak in handling punts. There was a fatal amount of fumbling, but this appeared to be due more to the failure of the ends and backs than to any fault of the quarter-back. Maryville's backs are slow in starting, and the interference fails to hold together. Some of the line men played too high also, and did not follow the ball well enough, and with a few exceptions

the whole team seemed to lack ability to get into the game.

Lack of experience accounts for these faults, and we had another example of how Maryville rooters can not support a losing team. If the students would only turn out in larger numbers and show a more appreciative spirit, it would do much toward helping out the team. Other games are coming, and no doubt the boys will improve as they gain more experience.

BARTLETT HALL.

The Y. M C. A. is still climbing, here and there gathering fair flowers and binding them together for presentation to the King of Glory.

Springs of joy have been opened up by the leaders of our religious meetings, and thirsty souls have refreshed themselves with the Water of Life.

Faithful explanations have been made by the Personal Workers, Mission and Bible Study classes. Interest has in no way abated, additions in membership are reported, and much encouragement has been given to the leaders.

China's sufferings are not overlooked. The Missionary Committee is raising fifty dollars to support a native missionary at Shanghai. Fred. Hope is pioneering the enterprise, and has almost succeeded in his task.

We have now reached the half term, that part of the journey where we are most inclined to flag in well-doing. Let us not grow faint-hearted. If God has called us up the mountain, it is to give us larger visions and fairer prospects. They that wait on him "shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

The Advisory Committee has not only approved and commended others, but has also planned and acted for Bartlett Hall. Plans for furnishing the parlor and reading-room have been set on foot; outstanding subscriptions are being solicited; tours of inspection have been entered upon, and a live interest manifested in the progress of the Association.

Although the Association has been helping itself to good things, it has not forgotten the bird with the broken wing. A chosen band has visited the Maryville jail and sought to bind up the broken-hearted; to minister words of comfort and hope from the Great Physician, Jesus of Nazareth. Some of our members have kept up a systematic cultivation of once neglected spots. Under the faithful leadership of Paul R. Dickie, Union Sunday-school has become a garden of roses.

"SCISSORS AND PASTE."

We are glad to see the Albany College Student come in from the Pacific Slope. It is quite an attractive periodical.

The literary number of the Oberlin Review prints a scholarly critique on "Some American Magazine Illustrations."

Daily papers are issued by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Brown, California, Wisconsin, Michigan and Leland Stanford.

The Franklin Kodak is unquestionably the most artistic and best dressed magazine of the month. It also shows good literary matter and a warm "Snap Shots" department.

The Greek professor sat in his chair;
His brow was marked with dire despair;
"When," quoth he, "in this horseless age,
Will the horseless student come on the stage?" —Ex.

The October number of the U. T. Magazine is one of the most credible specimens of college journalism that comes to us. The feature of profuse illustration is decidedly unique, and adds much to the excellence of the magazine.

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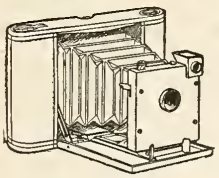

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The College offers nine groups of studies leading to the degree of A. B., and also a Teacher's Course. The curriculum embraces the various branches of Science, Language, Literature, History and Philosophy usually embraced in such courses in the leading colleges in the country.

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The location is very healthful. The community is noted for its high morality. Seven churches. No saloons in Blount county. Six large college buildings, besides the President's house and two other residences. The halls heated by steam. A system of waterworks. Campus of 250 acres. The college under the care of the SYNOD OF TENNESSEE. Full corps of instructors. Careful supervision. Study of the Sacred Scriptures. Four literary societies. Rhetorical drill. The Lamar library of more than 10,000 volumes. Text-book loan libraries.

THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Competent and experienced instructors give their entire time to this department. while a number of the professors of the College department give a portion of their time to it.

EXPENSES.

The endowment of $250,000 reduces the expenses to low figures. The tuition is only $6.00 per term or $12.00 per year. Room rent in Baldwin Hall (for young ladies) and Memorial Hall (for young men) is only $3.00 per term, or $6.00 per year. Heat bill, $3.00 per term. Electric lights, 20 cents per month. Instrumental music at low rates. BOARD AT CO-OPERATIVE BOARDING CLUB ONLY ABOUT $1.25 PER WEEK. Young ladies may reduce even this cost by work in the club. In private families board is from $2.00 to $2.50. Other expenses are correspondingly low.

Total expenses, $75.00 to $125.00 per year.

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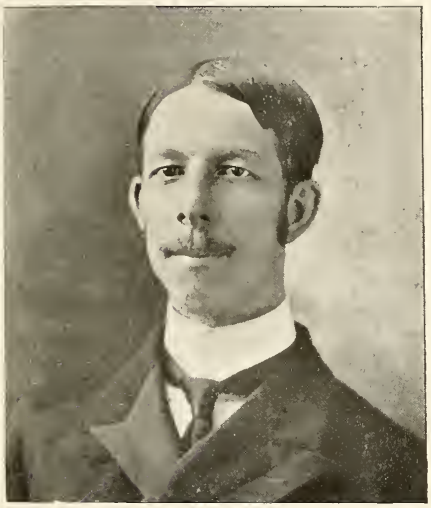
For Catalogues, Circulars, or other information, address

MAJ. BEN. CUNNINGHAM, *Registrar*, MARYVILLE, TENN.

*Absent on leave in the interest of the Science Department. †Absent on leave in Germany.

MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOLUME III. MARYVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1900. NUMBER 3.



A. F. GILMAN, S. B.,
Professor of Chemistry.

JOHN W. RITCHIE, A. B.,
Biology.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE

A strong movement has been inaugurated towards making more uniform the courses in the American college. The scientific or technical education is now recognized as an essential factor to a systematic and complete college course, and the common utilitarian argument is no longer necessary. The study of science and the application of science must necessarily go hand in hand. It is an interesting fact that discoverers and appliers of science are frequently combined in the same person.

The equipment of our Department of Chemistry is being steadily improved. It consists of three large laboratories, lecture-room, scientific library and reading-room, balance-room and office, all of which are in Science Hall.

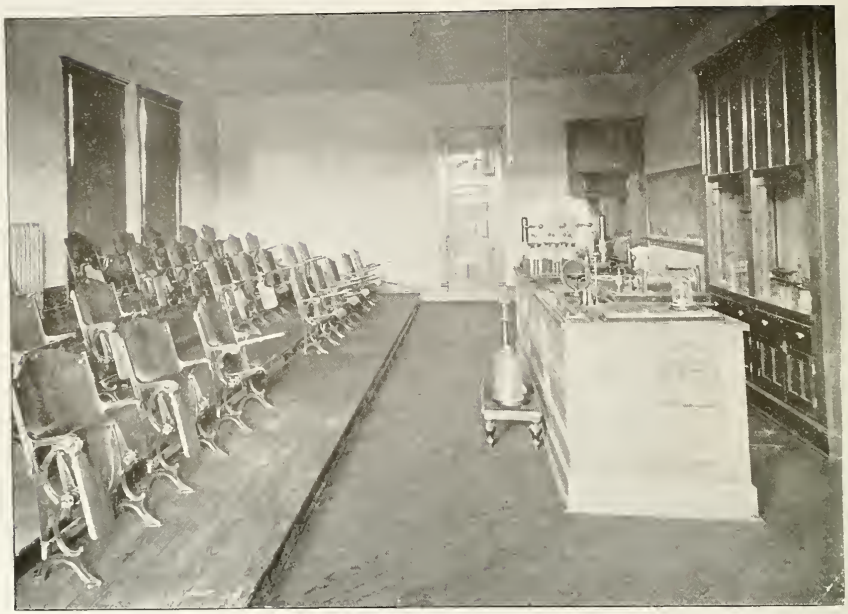
The qualitative chemical laboratory, which is also used for the work in general chemistry, is thoroughly ventilated and well lighted by large windows. The arrangement for the distribution of water and gas to each student's desk is very convenient.

The hoods are carefully devised to carry away all dangerous and injurious gases. This laboratory will accommodate thirty students.

Those chemicals which are in constant demand are arranged on side shelves, made for that purpose. All of the others are kept in a large chemical vault. This vault opens directly into the laboratory, and is constructed so as to be fire-proof. It is provided with double iron doors, and the outer door has a combination lock.

The quantitative and organic laboratories are spacious, well lighted and ventilated, and will accommodate sixteen and thirty students respectively. The general plan of the distribution of water and gas, and the arrangement of the hoods, are similar to that of the other laboratory.

The balance-room is furnished with two balances of German manufacture, which



A LECTURE ROOM.

are used for analytical work in quantitative analysis.

The chemical lecture-room has an inclined floor, set with forty adjustable tablet arm chairs of the most recent type. The lecture table is provided with two special pneumatic troughs, one large and one of medium size, a large iron sink, and hoods for removing objectionable gases. The laboratories and lecture-room have slate blackboards.

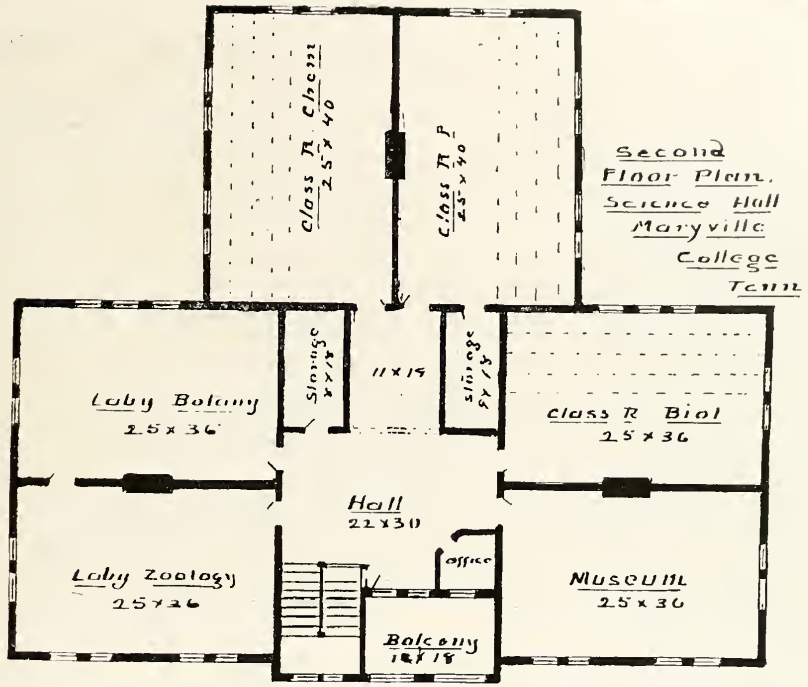
It is the plan to have the scientific library and reading-room furnished with all of the standard books on scientific subjects.

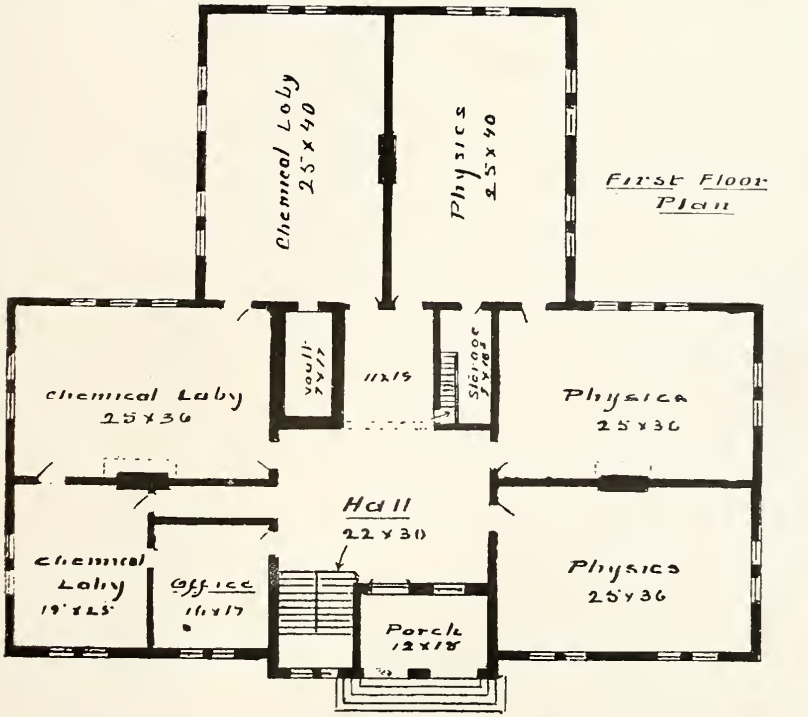
The study of chemistry is begun with the Junior class, and may be continued through the Senior year.

The students are admitted to the laboratory from the beginning of the course, and are taught the manipulation of chemical apparatus and laboratory practice, in connection with the lectures and recitation work. The course for the first year consists of such preliminary work as experiments in making all common gases, bases, acids and salts; qualitative analysis—the determination of bases and acids—blow-pipe analysis, and separations of metals.

With the Senior class is begun the study of quantitative analysis. The work of the first term consists of the determination of chlorine in common salt, of copper in copper sulphate, by the oxide and the sulphide methods, of water in copper sulphate and in barium chloride, of barium in barium chloride, of chlorine in barium chloride, of magnesium in magnesium sulphate, of phosphorus pentoxide in microcosmic salt, of aluminium in potassium alum, of iron in ferrous sulphate, of chromium in patassium dischromate by the oxide and barium chromate methods; of lead in lead nitrate, of bismuth by the trioxide method, of arsenic by the sulphide and pyroarsenate methods, etc., making in all fifty determinations. During the latter part of the term water analysis is studied. The remainder of the Senior year is devoted to the study of organic chemistry.

It is the aim to do first-class college work in this department rather than to make an


Class R Chem
25' x 40'
Class R P
25' x 40'
Second Floor Plan. Science Hall Maryville College Tenn
Laby Botany
25 x 36
Slate
11 x 15
Slate
Class R Biol
25 x 36
Hall
22 x 30
Office
Laby Zoology
25 x 36
Museum
25 x 36
Balcony
18 x 18


Chemical Laby
25' x 40'
Physics
25' x 40'
First Floor Plan
Vault
11 x 15
Slate
chemical Laby
25 x 36
Physics
25 x 36
Hall
22 x 30
chemical Laby
19' x 25'
Office
16 x 17
Porch
12 x 18
Physics
25 x 36

A CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

attempt at university work. Since the expenditure of the last appropriation the equipment of the laboratory is adequate to give students taking the first year's work a complete and well-rounded course.

The advanced course may also be pursued by the student with advantage.

In the quantitative laboratory there is sufficient apparatus for a complete analysis of water, urinary analysis, iron and steel analysis, and work in mineral analysis.

The great need of this department is several pieces of special apparatus for work in general chemistry, more apparatus for quantitative analysis and organic chemistry, and appliances for research work.

In the Department of Physics the class taking the elementary course has no laboratory work.

The experiments in connection with the recitation work are performed in the lecture-room by the instructor.

A carefully and neatly prepared notebook, containing a record of at least fifty experiments, is required of each pupil. Numerical problems form an essential part of this course.

The advanced course in Physics consists of lectures, recitation work and laboratory practice. The subjects pursued are: Mechanics, Sound and Light, Magnetism, Electricity and Heat

Special attention is given to the laboratory work. Note-books containing a careful record of the laboratory work are required of each student.

The Department of Biology is in charge of Mr. John W. Ritchie, a Maryville alumnus, who has spent almost two years as a graduate student in the University of Chicago. Although this is the youngest department in the college it has adequate equipment for thorough biological courses, and these courses offer a rich field to the student who is seeking accurate, scientific training, valuable practical information, or a clear view of psychical and philosophical questions from the biological standpoint.

The laboratories are supplied with compound and dissecting microscopes, microtome, paraffine bath and the reagents necessary for histological work. A series of the celebrated and costly Anzoux models of the eye, ear, brain, larynx, heart, etc.,

A BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

with charts and skeletons, supplements the dissections and affords great advantages for the pursuance of morphological studies. The physiology laboratory is equipped with a kymograph, induction coil, muscle-lever, tambour pan, contact key, heart holder and other special apparatus. The abundant and well-distributed rainfall and mild climate give to the botanist a rich flora, and the great topographical and stratigraphical diversity of the region creates rare opportunities for ecological work. The department offers courses in botany, structural zoology, histology and physiology, and along with each of these courses laboratory work is given. The standard works of reference are found in the laboratories or the reading-room, and all the equipment necessary for satisfactory work is provided.

As in other colleges, so in Maryville College, the demand for scientific training increases from year to year. Maryville College has tried and is still attempting to meet these demands by constant additions to its equipment. The progressive student will find science taught here in a scientific, progressive manner.

A LETTER FROM PORTO RICO.

Editor of Maryville College Monthly:

I reached New York on September 28, expecting to sail the next afternoon on the McClellan. When I reported at the Army Building I was told that the McClellan was hung up on the rocks somewhere, and could not go, so we would have to go on the Rawlins, which could not get off before Tuesday, for the very simple reason that she would not get in until Saturday afternoon. The General Superintendent said he was very sorry about the delay. So was I, and there was some comfort in having a companion in tribulation, as everybody knows.

Then I went up West Street to hunt my crate of freight, and incidentally to find Pier 26, North River, where it was supposed to be—but wasn't. Afterward I reported at the Margaret Louisa Home as soon as was consistant with the speed of West Street horsecars.

By great good fortune I got a chance—which I took—to stay at the Margaret Louisa all the time I was in New York.

My roommate the first night was a young lady who was on her way to Porto Rico, and who was to sail on the Ponce the next day. So I went down to see her off the next day, and we went over the boat. She is a very fine steamer, and beautifully fitted up.

Saturday afternoon was rainy, and so was Sunday. I went to Grace Church, which is near the Margaret Louisa. The service and the music were perfectly beautiful.

Monday I found my crate, and got my transportation papers, in the morning, and then went to the noon prayer meeting of the Mission Boards. Another visitor was a Miss Fulton, who was going to Valparaiso, Chile. In the afternoon I went out to Columbia College, and coasted down Riverside Park in an automobile, which was fun.

The next day I went aboard the Rawlins and added my hand baggage to the general chaos in her social hall. I soon found a Miss Weakley, a sister of one of my friends in Ponce, and we got a stateroom together. The only thing I ever heard about the Rawlins before seeing her was that she was a nice boat. She is. She is likewise a "high roller." One of the stewards owned to being pitched out of his berth the first night out. However, we had a very heavy "beam" sea for three days. Nearly everybody was seasick. Among said number I was much astonished to find myself for a few hours the first evening—just enough to give me a slight idea of what the malady feels like. We had our worst roll on the third day out, however, and found even eating and sleeping gymnastic exercises aboard the Rawlins. I am authority on that statement, as I missed only one meal, and slept in the upper berth. The last day and a half were perfect. The Rawlins rolled just enough to keep things from getting monotonous, and I got Miss Weakley on deck in a steamer chair.

We reached San Juan about 11 o'clock in the morning. I wish I could adequately describe the approach to the city and the entrance to the harbor. There is the quaint city reaching from Morro Castle at the entrance of the harbor to San Cristobal, with a strip of green between it and the mediaeval sea wall. The misty mountains at the back and the tropical lowlands, with their palmtrees and rocky surf-beaten coast, made an exquisite picture.

We went into the harbor, past Morro Castle and Casa Blanca, the old city gate, and the palace, around to the wharves where all the shipping is done, and up to the long row of government sheds.

We had an interview with Dr. Brumbaugh, the present Commissioner of Education. He called all of us to his office, and "El Diario" announced next day a new American invasion, a hundred and thirty-six American teachers. Subtract a hundred and you will have the correct number. Dr. Brumbaugh talked several minutes, and then began the work of the assignments. As he said we, who were going by way of other islands ports, must go by the Ponce, which started around the island at 6 o'clock that evening, I did not have time to get much of an impression of San Juan that day, except that it was a pretty warm place.

We started out at 7 o'clock instead of 6, and the moonlight was beautiful, like a picture out of a dream. We sat on the deck and looked at the lights of the city across the shining water.

In San Juan my chief impressions are that it is dirty, high-priced and blistering hot; but one of the pictures which I hope will always live in my memory is the first view of it as I was coming in on the railroad from Cammy. When we passed out from behind the hills I saw the city across the bay, standing high with its castles and towers dark against the pink and gold of a sunset sky and the sun still flooding it with a far-off golden glory, which made me think of the Heavenly City. That night on the Ponce we sat on deck until we passed the light at the northeast corner of the island, La Cabeza de San Juan, as it is

called. When we began to pass the islands off the east coast we "turned in" and wakened up the next morning, to find ourselves in the harbor of Ponce. As that was Miss Weakley's destination, we went ashore and I visited some of my old haunts.

When, on another morning, we were in the roadstead of Mayaguez I had a chance to visit some more.

As the kind quartermaster sent a wagon to San Germain with some supplies, and told us we could go in it, we felt as if our troubles were over. I stayed at San Germain a few days before coming on to the station assigned me for this year. It is a little town about three miles from San Germain, and in the same district of course. The scenery is beautiful. The place, Lajas, is not more than a village. There is a church, a plaza around the church, and a row of shacks around the plaza. A few more shacks straggle off down the road each way.

I have a very interesting school, and enjoy my work very much. There are two Porto Rican teachers, and there were about seventy pupils in school when I came. There are now twenty-five in one school, thirty or more in the other, and I have nearly fifty in mine. I teach the first grade. Mrs. Marr's grade is called second, but it is really only a more advanced first grade. I speak English to my school, and do not attempt to teach Spanish reading, as that hinders my English work, I find. The children understand considerable English for the length of time they have been taught. My school has been complimented highly by the supervisor, whereat I was much encouraged.

I began by holding up an object such as a ball, and saying the name very distinctly and slowly. At first the children gave its Spanish name, but as I persistently repeated the English word they finally said it too. Then I called up the children, one by one, saying: "Come here," and motioning with my hand to show them what I wanted; and made them practice the word until they could say it well. Then I said "Sit down," and motioned them to their seats. After a few days of this kind of work I introduced a very short sentence, proceeding as before. After the children were familiar with the sentence I wrote it on the board, and had them repeat it.

The number work and nature study have been conducted in Spanish for the most part so far. However, I find that most of the children do not know the names of the colors, so I will teach them in English only. I am just beginning the color work, as form has been the subject until the last day or two. I think I will repeat the form work in English.

Writing, drawing and paper folding are still in their infancy. The children, however, are beginning to get the idea of copying forms, and are learning to fold their paper according to directions, but the ideas do not come very fast. I find that one of the principal things is to avoid trying to do too much in one lesson and introduce new things very slowly. "Slow and Sure," is the motto for teachers in Porto Rico.

As to my boarding place, it is very comfortable, if you keep your expectations within reasonable limits. I have a room to myself, my own cot and bedding, plenty of fresh air, plenty of cold water, and a little hot water on special occasions, as I am on good terms with the cook.

I can fare very well as to eating too, and eat the most remarkable messes. One of my favorites is soft-fried egg and rice well mixed. Rice and a sort of green bean (shelled), called "gandura," I think, cooked together, is another. Plenty of "aguacate," or alligator pear, mashed up with a little salt and vinegar, is the best of all. I eat that with bread. The only trouble with the last named is that I can not get enough of it. Mrs. Rio and I are lamenting as the "aguacate" season is nearly over. The coffee is excellent. That is another thing I always want more of—more than I can get.

They bring me a bowl of hot milk and a half cup of black coffee. I empty the coffee into the milk and go ahead. If I can get plenty of bread to soak in it I enjoy life all the better.

I also eat a mixture of rice and brown beans sometimes. They are cooked separate, and mixed on the plate. When I eat them it means there is nothing else to eat.

I also get good soups, with plenty of oil in them, of rice, spaghetti, meat or vegetables.

Garlic has never yet darkened my horizon, although we often have fish of some kind and occasionally meat.

As to the present plan of work I know very little except my own share of it. Dr. Brumbaugh is now in the States, and the Assistant Commissioner is in charge. Otherwise, so far as I know, affairs are very much as they were last year.

The condition of the people is a little better since the island recovered from the hurricane, but financially the times are hard. The change from silver to gold as a standard diminished the currency in the island, and the prices were raised greatly, as the people did not seem to know the relative values of provincial and United States money.

A great many property holders are unable to pay their taxes, and the municipalities, nearly all, are bankrupt.

A good deal of time will be necessary for straightening out affairs.

The health officers and Boards of Charity have a gigantic work before them. They have done a great deal already, but more is yet to be done.

MARY G. CARNAHAN, '99,
Lajas, P. R.

The Kendall Collegian, Muscogee, I. T., for November, has some snappy short poems. In the locals we read the name of Rev. C. C. McGinley, M.C. '89, pastor of the Presbyterian church at the college town of Muskogee.

THE ALPHA SIGMA BANNER.

(Dedicated to our Honorary Members.)

Ne'er waved within our college halls
A banner more revered and true,
Than that which is upon our walls,
Than yonder ensign, gold and blue.

Its tints are like the golden sun
And the heaven's azure hue;
It points to battles to be won,
And ever bids us dare and do.

We look upon its gleaming fold,
And brave, approach our every care;
Then gird ourselves with courage bold,
And will not falter anywhere.

Dear Alpha Sigma, thine's the care,
Thy standard's name unstained to hold;
And ne'er forget our ladies fair,
Who wrought our banner, blue and gold.

Chorus—

Then courage, courage, men, all hail!
Let not our banner trail the dust;
Let not our weary spirits fail;
Let's forth to conquer and to trust.

W. A. CAMPBELL.

THE THREE KISSES.

I.—THE KISS OF FRIENDSHIP.

'Twas Christmas eve in old New England. The silver moon shone in a cloudless sky, and the slanting beams played on the new fallen snow, which sparkled like the gem-strewn palaces of the Arabian Nights.

Within a spacious mansion in a staid, highly respectable village Christmas revelry was at its height. The holly and mistletoe had been hung up. The logs glowed and crackled in a broad fire place. Cheery shone the great brass andirons, and even the prime, straight-backed chairs relaxed their artistic stiffness, and entered into the geniality of the occasion. The room was filled with mirth and roistering. Village boys and girls were making merry in the old colonial house in the way that for generations it had been celebrated.

Apart from the rest of the company stood a handsome little pair—a lad of thirteen, strong in limb, fresh and ruddy, frank of countenance. Beside him a slight, graceful lassie, younger than he, with dark eyes and brown curls—like one of Birch's maids. What a jolly time they were having; though for that matter they were always having the best times in the world. Neighbors, chums at school—. Oh, ho! Reggie's sharp eyes have now taken in the situation all at once. He and Kitty have all this time been sitting under a festoon of Christmas greens, well twined with the mystic plant, with waxen white berries.

A quick flinging of arms, a girlish to-no-purpose resistance, a sharp smack of a juvenile kiss—somewhat sticky with bon bons—upon a round, rosy cheek, a triumphant laugh, and it was all over.

Chubby Dan Cupid heard the smack, and instinctively fitted an arrow to his bow string, but finding that he had been caught napping, returned it to his quiver and suffered the happy pair to remain unwounded by his sharp darts.

That was the true kiss of friendship. The kiss of happy, jolly childhood, when no love but parental love warms the blood.

ARTHUR H——, '02.

II.—THE KISS OF HONOR.

The years have circled swiftly by since that joyous Yuletide. Twelve times have the cowslips spread their dainty petals beside the meadow brooks. Twelve times the harsh north wind has whirled the feathery snow into deep drifts against the old-fashioned houses of Paxton.

Reggie and Kitty—still the handsomest and the fairest of all that circle who gathered in the Colonel's great hall each Christmas eve—have remained the same good fellows as of yore.

One night he stands before her clad in blue:

"Kitty, I can no longer stay here when my country needs me. Shall the blood of soldier sires course calmly through my veins when the Spaniard must be humbled?"

Her eyes gazed steadily into his; a white hand was extended toward him, while her rich voice, now tremulous with her high spirit, replied:

"Go, but I go also. Our brave boys shall not fight and die without the ministry of women. Nay. I go to the front with them."

The scene changes. In a palm-shaded hospital, in a beautiful tropical island, after a terrible conflict, lay a young officer His life blood had stained his garments—he was near death. A white-capped nurse passed the cot. A glance, then a cry went up from her very soul, "Oh, doctor, save him!"

Supposing that it was her brother, the surgeon gave more than ordinary attention to him for the sake of this faithful nurse. Days passed. He lay, as it were, in the balance, poised between life and death. At last the scale turned. Life was to be granted to the brave soldier boy. Days of careful nursing by the friend of his childhood brought him to the time when the entry was made on the hospital records: "Captain Reginald Edwards, discharged, cured."

As he left the low, whitewashed building, his old playmate left her ministry in the ward and walked at his side. They parted under a great palmetto, from whose fronds beautiful, fragrant orchids were pendant. Silently they clasped each other's hands. Bending over he printed on her lofty brow a kiss; then standing with her hand still in his, he said:

"Our fair home-land will delight to place laurels upon the soldiers' brows when they return victorious. You are as brave as the bravest of us who charged up that bloody hill, and you have been victorious in that fight with Death. This is your decoration—the Kiss of Honor—and with it you have a soldier's gratitude."

And turning, he sought the city of tents.

JOE S. C——, '02.

III.—THE KISS OF LOVE.

Christmas cheer has again come to the little New England village. Even the crisp air is full of the angelic message of "Peace on earth toward men of good will."

We see the firelight glancing from the same old fire place, glancing into corners and across the polished floor, where so long ago those childish heels clicked in the simple figures of the country dances.

Now the guests have departed save one stalwart, "strappan youth," who has lingered. See him as sitting in the great oak settle of the ingle-nook, with the queen-like daughter of the mansion. He is storming another stronghold that is testing his bravery far more than San Juan.

Laying siege to a maiden's heart is a dangerous thing, and Captain Edwards felt as did Miles Standish when he said that he had rather face the enemy's guns than the "No" point blank from the lips of a woman.

So they sat there, and in low tones he told her the tale of his heart. The floodgates were flung open, and the pent-up passion of years was allowed to rush out in words of tenderness.

She smiled when he told of battles fought in her behalf with rival urchins of the school. A love-light shone in her eyes, and she became very still when she heard how he defended her pure, chaste character from slanderous jest and idle word. Tears stole down her cheek when he pictured before her those days of pain in the far-off island.

His manly frame shook with emotion. Drawing her close to him, he said :

"Oh, Kitty, with my whole heart I love you. Never have I loved other than you since my dearest of mothers was taken from me. You are my heart's desire. You and only you. You kept my life from slipping from me. Now you must share it. Be mine till only death parts us. What is your answer?"

No sound escaped her lips, but a small hand sought his large and powerful one, as for protection. Her head rested on his broad shoulder.

All his feelings were joy. An expression of perfect tranquillity took the place of the one of intense feeling that had marked his face. Then he bent low over her upturned face and pressed his third kiss upon her quivering lips.

It was the Kiss of Love.

WILLIAM K——, '02.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Editor of the Monthly:

Dear Sir—It seems to me that the article about the "water-witch" in your last issue does not take into account the more recent and scientific explantion of the power of some men to locate hidden running water. No one, of course, believes in attraction between wand and water, but the writer of the article does not seem to know that the hazel twig is an "autoscope," and that the Society of Psychical Research of England has investigated the subject and found that "There is something in it."

The following article from the Manchester Guardian may interest those readers whose "untutored minds," like those of the Prime Minister of England and Lord Lansdowne, believe in using professional diviners to locate underground water:

"For more than two centuries the world has been familiar with the claims of those who wield the so-called divining-rod to an abnormal power of detecting underground water, lodes of metal, and even criminals by its use. Once at least the rod has appeared in a court of justice, and a murderer was condemned on the strength of its testimony. Nowadays it has, oddly enough, reappeared as an industrial tool, and there are at least a score of "dowsers," or diviners, in this country who make a living, or at least add to their income, by finding water for those who wish to know where to sink a well. It might be thought that they would only be employed by the illiterate and the credulous, but amongst their customers we find people like the Prime Minister, Lord Lansdowne, and Sir Edward Fry, whose opinions the world will not so

easily brush aside, especially when they back them with money. Lately a good deal of talk was caused by the refusal of the auditors of more than one local governing body to pass the sums—amounting in one case to about £500—which they had spent on water-seeking with the aid of a professional diviner, who was stigmatized by a skeptical official as a 'rogue and vagabond.' But the Local Government Board reversed the decision of the Auditors, and so far placed the business of the diviner on a legal footing. The second part of Pro. W. F. Barrett's very full and careful treatise on 'The So-called Divining Rod,' which fills the greater part of the new number of the 'Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research,' makes the best of the case for the existence of some such power, whether we call it occult, abnormal, or simply surprising, as the diviner claims. Mr. Barrett has taken the trouble to analyse the achievements of some of the leading diviners—or dowsers, as he prefers to call them in order to avoid the misleading connotation of the former word—and he comes to the conclusion that, on the average, they succeed in finding water in 85 or 90 per cent. of their trials. It is clear that some of them who combine the profession of dowser with that of well-sinker have a strong faith in their own powers, for they are willing to exercise their powers on the principle of 'no water no wages.' They will undertake to sink a well, on the indication of their hazel-twigs, on the condition that they are not paid if they do not find a satisfactory supply of water. Nothing could be more fair. On the other hand, some of the professional dowsers are undoubtedly only one degree removed from imposters. Still Mr. Barrett's body of evidence, joined to what he has already published, will incline the most skeptical reader to admit that 'there is something in it.'

"It is quite another matter to say what that something is. What appears is that a certain small number of men have some unexplained faculty of finding underground water with a frequency of success that can hardly be disposed of as accidental. Mr. Barrett's conscientious inquiry leaves the nature of this faculty as obscure as ever. One thing seems to be clear, that the contortions of the rod itself, which twists in a most uncanny way when its holder walks over a subterranean stream or water-bearing stratum, have nothing to do with the case. They are only the symptoms of the dowser's own perception. Some diviners prefer to do without the rod altogether, and in the hands of the majority, who still pin their faith to it, it is merely what the psychical researches call an 'autoscope,' a handy means of betraying the excitement of the man who holds it. Many attempts have been made to find the cause that sets the rod in motion, or, as Mr. Barrett lucidly puts is, 'originates the motor automatism of the dowser.' It may be only a shrewd judgment of the lie of the ground, formed either by the man himself or by that convenient partner in the firm, his subliminal consciousness. A parallel may be found in the well-authenticated power of the Australian black fellow and other savages to 'smell water' at an incredible distance. It must be remembered that the dowser most commonly finds water in places where this explanation is sufficient, and it is possible that luck may account for his really startling successes, whose proportion to the whole number of failures it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Barrett to work out. No other physical cause for the success of the dowser has yet been suggested with any likelihood, and we have to fall back on hypotheses of clairvoyance and such things, which are too near the 'border-line' to be handled with any assurance Mr. Barrett himself leans to some transcendental discernment possessed by the dowser's sub-conscious self, which would be a highly satisfactory explanation if we had any idea what it really meant."

The Earlhamite and Doane Owl give good metrical translations of some classic poems.

PARTICIPANTS IN ATHENIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

As time rolls on the old "Athenians" are still coming to the front. Each month brings new developments in the literary societies, and the Athenian has brought forth more than her share. The new regulations adopted by the society have proved beneficial in every respect. The members, without regard to the resolutions adopted, have all been taking much greater interest this year. Each one seems to think it his duty to do all he can for the society, and by doing so they have made it flourish. One of the greatest events of the year took place Friday evening, December 7, in the college chapel. A good literary and musical program was rendered. It was another rainy night for the Athenians, but, nevertheless, the house was crowded.

President Boardman was the presiding officer, and the invocation was given by Prof. J. G. Newman.

The piano duet, valse, one of Godard's best pieces, was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Bartlett and Miss Clark. Mr. Bright's oration on "The Imagination" was greatly enjoyed by all. This was Mr. Bright's first appearance before a Maryville audience, and well did he carry out his part. The imagination is something complex, and hard to describe, but he treated the subject admirably. "Antony's Funeral Oration," taken from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, was well recited by Lester C. Stevenson. The vocal solo by Miss Gwendolyn G. Clark was among the main features of the program. This is Miss Clark's first appearance as a singer, and we hope by no means her last. We feel confident that after her success of Friday night she will be heard several times before the year ends.

The next thing on the program was a debate, and it was by no means dry, but full of sound arguments. The question was, "Resolved, That an Anglo-American alliance would be beneficial to the United States." The affirmative was to have been led by Mr. Schell, but on account of sick-

ness Mr. Schell was not able to be present, and Mr. Bassett read his argument. It showed that Mr. Schell had carefully prepared his part, and his being absent no doubt took away a little interest from the debate. The negative was represented by Mr. John E. Tracy, '01. This side was well presented by Mr. Tracy, and his refutation was very forcible. The question under discussion was a question of great importance. It has been debated in the Parliament of England, and also in the Congress of the United States. Both sides were ably discussed, and if a decision was to be rendered it would be hard to tell which side deserved it. The violin solo by Miss Grace Carnahan was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Maguire's oration on "The Greatest of the Stuarts" was interesting. Mr. Maguire being familiar with the history of the "mother country," was able to give us something good. The next was a vocal solo by William Thaw Bartlett, '01. Will is a familiar character among the musical circles of Maryville College, and his singing is thoroughly appreciated. "The Athenian Annual" is one of the hottest and fastest periodicals now published in the South. It is edited by our old friend Keeble. You know Keeble? He is the fellow you see on the campus with about twice as many books as one man can carry under his arm, and who is always looking at the ground. That's Keeble. He told a reporter of the College Monthly secretly that his reason for looking at the ground was that he was always thinking of something for the next edition of the "Athenian." The last, but by no means least, was the piano solo by Miss Clark, after which the benediction was pronounced by Prof. S. T. Wilson. So ended the grand event of the year for the Athenians.

THETA EPSILON SOCIETY.

The Theta Epsilon Society organized early in the term, and has done good work. Among the members there seems to be more interest than usual.

At one meeting the question:

"Resolved, That the United States Should Remain Neutral with Reference to the Chinese Question," was warmly debated by Mallie Gamble and Flora Jones on the affirmative, and Emma Caldwell and Blanche Weisgerber on the negative; and was very much enjoyed by the whole society.

The papers prepared for an evening in Scotland showed careful study. The one on the "History of the People of Scotland" was especially enjoyed.

In the study of public men, McKinley and Roosevelt being chosen for one afternoon, three carefully prepared papers were read: "Life of President McKinley" (Mary Wright), "Life of Vice President Roosevelt" (Alice Susong), "Roosevelt as a Politician" (Blanche Weisgerber).

It was found very inconvenient for some of the members to attend society at night, therefore the time of meeting was changed to Friday, 3 P. M.

The present officers are: "Emma Caldwell, President; Mary Wright, Vice President; Maude Yates, Secretary; Eliza Gamble, Treasurer.

We are hard at work upon our mid-winter entertainment, and expect to give a better program than ever before.

ALPHA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Interest in the work of the society has been well sustained throughout the term. We usually lose our grip in the closing meetings, and allow them to fall below the standard. This has been avoided, and even the last meeting was well attended, and a good program carried out, although the approaching mid-winter entertainment is occupying the attention of some of our best workers. We go into the new year with greater hopes than were ours at the opening of the term. Many of our old war-horses, old man Disney, Thomas, Miser, Pate, Dick Caldwell, W. A. E., Mort Ervin, and others, will again be with us after the holidays, and we shall "whoop 'er up" in great style.

BAINONIAN NOTES.

A Bainonian double quartet, consisting of the following members, has been organized:

Elva Barton and Minnie McGinley, first soprano; Mabel Franklin and Susie York, second soprano; Maude Bright and Helen Ervin, first alto; Helen Post and Ada McCroskey, second alto.

The quartet have purchased new music, and are beginning to practice under Miss Clark's direction.

Preparations for our mid-winter annual entertainment are going on enthusiastically, and we promise a very entertaining program in January.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Y. W. C. A. of Maryville College was organized on April 2, 1888.

It supplied a long-felt need, and has proven an important factor in the religious life of the young women of the College.

On the first Friday evening of the term the Y. W. C. A. gave a reception to the new girls, that they might know that we are interested in them, and wish to cultivate their acquaintance, and also to make them feel that they are welcomed, not only to the College, but especially to the Y. W. C. A.

Devotional meetings are held on Sabbath afternoons, and practical subjects are discussed. These meetings are interesting and helpful. Some of the members desiring to have the meetings more earnest and more deeply spiritual, determined to claim the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." They met a few minutes before the hour for the devotional meeting, to pray especially for the meeting that the Spirit of God may be present in power. This has been rewarded, for the meetings are better, and those who engage in this extra service are richly repaid, in the blessing they receive.

On the last Sabbath of each month the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. hold a joint missionary meeting. The leader for one month is from the Y. M. C. A., and for the next from the Y. W. C. A., members from both associations participating.

The first Sabbath of the month Mrs. G. D. McCulloch conducts a Bible reading for us. These are very helpful, for Mrs. McCulloch shows us, in some passages, treasure stores which we had never appreciated.

The meetings are held in Baldwin Hall Parlor, at 2 P. M., on Sabbath. All young ladies are cordially invited to attend and to take part.

A short distance from town is the Orphans' Industrial Home. This is directed by a Board of ten ladies, representing the different churches of the town. It is supported by voluntary contributions. The children who would otherwise be sent to the County Infirmary are brought here, and the county pays to the home the amount which would be required to support them in the Infirmary.

These twenty-four children are well cared for, as their bright and contented faces show.

Some of the Y. W. C. A. girls went out to the home Sabbath afternoon, December 9, and were cordially welcomed by Miss Coxe, the matron. They talked to the children, and were heartily invited to come again. This is an important field for us to cultivate, for the impressions made upon these childish minds will be lasting.

Y. M. C. A.

New students, you who are coming to Maryville for the first time, look out at the depot for the Y. M. C. A. Reception Committee. This committee has been organized especially to attend to your wants, and introduce you to those joys that are so essential for the cure of homesickness. We guarantee you a hearty handshake and a cordial greeting from every member of our Association. Will you not make up your

mind at once to take your stand with the best life of the College, and lead in the vanguard of Christian manliness?

Young Hale, the elocutionist, gave us a most enjoyable entertainment. The funds resulting from his efforts have enabled the Association to increase its facilities for Bible study. Many valuable reference books have been purchased whose authors are such noted writers and leaders of thought, as Prof. Henry Drummond, Prof. A. B. Bruce, Canon Farrar, John R. Mott, and Robert E. Speer. These names will be a sufficient stimulus for students to read the books.

Fifty new hymn books have been purchased with funds subscribed by faculty and students. These books have added much to the interest of our religious meetings.

The "Week of Prayer" for the Y. M. C. A. throughout the world was observed in the room of the Student Volunteer Band. The topics presented each day were: The Y. M. C. A. in "Foreign Missions," "Colleges," "Town and City," Army and Navy," and "Railroad." A day was also set apart for the "International Committee and Leaders of the Movement." A splendid spiritual tone pervaded these meetings. The last of the series was ably led by Professor Gilman, and many students took part in prayer and testimony.

The annual election of officers was held on December 4, and resulted as follows: President, Will Keeble; Vice President, E. N. Quist; Treasurer, J. Caldwell; Corresponding Secretary, Dennie Crawford. Under the present arrangement the election for Janitor and for Secretary of Bartlett Hall will take place at the close of each college year.

One of the most interesting meetings, and one that augurs well for the future, was that of December 13. It was a business meeting, at which our new officers were formally installed. A large number of students assembled in the College Chapel, and after prayer and reading of Scripture, the retiring President, Mr. Hammontree, called on Will Keeble to take the chair. The new President, in a few well-chosen words, recognized the importance of the office that he had been called upon to fill, and asked the co-operation of every member. We bespeak a loyal support for the new officers, and have every confidence in their fitness to successfully steer the Association.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

The past month has been a busy one for the class of 1901, for nearly every member of our class has been busy preparing for the mid-winter entertainments. Then nearly every one in the class has been burning the midnight oil, preparing for "exams" and trying to make something besides a jumble of words out of Porter's Psychology.

The class in International Law have had their final examination, and are now taking Guizot's History of Civilization.

Thanksgiving passed off very quietly for the Seniors, as nearly all of them stayed in Maryville. Tracy was the exception, and spent his time in the mountains.

The Junior class has always been very hospitable until lately, when they have become very pugnacious, and seem determined to exterminate the whole Senior class by fair means or foul. The latest attempt was made the other day, when the Juniors tried to blow up Bright and North in the laboratory.

The class held one meeting this last month, but as its session was behind closed doors, we are not permitted to give an account of its action.

Look out for a big class next term. It is rumored that X. Y. Z. and Bob Franklin will be back, and possibly others.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

The Junior Male Quartet has several engagements to fulfill in the near future. The voice work of the gentlemen commands admiration wherever heard.

Two of our class men have done honor to themselves and their class as participants in the mid-winter entertainments. William

Keeble was the perpetrator of the Athenian annual at the Athenian, and Joe S. Caldwell, one of the young men eloquent at the Alpha Sigma entertainment. The class extends congratulations to the gentlemen.

Fortune has shown favor recently towards the class in several very marked manifestations. It is well known that it is dangerous to be safe around the Chemical Laboratory. Almost every day the list of casualties is increased in an alarming way, but 'nary' a Junior name appears on the list. The list:

J. E. Tracy, "Regals" ruined by acid, Senior; "Biljo" Henry, "Vicis," ditto, another Senior; Miss Alexander, feelings injured by Cl. Senior; Bewley, '01, blew out the gas! Sam Bright, Sr., hands burned by acids; Hammontree, a Senior, "didn't know that it was loaded"; Earl R. North, '01, was caught in a shower of nitric acid, and received a quantity of the fluid upon his face and neck. He was painfully burned about the face, but very little injury was done to his neck, as rubber resists the action of almost all of the commoner acids. Mr. North is a Senior.

The class completed Jevon's first logic —the required work—several weeks before the close of the term, and without waiting for the spring term entered upon the advanced course offered as an elective. This is a record breaker, and Professor Wilson confidentially complimented this class as the best one that he had ever taken over the course. F. L. W., '02.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES.

Officers—President, Paul R. Dickey; Vice President, Freddie Goddard; Secretary, Maude Bryan; Treasurer, Nettie Walker; Editor, Helen Post; Privates, Grace McReynolds, Lois Alexander, M. B. Hunter, Laughead, Lewis, Quist and Eugene Webb.

Class Motto—"We are the people."

Yell—Razzle-Dazzle, Hobble-Gobble,
Preps no more,
Freshmen, Freshmen, 19-04!

Joe Miser and Lieutenant Pate will be welcome additions to our class after holidays.

E. N. Quist represented his class at the Alpha Sigma Mid-winter, December 14.

The Freshman class is the smartest class of its age in the college.

Dickey makes Y. M. C. A. talks, Quist makes chalk-talks, Webb hunts 'possums, Laughead plays football, Hunter milks the cows, Lewis does nothing, and the girls steal moonshine.

Friends of the Freshman class have given us two parties this term. That is two more than the Sophs and Seniors together have had, which says a great deal for the comparative standing of the classes. The first party was domi nostri magistri cari, Prof. John G. Newman, and the other was given by Maj. Will A. McTeer. Professor Newman's party was on the occasion of his 38th birthday.

Dr. Quist has been appointed to learn when Professors Waller's and Sherrill's birthdays come.

The Freshmen have decided to have the nineteenth century close on midnight of the 31st of January next. The class will close out the old century the gamest class on the hill, and will then go out of the century business.

ALUMNI AND EX-STUDENTS.

S. E. Henry, '88, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Moberly, Mo. Mr. Henry taught at Huntsville for a year after his graduation, and then entered Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., from which he graduated in '92. For a number of years he was engaged in ministerial work at Fort Gibson, I. T., and afterwards at Norman, Okla. In '98 he took up graduate work in the University of Chicago and at Harvard, going to his present charge in the autumn of '99.

Dr. R. H. Spence, 619 Washington Avenue, Newport, Ky., is the way the professional card of our former halfback, Ray Spence, reads. Ray graduated from the

Medical Department of Miami University, and contemplates special work along the line of eye, ear, nose and throat troubles.

S. O. Houston, '98, who for two years was principal of New Market Academy, is a Senior in the Law Department of the University of Tennessee. Mr. Houston is President of his class.

Another University of Tennessee Senior class is presided over by a former Maryville student in the Medical Department at Nashville, where Mr. John McCulloch is President of the class of 1901.

E. S. Johnston, M.D., 412 Everett Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the address of Ed Johnston, who graduated from the Cincinnati Medical College in '98.

A. A. Griffes, Maryville '97, Lane '00, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church of St. Bernard, a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The members of the Maryville law firm of Crawford & Gamble, are familiar to old Maryville College students. Mr. J. C. Crawford graduated from Maryville in '97, and from the Law Department of the University of Tennessee as valedictorian of the class of '00, and also won first prize on a thesis in the Senior year.

Mr. M. H. Gamble, ex-'98, also received his legal education in the University of Tennessee. He has served as County Superintendent of Public Instruction; was State Representative for two years, and is now a member of the State Senate.

S. P. Minnis, '94, is one of the business men of New Market, Tenn.

W. A. Eisenhart, '98, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Richmond, Ky.

Bob Elmore, '00, is a Senior in Princeton.

F. S. Campbell, '98, is in his last year at Auburn Seminary.

Charles Marston, '93, Lane '00, is in charge of the Presbyterian congregations at Forest Hill, Centennial, Baker's Creek and Clover Hill.

Hadley Brown, who graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Illinois (P. and S., Chicago) in the class of '00, is practicing medicine in Columbus Junction, Iowa.

R. A. Bartlett, '84, who for several years was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Kingston, Ind., has recently been called to the pastorate of the Greensburg (Indiana) Church.

Edith Newman, '98, is teaching at Wartburg, Tenn.

C. C. McGinley, '91, is engaged in pastoral work at Muscogee, Indian Territory.

W. Hastings, '86, has been selected to succeed Dr. Gulick as athletic head of the Springfield International Training School, Springfield, Mass. Mr. Hastings graduated from Union Theological Seminary, New York, in '93, took an A.M. from New York University, and afterwards a Ph.D. from Haverford College. He has made three trips to Mexico in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. work, and has been for some time professor of physical culture in the University of Nebraska, from which position he goes to his new field. Mr. Hastings was married in '97.

The Thanksgiving number of the Tennessee University Magazine is all right. The editors and new management have made it one of the best specimens of college journalism in the South. Several very readable storiettes are given, one, "By Reason of a Mistake," being probably the best. The magazine is setting a pretty stiff pace in some of the new improvements, but we sincerely hope that the pace may be successfully held. It takes lots of student cooperation in an enterprise like that.

Davidson Magazine is welcome to a place on the exchange table. The last number contains a London letter, some good essays and a moderate story. An editorial on the "Honor System at Davidson" tells how successful the system has been since its introduction into that institution. Certainly students should have a part in college government, and Davidson is to be congratulated in this forward movement.

ATHLETICS.

Although the team of 1900 was not a victorious one, he is wrong in saying that the past football season was not successful. It is true that of the two games played by Maryville we lost both. But the obstacles against which our team had to contend should be taken into consideration. No football had been played here for two seasons past. Only a few men knew even the rudiments of the game when practice began in October, and when the time came to line up for our first game, only one man in the team had ever played in a public game before. It is not surprising, then, that our team suffered the defeats it did. But the work in a great degree was only preparatory for the work of next year, and next year's team can start early practice in September with a crowd of fellows who know what the game of football is. Excellent material was displayed this year, and if the 1901 team is not successful under proper coaching, it will be for want of effort. At the end of the season thanks are due to Professor Gilman for his efficient management of the team, and to Mr. Gamble for his assistance in coaching. It was only by the help of these men that our raw team was enabled to make as creditable a showing as it did.

At Knoxville, on Saturday, November 17, Maryville played her second and last game of the season against the second eleven of the University of Tennessee, and suffered defeat to the score of 23 to 0. Our players had taken advantage of the mistakes of the previous game, and cheered on by a number of rooters from Maryville, put up a game that would have carried down in defeat the team against which they had played a week before. The defensive work was especially improved, and when Tennessee struck our line, they were stopped again and again. Long and French as guards did especially good work. But Tennessee had been also strengthened and put up an interference on end runs that was the acme of team work. It was by these end runs that she made her ground, as she could gain very little by line bucking.

Tennessee got the kick-off. Maryville lost the ball by a fumble, after making small gains, and Tennessee carried it through for a touch-down by a succession of end runs. Galbraith failed goal. Then came Maryville's best opportunity to score. Tracy kicked off to Tennessee's quarterback, who fumbled, and Brown fell on the ball near the 15-yard line. But Maryville lost the ball on an off-side play, and Tennessee had carried it back to near the center of the field, when time was called, with the score 5 to 0. Our boys regained their confidence during the intermission, and held them down until the last few minutes, when the ends weakened, and three touch-downs were made in rapid succession, Galbraith kicking all three goals. Henry, as before, was Maryville's star, but all the boys played well, especially Brown, whose defensive work was of the highest order. Duncan and Wilson were substituted for Brown and Penland in the last half, and did good work. The following was the line up of the teams:

Maryville—Laughead, l. e.; Newman, l. t.; French, l. g.; Penland, c.; Long, r. g.; Hope, r. t.; Ware, r. g.; Brown, q.; Beatty, l. h.; Tracy, r. h.; Henry, f.

Tennessee—Alexander, l. e.; Green, l. t.; J. T. Cox, l. g.; Corden, c.; W. M. Cox, r. g.; Smith, r. t.; Cooper, r. g.; Thornberg, q.; Brong, l. h.; McConnell, r. h.; Galbraith, f.

Referee, Pierce. Umpire, Cormick. Timekeeper, Ritchie. Lineman, Logan. Time of Halves, 20 minutes.

Before turning in their suits the football team organized for next year, electing T. G. Brown as captain. Mr. Brown played halfback the first of the season, and was later changed to quarterback, where he played a strong game, and where he will probably play next year. He is cool-headed and a student of the game, and will doubtless make a good captain.

FOOT BALL TEAM, 1900.

Maryville College Monthly.

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EDITORIAL STAFF.

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ALPHA SIGMA, - JOSEPH S. CALDWELL
THETA EPSILON, - - - MALLIE GAMBLE
Y. M. C. A., - - - THOMAS MAGUIRE
ATHLETICS, - - - JOHN E. TRACY
ALUMNI, - - - - JOHN W. RITCHIE
BUSINESS MANAGER, - FREDERIC L. WEBB

Students, graduates and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items of general interest for publication.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

With the close of the fall term of 1900 we have reached the end of the century. The scholarship records have been made out and mailed, and the grade books of the old year have been closed. With the beginning of the new term and century many good resolutions will be made, and kept—for a time.

Just now, before the annual January meeting of the Trustees, is a fitting time to remind them that there exists a great need of a physical director for the College. We understand that the College has promised to secure a physical director as soon as Bartlett Hall is completed. As matters are now this seems some time off, and in the meanwhile the students are obliged to do without the much-needed physical training. No very large appropriation from the College funds would be needed in order to secure an outside man capable of directing the gymnasium work, coaching the athletic teams and attending to the duties of General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The wages now paid the General Secretary and janitor would go a great ways toward paying his salary, and if the dormitory-rooms in Bartlett Hall are finished the rent on these will almost make up the deficiency. We hope that the Trustees will appreciate the importance of this need, and appropriate a sum of money to meet it.

Many of our friends will be pleased to read the article in this issue on "The Departments of Science," and look at the half-tone engravings of the interior of Fayerweather Science Hall. Our two professors in charge of the work, Prof. Albert F. Gilman and Prof. John W. Ritchie, bring the best and latest methods, as taught at Amherst College and Chicago University, to their students. The Junior preparatory class in Physiology, as well as the college classes in other branches, has its regular laboratorical periods of two hours each, so that early in the course our students begin to acquire correct and scientific methods.

We trust that the effort which is now being made by Dr. Biddle to secure a more adequate endowment for this work will be successful, and that we may see still greatter advancements in this important field.

Although from its foundation our college has been interested in the great cause of foreign missions, yet that interest during the past decade has been increased by our two teachers who have labored in the foreign fields. Their vivid discriptions of the Gospel work in Mexico and Japan, and their earnest words at college missionary meetings, have undoubtedly influenced some of our students to become foreign missionaries. A letter to one of our graduates from Rev. Herbert W. Brown, who succeeded Prof. Samuel T. Wilson in Mexico, and has recently delivered a course of five lectures on "The Religious Development and Need of Latin America," at Princeton, lies before us, from which we quote:

"A man's personality must be very strong and lovable, when, after the lapse of sixteen years, those with whom he was associated for three years of his young manhood still remember him as an ideal man, a devoted friend and ardent worker. This is a tribute which any man might be proud to have

made to him, and it is the tribute of respect and affection which all who know him in Mexico pay to Mr. Wilson.

"It is a privilege to follow such a man, and I can honestly say that all the good things I heard about him, while they made me realize the bigness of the place into which I was to try to grow, served as a stimulus to the putting forth of my own best endeavor. The day after my arrival in Mexico I was taken to Tlalpam, a suburb ten miles from Mexico City, and inducted into my office in our Presbyterian Theological Seminary. At that time there were ten students, and all had received the impress of Mr. Wilson's personality. I remember the reverence with which the boys showed me the room where Mr. Wilson studied, and told me till what late hours he burned the midnight oil, working as if he knew that his stay in Mexico would necessarily be short, and putting as much of his life as possible into the three short years.

"Then when I went into the classroom, after my first struggles with an unknown tongue, and with no special Pentecostal gift of tongues, tried to teach the students how to preach, I held in my hand as guide and inspiration the lectures on 'Homiletics and Preaching,' prepared by my predecessor. The handwriting was clear and even, the ideas were clearly and concisely expressed; every aspect of the subject was treated, and in a Spanish which to this day has been my envy and emulation. Generations of students have copied into their note-books those lectures, and stumbled through their topical, textual or other varieties of sermons, leaning on the staff Mr. Wilson put into their hands, and now, to-day, some of them are the eloquent leaders of Protestant thought in the communities where they live. I wish somebody would give us money to print that course of lectures that they might stand as a permanent monument to Mr. Wilson's literary and pedagogical work in Spanish. Who will do it?

"Then, after four months, I was sent forth to wander in Mr. Wilson's footsteps from congregation to congregation, in our Zitacuaro field, one of the best in all Mexico. I shall never forget the rides on horseback through beautiful valleys, up steep mountain trails; the days in the homes of our Mexican pastors, or in the log cabins of our native Christians, who all received us with abounding hospitality, and all of whom had a good word to say for Mr. Wilson and his courage and constancy when worn out and sick from the fatigues of travel and food not suited to his physical condition. His kindly manner endeared him to all their hearts, and as I read and reread the little biographies of the different workers he had written for my guidance, I saw how he loved his fellow laborers and how true was his sympathy with men of another race. He was quick to see and appeal to the best in every man; and that is an essential requisite in a missionary as in every other worker for the good of others.

"Before I reached Mexico his arduous labors had broken down Mr. Wilson's health, and he was obliged to return to the States, taking with him the love and good wishes of a host of friends, native and foreign. But Mr. Wilson did not forget Mexico; he has kept in touch with the work through all these years, as the different young Mexican men who have studied with him at Maryville College can testify."

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Several mountain parties helped to enliven the Thanksgiving season.

Prof. A. F. Gilman has ordered his valuable collections of minerals to be sent him from New England. He will place them in the Museum as loans.

Mr. John P. Crawford, an old student of the college, and only surviving brother of Prof. G. S. W. Crawford, is visiting at his sister's. Mr. Crawford's life has been spent

in teaching in the West. Since retiring from active work, ten years ago, he has been living on his farm, in Central Kansas.

Jo Broady and J. H. Wright, two of our old students, are now located at the Moody Institute, Chicago, where they are thoroughly enjoying their work.

Arrangements are being made to secure for our College services, in February, the Maryville College Quartette, which sang last year at Winona Assembly. Rev. W. R. Dawson, of Knoxville, will conduct the ten days' meetings.

On December 7, after a short illness of fever, Cecil Cooper, a student of the College, and son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Cooper, of Maryville, passed away from this life. His funeral was largely attended, and his parents have the sympathy of the College body and community.

The library of Rev. Alexander N. Carson, D.D., deceased, has been received, and is now being catalogued by Mrs. West. Dr. Carson was a graduate of the College, and had always taken an interest in its welfare. He occupied important pulpits during his lifetime, and at the time of his death was pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church at San Francisco.

Mr. W. E. Lewis, '04, some time ago entered the prize essay contest, for the best essay championing anti-vivisection. The contest has recently been decided. Mr. Lewis was one of the winners, and obtained fourth prize. We should have enjoyed saying first prize, but it is an honor to win any prize in as great a contest as this.

As a result of Dr. Wilson's talk on the conditions existing in China, made at a missionary meeting some weeks ago, Fred Hope started a subscription among the students, and secured $50 for the support of a native worker in China for one year. While this sum is included in the report of the contributions to charitable purposes made by the Y. M. C. A., it was raised solely by Mr. Hope's efforts, and the credit belongs to him alone.

Our teacher of Modern Languages, Miss Amanda L. Andrews, who is absent on leave in Germany this year, was present at the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau. The folllowing extract is from a letter found in the Ohio Teacher:

"They sent our party to the house of Sebastian Haag, a fisherman. It seemed to be a new house, and was very clean and well furnished, in spite of the fact that the horses and cows were under the same roof, only separated from the living room by a sort of passage. Liebchen and I had a large front room on the ground floor with four windows and two single beds and the inevitable feather beds on top for covering. It has been cool since we have been here, and we really find the feather beds very comfortable. One of the two daughters of the house, a girl of thirteen, who waited on us very nicely at table, was in two of the tableaux of the Passion Play. She was a bright little girl, and I talked quite a while with her in German.

"We were awakened early Sunday morning (August 12) by the church bells, and heard Father Mehin (who has a room above us) going out to early mass. Then we heard the tinkling cow-bells and saw the cattle all driven in a herd to the mountains; it reminded me of 'Wilhelm Tell.' We had breakfast at seven and the play began with exact promptness at eight. I shall not attempt to describe it, for I could not begin to do it justice. There is something unique about the whole thing; the apparently unspoiled simplicity and sincere earnestness and piety of the people is something that does not fail to impress one. It is true there are some respects in which the large influx of outsiders every ten years has changed their simple lives. For example, we saw all the shops for curios open as we went to the play, and they seemed to be do-

ing quite a business, too; but, after all, one is surprised that these simple but talented mountaineers have kept their individuality so well. As you probably know, most of the principal characters are new. Christus, Anton Lang, a young potter of twenty-five; Mary the Virgin, Anna Flunger, a girl of nineteen."

"SCISSORS AND PASTE"

The Dickinson Literary Monthly has, among bright attractions, a charming little story—"De Young Marsers," a tale of old Virginia.

Professor (translating)—"Tell me, thou slave, where is thy horse?"

Guilty Student—"It's in my pocket, but I wasn't using it."—Ex.

One of the very best of our exchanges is the William and Mary College Monthly. The essays are strong and the poetry neat, though the storiette is only fair. The editorials are well written.

Stetson Collegiate comes to us for the first time. The Florida students know how to put up an attractive magazine. Good locals and well-selected exchanges.

In an examination the students were required to give the principal parts of "to skate." One of them did it as follows: "Skate, slippere, falleri, humptum." The professor marked his paper: "Fail, failere, flunxi, suspendum."—Ex.

When you're foolin' in the library,
And havin' lots of fun,
A laughin' and a jabberin'
As if your time had come,
You'd better watch your corners
And keep kinder lookin' out,
Er the librarian 'll git you,
Ef you don't watch out.

Hedding Graphic.

College Calendar.

FALL TERM, 1900.

Tell us not in mournful numbers
This has been an empty fall,
For the man who says so slumbers,
Or he has no sense at all.

Life is real, life is earnest,
When a calendar's to write,
While the incandescent burnest,
We must grind it out to-night.

What though eyes are tired and weepy,
Write it, boys, in gayest strain—
Webb is grinning, though he's sleepy,
Something's hit him in the brain.

Tracy writes of bad boys restive,
Who brought not the engine back;
Sim, of course, takes Baldwin festive,
Here we come, so clear the track.

The calendar herewith presented is a literary mosaic—the laborious production of representatives of the Soph, Junior and Senior classes, and the Junior Faculty. Behold matchless poetry* and incomparable prose!

August 26—

The sun's eclipsed in our old Kentucky Home,
'Tis autumn, but Siler's away;
He left long ago, with his corkscrew and grip,
And in Maryville he hangeth out to-day.

He hit that town when the daisies were in bloom,
And Bab. alone was on the hill,
To arrange his course he had to get there soon,
So the Profs could run him through the mill.

*The poetry above referred to is of the kind described in Genny's Rhetoric, Section 496a, as club-footed, octohedric, polyclinic cataleptic blank verse.

"COLLEGE HILL RAILWAY."

September 4—
College opens with improvements,
Coal enough to last a year;
Sherrill and Wilson both are happy—
"Isn't he sweet, the little dear?"

September 7—
Campbell is no longer with us,
Great content is on the hill,
The fellows all are going coatless,
The Hall with girls begins to fill.

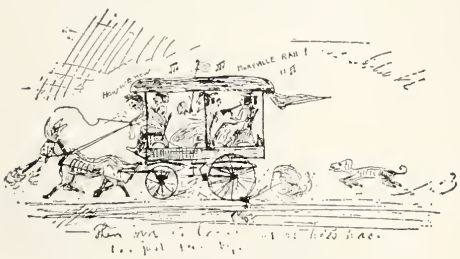
September 18—

LOUISVILLE VS. MARYVILLE.

Oh! somewhere in this favorite land
The sun is shining bright;
Somewhere bands are playing,
And somewhere hearts are light.
Somewhere men are laughing,
Somewhere children shout;
But there's no joy in Maryville,
Mighty Bartlett has struck out.

October 4—
And it came to pass, in the tenth moon and the fourth day of the moon, in the eighty-third year of the glorious existence of Maryville College, and in the second moon of the first year of the reign of Mrs. Clemmons as sole potentate of Baldwin Hall, that Prof. Bobby which is called Bowlegs and Brer Rabbit rose up very early, even at the third hour of the night, and took unto them damsels of Baldwin as many as they chose, and beasts of burden, and hacks, and ancient maidens not a few, and went, and returned and came unto Look Rock, which lieth over against Happy Valley.

And there they encamped, and ate of the provender which they had brought with them, even they, and their cattle, an exceeding great multitude, and when the shades of evening fell with a soft expansive thud, they came again unto Baldwin greatly rejoicing.—Book of Mormon, 4: 18-26.



THERE WERE TWO LOADS, BUT RITCHIE'S HACK HAS JUST GONE BY.

October 11—
They came to visit our College,
The Synod of Tennessee;
They talked to us all in the Chapel;
They thought we were bored—so did we.

October 18—
Duncan the tailor doth go to visit;
Trousers he'll have, or he'll have naught at all.
Wood, Long, Clark & Cunningham all take his money—
"My tricot don't fit," he doth constantly squall.

October 25—
The students are suff'ring for water;
The water-works system is old.
"We'll go to 'the haunt of the witches,'
They'll find needed water and gold."

October 31—
Oh, Hallowe'en! what happened then?
The girls didn't have to study till ten;
The boys had lots of fun to share,
While the faculty plenty demerits to spare.

November 1—
"Sim" calls over on "Cedar Row,"
The doggie off with his hat doth go.

November 3—

The whistle calls the end of going day;
The lowring herd of boys the engine see;
'Tis taken in the silent night away;
Where now it rests it hadn't ort ter be.

"COLLEGE SPIRIT."
And Tracy said, says he: 'Boys, you've all gotno college spirit."

November 10—

On the gridiron Duncan and "Sim" appear—
A yell goes up from far and near.
Duncan is long and lank and thin,
With a straggling beardlet upon his chin.
"Sim" is long and thick and stout,
And his stomach is built so it roundeth out.

Monday, November 12—

Beatty leads the Chapel hymn—
We have a duet by Emma and him.

November 15—

This term witnessed three great 'possum hunts—one arranged by Mr. C. George L. Duncan, another by Mr. A. Estes Simerly, of Carter County; but the third, which was by far the most brilliant, was the one engineered by Miss M. Lena Hastings, of the class of 1901. Hegelian chaperons attended the party; two Hegelian 'possums were captured. The refreshments, however, were highly materialistic.

November 22—

When sports went round and all was right,
On Baldwin Hall reception night
Mr. "Satan" Thomas thought he would go
Right up to Baldwin to make a show.
And to his very great surprise
He was awarded the "booby prize."
And now, every day in fields of corn,
You can hear him blow his little horn.

November 24—

They had a hot time in trying
The fifteenth amendment to break.
Alexander thought he could judge it;
He didn't, for Laughead's sake.

November 29—

'Neath leafy shade, at close of day,
A man and maid they wend their way.
In gazelle-like eyes.
Clear as morning skies,
Reads he messages she dare not say.
Now come they to a little creek,
On a rustic bridge they sit and speak;
Things to them dear,
His lips to hers near,
Then up to the clouds ascends a great shriek.
The handrail broke; Bill hit the stream;
Leola then looked and gave a sweet scream.
Then, sure's you're alive,
She did the high dive—
Down in the water behold now the team.

November 30—

A young man of exceeding verdancy met four-score Baldwin girls and detaineth five. Into their unwilling ears he spake with beseeching words—

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I go to a party, sir," she said.
"May I attend you, my pretty maid?"
"Not on your tintype, sir," she said.

Concerning the above the poetaster hath said:

"If you don't at first succeed, then try, try again."
Was told to North when he was young, when he was nine or ten.
"It's all a fake; it wouldn't work"—his lip in anger curls,
He must unhappy stay at home, although he's asked five girls.

"MAY I GO WITH YOU, MY PRETTY MAID?"

December 1—

They are "cut" now by Baldwin Hall;
They began at the first and went through.
At that place they may never more call—
What will Earl and Raleigh do?

December 3—

A party cometh back from hunting, singing (with apologies to the original author):

"'Way down upon the Tennessee River,
Far, far from home,
There's where the geese are calling ever,
There's where the turkeys roam.

"Oh, fellows, how my stomach feels empty,
When without those geese I go home,
If I only had a great big gander,
How I would gnaw him to the bone."

December 7—

The Athenians give their annual show—
Maguire, as usual, with Miss Clark doth go.

December 14—

The Alpha Sigmas to-night entertain—
Biljo doth toot with might and main.

December 17—

The way "Sim" goes out with Miss George is a sight,
While Helen has a "hot time" in Baldwin to-night.

December 28—

Dear Fellow-Students:—By the time that these lines have been struck off on the great perfecting presses of a Northern publishing house your eyes will have rested on the following announcement in Harper's Weekly, The Anti-Vivisector, Maryville Times, and the Crossville Chronicle:

BABCOCK-TENNER.—Tuesday, December 25, in M. E. Church, North, by Rev. J. J. Robinette, D.D., assisted by Rev. S. W. Boardman, D.D., were married Mr. Frederick R. Babcock, of St. Andrews Bay, Fla., and Mrs. Elizabeth Tenner, of Maryville. The newly-wedded couple left immediately for Florida, where they will make their future home.

And the old term closed as it begun,
With Snap the best of games for fun.

[SIGNED.] THE GANG.

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOLUME III. MARYVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1901. NUMBER 4.

THE SACRIFICE OF HUSE CLAIBORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CUTTING OF THE STILL.

Ramp Cove is not a large place, but it is very beautiful. It is one of the numerous small "sugar" coves that radiate fingerlike from "The Cove," or, more properly, Hutchins' Cove. Two noble mountains hold it in loving embrace as they jut out like crescents from the main lead of Smoky. After extending for nearly a mile, they draw close to each other and form a narrow gap, where a large creek makes a tumultuous exit, and a wagon trail gives the suggestion that in this secluded retreat the sturdy mountaineer has laid his hearthstone.

It is even so. The relentless ax has sounded the knell of much of the forest that once heavily covered that little valley. On the bank of Laurel Branch stands an old cabin of hewn logs, with a sheltering porch along the front, made more pleasant by cinnamon vines trained on strings. In a nook by the great stone chimney a clump of "tech-me-nots" bloomed luxuriantly. A path runs down from the door of the "lean-to" kitchen to the cool spring-house; from this another turns off to the "new ground."

But, going to the new ground, one familiar with the place would observe as he crossed the creek a faint trail under the low branches of the laurel. This leads a few rods into the thicket, where, in a little clearing, stands a small, rude structure; and from the many open places in its construction light wafts of pale smoke find a way of escape. But few ever visited this building, for it was old Enoch Crowder's place of occupation, and his business was—"moonshining."

The afternoon shadows were lengthening and making a kind of twilight in the dense laurel. A family group have gathered at the little still house. Passing in and out of the low door is the old 'stiller, now carrying a billet of wood, now pausing to make an observation to the others. He is now bowed with the weight of years, though once he was erect, and lithe, and supple. A long, grizzled beard rests upon his breast. His old hat lies on the ground where he carelessly dropped it when the sun was low, and one can see that his crown has been cleared as bare as his few acres. With him is his helpmeet and companion, "Old Aunt Milly." She walks slowly and with the aid of a staff. Some might mistake her for one of the "weird sisters" in "Macbeth," if by chance they should come upon her walking half-bent in the little smoky room, lit only by the flickering gleam of the furnace fire, where no sounds are heard save the hissing of steam in the still, and the constant patter-pattering of the water dropping from the end of the trough of hollow logs that conveys the water from the creek to the "sugar-stand" where the worm is cooled and fumes of sour-mash are turned into "moonshine."

The third and most interesting of the number is a young woman, sitting on the "shaving-hoss" by the door. She is sitting idly, with her hands clasped across her knees, looking listlessly into the laurel. Her eyes are dark, her hair is also dark, and she has it loosely knotted and held in place by a "tuckin' comb." She is the granddaughter of the old couple, the orphaned daughter of their eldest son; reared by their own hands, she has become the idol of their hearts. What though she was dressed in simple cotton and homespun, she was a comely maiden. There were roses in her cheeks, and her features were round. No hard lines had been drawn in her oval face, for she had been shielded from the cares and labor that had faded the freshness

of her friends as they were just leaving their teens behind them.

A sudden sound brings old Enoch and his wife to the door. Tabitha is instantly on the qui vive, and is already arranging the kerchief at her neck. The sound is repeated—two chirrups on a turkey call. Enoch whistles a response, and in a few moments a young man appears on the scene.

"Howdy, Huse."

"Howdy, Enick. Howdy, Aunt Milly. Howdy, Tabithy."

"Set daoun, 'n' rest a spell."

"Mout es well, I reckon, seein' es thet's what I come fur. How air you'ns this evenin'?"

"Porely,"—this from Aunt Milly, who had never in the last forty years to any one's knowledge responded otherwise to an inquiry as to her health—" 'n' I'm goin' t' house, 'n' thet's jist whar you'ns hed ort to come ef y're goin' t' do any late talkin.' "

The last shot was fired directly at Tabitha and Huse, who assured her that they would soon join her. Then the old woman grasped her knotty staff and departed.

When the laurel had closed behind her, Tabitha took a seat on a newly-finished tub —Enoch made all of his own cooperage— by the cooper's horse, where Huse was now sitting. Old Enoch stood close by them and entered into the conversation.

After a few commonplace remarks regarding the state of the weather, which had been finally settled by the sage observation, "Hit air par'ful hot fur th' time o' year," Huse turned to the old man and with a note of pleading in his voice said:

"Enick, w'y don't y' quit this bizness? Y" hedn't ort t' do sich work; y're old. Ef y'd git ketched up with, 'n' hev t' go daown th' kentry fur a year 'r so, y' couldn't stand t' be shet up; y'd die out 'n' no time."

"Oh, law, Huse, don't be afeared; nothin' ain't goin' t' happen. I've follered this kind o' thing fur nigh on ter all m' life, 'n' ain't never had but one still cut 'n' nary other narrer escapes es anybidy knows on; 'sides, don't y' know what th' Scripter says? Hit says thar en one place, 'A man hev got ter arn 'is livin' by the sweat uv 'is brow.' "

He paused, and the young man again caught up the thread of the conversation.

"I know, but thar's been a sight o' raidin' done these yere las' few weeks. Them new officers 's cut more stills sence they wus a-pinted 'n' erry four es ever hev come ento these mountings. Ab Kinner wus riz jes over thar in Rucker's Cove, 'n' hit's hard t' fool his dep'ties up this-a-way."

Enoch made no reply, but turned slowly into the still.

When he had left them, Tabitha looked at Huse with a hunted look in her eyes, her hands clutched at his, and though she spoke low, she was all excitement.

"Oh, Huse, is there re'ly much danger? I've jest felt all day, ever sence I got up this morning', as somethin' was agoin' t' happen. I jest don't feel right 't all. I've been par-ful 'feard they'd ketch up with gran'pap some o' these days, fur he's gittin' old 'n' careless like"—

He interrupted: "T'bithy, I don't want t' skear y', but I'm afeared they're atter y'r gran'pap right now. Las' night they kem in atter dark 'n' went straight up t' th' foot o' Shuckstack Mounting t' old Joel Williamsus, 'n' war c'nsidable disappinted, I 'low, when they found the old man bad off. They kem back t' th' store 'n' stopped all night, but nobody knows uv 'em leavin' th' cove. I jest heared this about two hours by sun. Old Joel's Bob war tellin' me, 'n' I kem straight here."

"Oh, Huse, don't y' know hit 'd kill pore old gran'pap ef he was tuck up?"

She had buried her face in her hands, and would have given vent to weeping, but Huse, bending over her, whispered sternly into her ears:

"Stop! he'll hear y', 'n' 'sides thet, I've got su'thin' t' tell y'. I wa'n't t' come en here till t'morrer evenin', but things 's mighty dif'rent frum las' week; 've hed a good spell t' do thinkin', 'n' I want y'r an-

swer now. Y' don't know what might happen 'twixt now 'n' t'morrer."

Poor girl! she had been trying to imitate the heroine of a "novel-book," a present from Huse, and had simply succeeded in making herself a miserable week.

"Huse, hit's yes. Hit was yes las' Sunday when y' axed me, 'n' I felt sorry fur y' atterward, 'n' I've wushed all th' week thet y'd come. I thought I wus a doin' right, but I reckon I wusn't. Oh, cain't y' make gran'pap unnerstan' 'taint safe no more?"

"I don't know, Bithy, but now I'm jest th' same es connection, 'n' I c'n holp 'im a heap better."

He laid his hand lightly on her shoulder to draw her toward him, when a sound was borne to their ears that carried a thrill to their very souls. They listened intently. No, their ears have not deceived them. 'Tis the beat of shod hoofs on the stones at the "upper crossin.'". They interpret correctly. Old Enoch has not heard the warning sound, and is, as they suspect, dozing at the back door.

"D'ye reckon?" she inquires, and Huse hoarsely whispers, "I'm afeared so."

More hoofbeats. A splash in the water.

"Step en thar 'n' tell Enick t' take his gun 'n' slip out inter th' brush, fur I'm afeared es somebidy's comin' es hedn't ort. Tell him es I said you 'n' him had better he outen here."

She slipped inside. Tramp! Splash! There must be at least three horses. Huse is straining to catch every sound. He has caught up his gun and is half-leaning, half-crouching in front of the little shanty.

"Huse!"

Directly he turns and steps inside. Enoch and Tabitha are outside the rear door, she begging him to go. The old man's bravado has vanished. He has all at once realized his danger, and the thought of prison bars has shorn him of his strength and resolution.

"Enick, now jist y' git outen here. There's folks comin' here es y' aint got bizness with. What y' want t' do is t' git y'self 'n' T'bithy daown t' th' house th' back way 'n' git Aunt Milly 'n' go 'n' lay out a spell. 'N' I'll drap outen sight, too. Now go 'n' take keer o' y'r fambly."

This latter injunction seemed to carry weight, and he started off, followed by Tabitha.

Huse returned to his post at the outer door. Almost immediately three horsemen carrying Winchesters came into view at the end of the open, about twenty steps away. It was still light enough to see at that distance, and they instantly sighted him as he threw his rifle to shoulder and covered him with their guns and spurred up. At this he threw the weapon across his arm and awaited them. Two dismount, but the third still with his rifle leveled remains in the saddle.

"Is this your shack?"

"Yes," was the simple reply.

One of the two, a tall, dark-bearded man, angular and muscular, produced a pair of rusty handcuffs, which made a shiver run through Huse's frame, and, folding his arms, he said to the officers:

"Y' don't need t' mind doin' nothin' like thet, fur I aint never yet fired on an officer, 'n' don't aim t', nuther. Y' kem round when the bizness was a goin' on, 'n' the perprietor war in the offes. Y've got y'r man, 'n' I don't aim t' make no fuss. I aint got no weepon on me, 'n' that feller thar on the hoss c'n watch things while you'ns is making y'rse'ves t' hum inside."

"All right," returned the officer, "but I am afeared our business aint goin' to be agreeable to yourn." And he led the way within. As he was stepping in he almost collided with a very startled, bonnetless young woman. She came out and at once Huse assumed a milder demeanor.

"Now I wush y' hedn't kem up here. They've done ketched up with me, 'n' yer man'll hev t' go way on bizness, 'n' 't mout be some time afore 'e gits back."

She raised her apron to her face and wept aloud.

"Now don't take on," he said, for it pained him to witness her sorrow; "y' c'n stay with y'r granny, 'r git her t' stay with ye. Th' good Lord'll fix 't somehow." He stopped, for an ominous noise told him that the ceremony known as the "cutting of the still" was in progress. Barrel heads were knocked in and "blockade" poured out; the hoops on the mash-vats were cut, and with a swish their contents flowed away; the worm is cut into short lengths and the kettle beaten into a shapeless mass; and when everything appertaining to the still had been reduced to worthlessness, the pair joined the group outside, and said:

"Now we did hate to do this, but hit were jest our juty. I reckon hit's about startin' time, 'n' you'ns 'll hev to say farwell—fur a time."

It was a trying moment for both Tabitha and Huse, so recently betrothed, but it was inevitable.

He whispered a short message to her as she clung to him.

"Don't say nothin' bout me t' Enick fur a good spell. I don't want 'im t' know it yit. It 'ud hurt 'im too bad. I'll be back when I kin, 'n' then y'll be m' woman right—Farwell."

She could say no word, but watched them as they departed by the way they came, taking with them her lover.

CHAPTER II.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

Huse had done a noble thing. How the vainglorious world would delight to publish it by the flying leaves of the daily journals! A great-hearted youth gives up his liberty and the joys of the free life of the mountains and takes the prison cell in the stead of an old man—all for the love of a woman. But the young mountaineer thought not of what the world would say. His heart was sad. His thoughts turned first to the one from whom he had just parted, whose face he could not forget. He thought of his home, where his absence would cause wondering and anxiety.

The little band traveled all that night. They had taken a blind foot-trail across the mountain from Rucker's Cove whence they had been directed by a traitorous friend of the old man, that they "mout run up agin su'thin'." It was in this way that the raiders had not come to the little home. As they followed the circuitous little path their faces were often switched and scratched by low-hanging boughs and vines. It was a tiresome journey. Huse rode on one of the horses of the officers, the others walking and riding by turns.

All night long they kept on in silence and in discomfort, and when Morning Red was softening the somber sky of the East with her rosy tints they crossed the beautiful Great Bend into the Custom House town and repaired at once to the jail.

The Federal Court was holding its sessions and the young man was saved a long and weary wait. As he was taken before the bar he looked around the court-room in search of a friendly face. At last his gaze lighted on that of one Jerd Powell, an acquaintance, whose little cabin was not far from that of Philemon Claiborne. Huse beckoned him forward and the trial progressed.

The heart of the old judge was softened toward the young man, who had pleaded guilty, but confessed that it was his first offense, and there were tears in his eyes as he counseled him after giving him his sentence—one year in the State prison.

Surprise was depicted on Powell's face through all the proceedings. Indeed, he was so surprised that when Huse gave him a message for his father, he could hardly comprehend it.

Once more he journevs, and we leave him behind forbidding bars, and return to the little home in Ramp Cove.

Poor Tabitha, how heavy her heart as she joined her grandparents, and how utterly desolate they all felt.

The days that followed were trying ones. The old man sat gloomy and moody for a time, but feeling so miserable, began purely

as a means of diversion that hardest of all hard employments—logging.

Rapidly did his lusty ax-strokes tell as he daily continued his labors. Often did the old folks remark the long-continued absence of the young man whose calls had once been so frequent; but Tabitha would make no answer, and it was conceded that he had been refused. It was not until autumn that old Enoch learned the truth.

It happened one day that as he was as usual on the mountain-side felling timber Jerd Powell passed through the clearing. The result was an hour's conversation, in which a chance reference was made to Huse Claiborne.

"D'y' know es I wus at his trile?"

"Trile? What y' mean? Whose trile?"

"W'y, Huse's; aint y' heered nothin' 'bout hit? W'y he was tuck up fur a-makin' blockade—long t' fust o' last July."

"Jerdon Pow'l, air y' tellin' thet fur truth?"

"E-nick, I wus at th' trile."

It seemed as though a blow had fallen upon the old man. He shouldered his ax and said apologetically:

"I allers thought a heap o' th' boy, 'n' hit's kinder got me."

At the cabin he completely broke down, and said first to Old Milly, then to the girl:

"A jedg-ment hev come t' me frum th' Almighty. Pore Huse Claiburn air in th' pen'tentiary fur stillin', 'n' hit's fur me as he's thar."

"T'bithy, hev ye knowed this all th' time 'n' never told y'r old gran'pap?"

Sparing not a detail, Tabitha told the whole tale. The old man was visibly affected; his form shook with emotion.

"Hit's a jedg-ment—hit's a jedg-ment," was all he could say.

Day after day he went to his clearing. Often when he did not return from his labor they would seek him, and find him sitting on a log in deep thought, having forgotten his work.

Many miles away a young man was toiling in a prison, counting the days until the great doors should open for him, yet each day by extra labor he was earning something and laying it up against the day of freedom.

The year is up. Expectancy has kept more than one feverish for the last days. Tabitha has watched and waited in much faithfulness. It is a Sabbath day, the air clear as the note of a silver bell, the sky one unruffled sea of blue; such perfect tranquillity; no sounds save those of nature.

In old Enoch's home there were guests. The old man, though a "perfesser" for "nigh onto fifty year," had never fully "made his peace." But now, palsied and feeble and "under jedgment," he had "fixed it up," and had invited his lifelong friend, Old Preacher Seely, from The Cove, up to pay him a visit. There was likewise Philemon Claiborne, Huse's father. He was present at the bidding of Enoch, who had heard of the bitterness he now cherished toward his son. Old Enoch's story and confession moved him as much as Tabitha's had her grandfather, and harsh were the denunciations he heaped upon himself for his hasty sentence.

Dinner-time came. Tabitha took a pail and went down the path to the spring. As she rose from dipping the pail she started back—

"Huse Claiborne!"

It was a long time ere the pail was filled. Becoming weary of waiting Aunt Milly picked her way down the path, and great was her astonishment to see Tabitha and a tall young man in a new black suit sitting on the bench, while an overturned pail lay at their feet. She took in the situation at a glance.

"Eh, air thet all you'ns es fittin' t' do?"

Dinner was a total failure; the bountiful repast spread for the reverend guest was scarcely tasted. All tried to talk, but conversation was as brilliant a failure.

At last the sun was slowly sinking. Philemon took up his staff. "Huse, hedn't we'uns better be a-goin'?"

"Don't be in too much of a hurry, pappy.

Tabithy 'n' me hev been engaged now jest a year, 'n' a year air long a-plenty; hit war par'ful long t' me—'n' ef Brother Seely es willin', thar'll be a weddin here this evenin', fur I hev th' papers all shaped up 'n' with me."

Brother Seeley carefully adjusted his "specs," and thoroughly examined the papers in question, and rising, said:

"The man and woman who air desirin' to become jined en holy matrimony will stan' before me in the presence of these witnesses.

"The Scripter fur this occasion is, 'Thar wus joy when 'e returned,' though Huse aint a prodigal er a los' sheep." Then the good old man spoke the simple words and blessed them.

The old grandfather walked into the house and returned with something knotted in a red handkerchief and presented it to Huse.

"Huse, I want t' guv y' this fur a weddin' present. Hit's a hundred dollars es I got fur some logs I cut last summer 'n' fall; 'taint nothin' by what y' did fur me, but I want y' t' take hit. This 'ere place is 'Bithy's now, 'n' me 'n' Milly air jes' a-goin' t' eend our few days with ye."

Philemon departed alone, but the others sat together, while the evening shades gathered round them, and peace, God-given, was with them.

ABE CLEVENGER.

REPORTS FROM THE Y. M. C. A.

The erection of Bartlett Hall as a home for the Y. M. C. A. of the College was made possible by the efforts of the students themselves. The building stands as a monument to Kin Takahashi, '95, and those who labored with him. The benefits of this home, however, are more clearly seen in the increased interest and efficiency of the Association, as set forth in the following reports of the various officers. During the present year the building ought to be completed, and it can be, if all subscriptions are paid. The total cash receipts for Bartlett Hall from June, 1895, to January, 1901, are $11,586.65, covered by 471 separate entries upon the College Treasurer's book. The amounts recently received are:

467	Rev. A. A. Griffes	$2.00
468	Dr. A. W. Morton	25.00
469	Frances Engel	10.00
470	Rev. H. A. Goff	20.00
471	Sabbath-school, Second Presbyterian Church, Chattanooga	15.00

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

The past year has been a testing period in the history of our Association. Problems have confronted us that seemed at the time difficult to solve, but by the hearty co-operation and prayerful sympathy of all the members, we are pleased to note that we have grown in this testing period, and that we have many reasons to take courage for the way God has blessed us in all the departments of our work.

The various committees deserve much credit for the manner in which they have performed their duties. In this issue of the Monthly, reports are given by the chairmen of the committees, which show that good work has been done by them. Especially have the Missionary and Bible Study Committees been faithful in trying to interest more students in missions and in the study of the Bible.

The class in the "Studies of the Life of Christ" contained fourteen members, and was led by Mr. Thomas Maguire. The Personal Workers' class had seven members, and was led by Mr. Paul R. Dickie; and the class in the Mission Study contained four members, with Mr. Frederic L. Webb as leader.

The boys in the Personal Workers' class have been doing some practical religious work by way of carrying on a Sabbath-school at one of the school-houses in the country, visiting the jail, and in trying to influence students to give their lives to Jesus Christ.

As may be seen by the report of the Treasurer, there has been an increase in re-

ceipts over that of the previous year. All the expenses of the Association have been met, and there is still some money in the Treasury.

The successful devotional meetings held from Sabbath to Sabbath, and the increased interest taken by the students in the gymnasium, are encouraging features of the past year.

We were well represented at the Southern Student Conference, which was held at Asheville, N. C., last summer. Four of our boys were present, and we believe that they all returned to us with new zeal and with a better understanding of Association work.

Let us continue to send more men to these summer conferences, which is one way of increasing the efficiency of our work.

Through the efforts of one of our earnest Christian young men, Mr. Fred. Hope, fifty dollars have been raised by subscriptions from the faculty and students to support a native Christian missionary in China.

As was said above, we believe that the past year has been one of growth, but our future policy should be more aggressive. New students ought to be informed of our movement, and encouraged to participate in it.

Association papers, such as "Men" and "The Intercollegian," should be read and studied for ideas and methods, and for familiarizing us with the world-wide work among students. Committee work should be more systematic and persistent, and the increased responsibility should be met, as usual, without incurring any debt on the part of the Association. We should give the Y. M. C. A. work our best consideration and thought. Those at the helm need our active co-operation and prayerful sympathy.

God commands us to "go forward!"

Let us, as young men just entering upon a new century, gird up our loins and march in the courage born of conviction that the Lord of Hosts is with us.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM D. HAMMONTREE.

REPORT OF DEVOTIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Devotional Committee takes great pleasure in recording a most encouraging term of office. From time to time it has met in conference and discussed the policy that should guide the Association in the conduct of its religious meetings. At the beginning of the fall term the following program was outlined and adopted:

Sept. 9.—Decision Meeting. P. R. Dickie.
Sept. 16.—Bible Rally. Ed. Grau.
Sept. 23. Mission Study Rally. F. L. Webb.
Sept. 30.—Report of delegates to Summer School. W. D. Hammontree.
Oct. 7.—Christian Stewardship. Fred. Hope.
Oct. 14.—"Morning Watch." Thomas Maguire.
Oct. 21.—Christian Courage. J. Caldwell.
Oct. 28.—Missionary Meeting.
Nov. 4.—Peace. W. Keeble.
Nov. 11.—Purity. Prof. J. Ritchie.
Nov. 18.—Prayer. Prof. A. F. Gilman.
Nov. 25.—Missionary Meeting.
Dec. 2.—Friendship. E. N. Quist.
Dec. 9.—The Perfect Man. John E. Tracy.
Dec. 16.—Song Service. W. T. Bartlett.

Two hundred of the above programs were distributed. They aided much in stimulating interest in our meetings. It is very gratifying to note that in no case did a leader disappoint us. In only one case was a leader unable to take the meeting assigned to him, and even here the committee was acquainted in ample time to make other arrangements. The fidelity, tact and wise generalship of the various leaders are deserving of the highest praise and commendation, and we record our heartiest appreciation of their efforts.

There has been an average attendance of sixty at our ordinary meetings; members have participated freely and thoughtfully;

in no case has a meeting flagged; each one has been characterized by a healthy spiritual atmosphere.

Special meetings were arranged for Mr. Hugh McIlhany's visit. Mr. McIlhany first addressed members of the Association, and then the whole body of students in the College Chapel. He stayed with us two days, discussing the work of the Association, and rendering much valuable assistance to officers and chairmen.

God has surely dwelt among us and blessed us; to him we render all glory and praise for the spiritual blessings that have flowed from our religious meetings during the past year.

Respectfully submitted,
THOMAS MAGUIRE, Chairman.

REPORT OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

The chairman of the Missionary Committee begs leave to submit the following report:

The committee was appointed early in January, 1900, and entered immediately upon its duties. In connection with the Missionary Committee of the Y. W. C. A. there were held five missionary meetings in the spring term of 1900, and three in the term just passed. These services have been among the most interesting and best attended of the College. Some of them have led to splendid after-results, as, for example, the raising of $50.00 by Mr. Frederick H. Hope for the support of a native worker in China.

A mission study class was held last term in "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation," by John R. Mott. The class will be continued in this term, using the new text-book of the Volunteer Movement, on South America.

The chairman would also add his report concerning the work of the Student Volunteer Band.

Miss Lena Hastings is the present leader and F. L. Webb secretary. Regular meetings have been held at 3 o'clock Wednesdays. About half the meetings have been band conferences, the others with members of the Missionary Committees present. We are very glad to announce that a new volunteer has been added to our list, Miss Emma Williams, who is looking forward to work in the "Neglected Continent."

The work at the Union School-house Sabbath-school is progressing finely under the direction of Mr. Dickie and his corps of teachers.

The Missionary Department was represented by one of the delegates to the Southern Students' Conference, and those days at Asheville have counted for much in the work.

Our trust is that the year into which we are entering will be marked by a mighty missionary effort in Maryville College.

Respectfully submitted,
FREDERIC LEE WEBB, Chairman.

REPORT OF TREASURER.

(Jan. 1, 1900, to Dec. 31, 1900.)

Receipts, Spring Term:—	
From retiring Treasurer	$8.24
Membership fees	20.15
Subs. for Army and Navy work	20.00
From concert for Bartlett Hall	12.05
From ball game	1.75
Sales of ice cream at social	22.80
Special subscription	19.15
Penny collections	3.55
Fall Term:—	
Balance Summer School Fund	2.00
Balance Music Fund	40
From ads. in Handbook	35.00
Y. W. C. A.'s subs. to Handbook	3.50
Special subs. for song-books	10.00
Net proceeds Hale's entertainment	12.20
Special subs. to State work	1.63
Sale of Bible Study Helps	4.75
Membership fees	27.35
Penny collections	1.41
Special subs. for Chinese native worker	50.00
Total receipts	$255.93

Expenditures, Spring Term:—

Topic cards	$2.25
Subs. to State work	5.09
Books for Y. M. C. A. Library	1.50
Delegates to State Convention	8.19
Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. work	20.00
Tuition of delegates Summer School	6.00
Reg. fees delegates Summer School	12.00
Expenses delegates Summer School	15.25
Expenses lecture before Y. M. C. A.	4.10
Ice cream for social	14.90
Miscellaneous, Bartlett Hall	9.11

Fall Term:—

Total cost of Handbook	42.00
State work subscription	6.63
Fall Campaign Committee	3.82
Printing topic cards	1.50
Miscellaneous, Bartlett Hall	4.00
Books for Bible classes	17.20
Song-books	11.75
Music Committee	40
Subs. to periodicals	1.00
Rent of Bartlett Hall	1.00
Books for Y. M. C. A. Library	12.74
For Chinese native worker	50.00
Books for mission study classes	5.00
Balance on hand	50
Total	$255.93

Joe S. Caldwell, Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE MUSIC COMMITTEE.

The committee has done to the best of its ability all the work which belongs to this office. Members of the committee have been present at each meeting to conduct the music. Special music has been furnished at each monthly missionary meeting, and at the regular Y. M. C. A. meetings, when desired by the leader.

The Association decided at the beginning of the term that new song-books were needed, and it was left in the hands of the Music Committee to choose the book. The book decided upon was "Church Hymns and Gospel Songs," fifty of which were purchased, at a later date, with money raised among the boys through the instrumentality of Mr. Dickie. These books are a splendid compilation of spiritual songs, and will no doubt have their part in making the ensuing term in the Y. M. C. A. work one of the most fruitful in the annals of the Association.

R. K. Beatty, Chairman.

NEW STUDENTS.

The enrollment for this term thus far (January 12) is three hundred and four. Of this large number sixty students have never been here before, and forty-seven of the sixty live at a distance from Maryville. Their names and addresses are:

Bertha A. McTeer, Morgantown, Tenn.
John W. Mitchel, Memento, Tenn.
Chester T. French, Flenniken, Tenn.
John L. Barnes, Coal Creek, Tenn.
Sallie McCammon, Brick Mill, Tenn.
Homer Hammontree, Greenback, Tenn.
Samuel R. Sparks, Paint Rock, Tenn.
Ada Hammontree, Greenback, Tenn.
David C. Sparks, Jr., Paint Rock, Tenn.
Burch H. Barnard, Barnardsville, Tenn.
Jonathan M. Barnard, Barnardsville, Tenn.
Emmett Huffine, Paint Rock, Tenn.
A. C. Smelcer, Bright Hope, Tenn.
Otta Freezell, Block House, Tenn.
Mack Haynes, Shooks, Tenn.
Maggie Phagon, Talbot, Tenn.
Kittee Greenway, Coytee, Tenn.
Callie A. McMurray, Chilhowee, Tenn.
Luke McSpadden, Lillian, Tenn.
Boyd H. McMurray, Chilhowee, Tenn.
Lulu Weisgerber, Bearden, Tenn.
Rara S. McMurray, Chilhowee, Tenn.
Pearl A. Wrinkle, South Knoxville, Tenn.
W. T. Kinser, Jenkins, Tenn.
Hugh T. Moody, Morganton, Tenn.
Lon Anderson, Rockford, Tenn.
Thomas Walker, Sweet, Tenn.
May Sheddon, Ucebia, Tenn.
Joseph J. Myers, Tang, Tenn.
Alexander G. Walker, Sweet, Tenn.
Margaret J. McCall, Greenback, Tenn.
John R. Walker, Cliff, Tenn.
Martha A. McCulloch, Ellejoy, Tenn.

Beulah G. Anderson, Morganton, Tenn.
Samuel L. Lamon, Dulaney, Tenn.
Gilbert F. Blankenship, Clover Hill, Tenn.
Charles H. Brewer, Wellsville, Tenn.
Emma Williams, Friendsville, Tenn.
Winnie B. Gray, Bearden, Tenn.
Hugh Walker, Cliff, Tenn.
Andrew D. Coppinger, Center, Tenn.
Luther Gardner, Yellow Sulphur, Tenn.
James A. Guffin, McKinley, Tenn.
William E. Morris, Wartburgh, Tenn.
Ellen L. Watson, Asbury, Tenn.
J. D. Kreis, Wartburgh, Tenn.
John B. Iles, Greenback, Tenn.

THE FACULTY.

On that reception day,
Paving the toilsome way,
Smiled, bowed and said, "Good day"—
  Thought, "You'll get fumbled,"
There they stood! all at bay!
  Crimpled and crumpled.

On that reception day,
On the right, on the left,
  Legs crossed and jumbled,
How they stood, who can say?
  None sat or tumbled.
Bravely they stood, and well—
  For that three hundred.

Students to right of them,
Students to left of them,
Students in front of them,
  Hobbled and humbled;
On that reception day,
Shook hands as best they may,
  While the maids wondered. MAC.

THE RECEPTION.

It has always been a matter of regret to the members of the Faculty and the instructors that they were not better acquainted with the students. Of course, every one of the professors knew those in his own classes, and would, perhaps, by persistent attendance upon the socials meet a few others. Sometimes their circle of student acquaintances would be widened by an unwilling visitor at faculty meetings.

That they might meet formally the student body, the faculty and teachers received in Bartlett Hall Friday afternoon, January 4, from 2 until 5 o'clock.

The occasion will be remembered by all as one of the most delightful social events of the College year. Bartlett Hall was beautifully decorated with orange and garnet, and festoons and garlands of mistletoe and holly.

The reception was held in the assembly room. In the receiving line were Dr. Boardman and Mrs. Boardman, Professor Waller and Mrs. Waller, Professor Gill, Professor Gilman and Mrs. Gilman, Professor Sherrill, Mrs. Clemmons, Dr. Barnes and Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. West, Professor Newman, Miss Henry, Professor Ritchie, Professor Walker, Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson.

Miss Clark and Miss Lord, assisted by a corps of young men from the Y. M. C. A., received and welcomed the guests at the entrance, directed to the Gym, where wraps were placed, then to the receiving line, where they were presented to the faculty and teachers.

During the reception the orchestra occupied seats on the stage, and by their contributions made the afternoon even more enjoyable.

After meeting the faculty, the new students were introduced to the old ones and to each other. The newly-arrived young men had it impressed upon them that we had co-eds in the College. It wasn't long until the co-eds had the young men in tow, and a stream of couples sought the parlors, where refreshments were served by a bevy of young ladies of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Kingsbury was the directing spirit behind the scenes on this side of the building, and so well did she make "the wheels go round" that the throng of three hundred guests were served without delays or inconvenience of any kind.

After enjoying the cake and cream, Malaga grapes and lemonade, many indulged in "snap" in the Gym. It was truly a delightful day, and we are hoping for "many happy returns of the day." A Student.

E. R North, '01. A. A Penland. W. D. Hammontree, '01.
C. W. Henry, '01. L. B. Bewley, '01. E N. Quist, '04 S. S. Caldwell, '02.

ALPHA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY.

No one who has had the privlege of being enrolled in the "Wise Brotherhood" need have a fear that his old Society will lose the leadership among the "Lits" of the College. The program presented at the annual mid-winter entertainment on the evening of December 14 was, as usual, unsurpassed.

Prof. A. F. Gilman occupied the President's chair, and Prof. James H. Sherrill gave the invocation.

The quartette, composed of Messrs. W. D. Hammontree, A. A. Penland, C. Wilson, and S. R. Newman, sang the Society song, "Alpha Sigma," in a manner which showed thorough preparation, added to musical ability of no mean degree. This is the only society quartette organized thus far, and while this was their first appearance, it was a successful one. Penland's declamation, "Uncle Daniel's Apparition and Prayer," was more than good. This was followed by a vocal solo by Miss Georgie Mooney. Nothing need be said in praise of Miss Money to those who have heard her. The next, and perhaps the best, thing on the program, was an oration, "The Romance of Alaska," by Luther B. Bewley, '01. Mr. Bewley's language was good, and his delivery more than excellent. Miss Edmondson's piano solo received a well deserved encore. Then followed the debate upon the proposition, "Resolved, That the gathering of the American people into the cities is threatening the perpetuity of our government," between Joe S. Caldwell, upon the affirmative, and C. H. Henry, negative. Rarely do we see an intellectual combat in which the participants are more evenly matched, and in which every possible ground of attack is more valiantly defended, than in this struggle between the chosen gladiators of the Junior and Senior classes. Miss Grace Carnahan's violin solo was fully up to the high standard of Miss Carnahan's work in this line.

W. D. Hammontree's oration, "Our

Manifest Destiny," revealed the fact that oratorical skill and patriotic prophecy are by no means confined to the anti-expansionists. Mr. C. W. Henry's trombone solo received hearty applause. The Alpha Sigma "Stinger" was then presented by Earl R. North.

This trio of venerable Seniors was succeeded by Mr. E. N. Quist, who read the ever-popular "Advance." The paper was received with thunders of applause, but the crayon illustrations, with Mr. Quist's running commentary upon them, literally brought down the house.

Miss Georgie Mooney's solo and encore were followed by another "hit" by the quartette, and Prof. Elmer B. Waller pronounced the benediction. A larger audience has seldom been seen at a society entertainment, and certainly none has gone away better pleased.

THE CHARGE OF THE HASH BRIGADE.

Half a yard, half a yard,
Half a yard onward;
Jammed altogether there,
Hungry six hundred,
"Forward the Hash Brigade!
Charge for the seats," they said.
Into the dining hall
Rushed the six hundred.

"Forward the Hash Brigade!"
Is there a man dismayed?
Not one must hesitate,
Not one must stumble,
Stop not to argufy,
Stop not to reason why,
Chairs we must gain or die!
Into the dining hall
Stormed those six hundred.

Tables to right of them,
Tables to left of them,
Tables in front of them,
Loaded with plunder.
Pushed, yea, and jerked at will,
Jostling and jostled still,
Watch ye,—no waiters kill!
Into that dining hall
Poured those six hundred.

Gazed they with savage glare,
Arms sawed defenseless air,
Grasping their comrades' hairs,
Fighting for vacant chairs,
While the girls wondered.
Each has some goal to make,
Each has some seat to take,
Right through the lines they break,
Till, with a final gasp,
Chairs in their hands they grasp.
Conquered, they have at last!
Hail the six hundred!

Tables to right of them,
Tables to left of them,
Tables all round them,
Loaded with plunder.
Then Keeble tapped the bell,
Into their chairs they fell,
They who had rushed so well!
Safe through the jaws of Death,
Straight through the hall pell mell,
Thus they had gained their seats,
All those six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild rush they made!
New students wondered.
Honor the rush they made!
Honor the Hash Brigade!
Noble six hundred!!!

H. J. Bassett.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

Once we could say, "We are seven," but by various additions to our number we say, "Come 'leven."

Dick Caldwell was the first wanderer to return. Immediately upon the closing of his school he felt pangs of homesickness drawing him to the hill. During holiday week his impatience at waiting for the spring-term opening almost drove him desperate; and the night before matriculation day being no longer able to restrain himself, he called up Major Ben at his home and tried to register by telephone.

Mr. William Updike Disney, of the fierce mustachios, and Joe Thomas are back, and have been given the glad hand. Bill was delayed a few days in consequence of his political proclivities, being a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Education in his county, and had to make a few extra speeches.

Eleven are in the Chemical class at present, and all enjoying themselves.

English Lit. is all the go with some of us. Our feast of reason comes in courses. "Elegant serving is half the repast."

Maryville College Monthly.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Prize Contest.

The prize story contest was decided on January 8, when Dr. George McCulloch, the Chairman of the Committee, made his report in Chapel. After commending the three stories handed him, and urging the students to cultivate writing as one of the most important and practical objects of education, he said that the committee awarded the prize of five dollars to Mr. Frederic L. Webb. The story is presented to our readers in this issue of the Monthly.

A Hint to Societies.

A late issue of the "Elon College Weekly," Elon College, N. C., contains an account of the Loan Fund of the Philologian Literary Society of that institution. Five years ago a member of this Society saw a fellow member packing his trunk with the intention of leaving college on account of lack of means to stay longer. The spectator had an idea, called a meeting of the Society, which raised a small fund, and the first loan at 6 per cent. was then made.

From this small beginning the fund has grown until now it amounts to $661.50, and the graduate members last commencement contributed $140 to it. None but active and approved members of the Society may borrow from the fund. A student's application for a loan goes first to the trustees for investigation of the security offered, and then comes before the Society for formal approval. These together with other restrictions, seem to safeguard the fund, and it has worked well at Elon College.

Would it not be well for the societies at Maryville College to consider some such plan as this and inaugurate it? Such a fund could be started, for instance, by giving the proceeds of the annual entertainments to it, and by soliciting from former members. Many students might be helped in time from such a fund, and certainly the societies themselves would be benefited by engaging in this practical and philanthropic work.

College Students.

The gradual growth of the College, both in equipment and in the number of students, as shown by the College catalogues for the last eight years, is encouraging to the friends of the institution. The constant growth in the number of advanced students is not apparent to the casual observer of the catalogue, because of the recent revision of the curriculum. Under the old regime the Freshmen of the English course studied elementary rhetoric, algebra, and physiology. These branches are taught now in the Junior Preparatory. The English Sophomores had advanced algebra, elementary physics, German and General History. These are taught now in the Middle and Senior Preparatory. The English Juniors had second year German and plane geometry. These are taught now in the Senior Preparatory. The Freshmen of the Latin scientific course studied Virgil, advanced algebra and general history. These are taught at present in the Middle and Senior Preparatory, as is also plane geometry and elementary physics, the last two branches named being formerly taught in the Sophomore class of the Latin course.

In order to compare the number of college students enumerated in the old catalogues with those in the revised courses of study, we must reduce them to the same

grade by counting four college classes in the classical course, three in the Latin course, and two in the English course. On the above basis, the catalogues of the last eight years show the following number of college students:

	Regular.	Irregular.	Totals.
1892-3	44	16	60
1893-4	53	3	56
1894-5	67	13	80
1895-6	57	9	66
1896-7	60	11	71
1897-8	52	17	69
1898-9	49	17	66
1899-1900	68	18	86

BARNES.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

The reception was a great success.

The College coal pile seems as large as ever.

The Week of Prayer was observed by the College.

Professor Waller is no longer the big man of the College.

During the rush of matriculation, Mayor Cunningham had Mr. Bassett assist him.

All the College classes have received new members this term.

The Christian Associations gave a reception to the new students on Friday night, January 4. The President of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Will. Keeble, gave the address.

The new year's sunrise prayer-meeting was held in the Chapel, as usual. Dr. Boardman conducted the service, and it was impressive and helpful to all who were present.

We have received a copy of "The Edna "Enterprise," Edna, Kan., edited by Jos. L. Griffiths, a former student of the College. The paper is illustrated and gives the history of the remarkable growth of this Western town.

A recent "Dell Rapid's Tribune," Dell Rapids, S. D., contains a good sermon by Rev. A. J. Harmon, a graduate of Maryville College, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at that city.

The financial report for last year of the New Providence Sabbath-school, which many of our students attend, showed a gratifying increase in the collections. The amount received during the year 1900 from the penny collection was $89.63; missionary collections, $63.63; other collections, $33.95. Total, $187.21. By vote of the school, after a statement by Rev. Herman A. Goff, an appropriation of $50.00 was made towards the erection of a Sabbath-school building at Crab Orchard, Tenn.

Once to ev'ry lad and lassie
Comes the moment to decide,
In the rush of seats at Baldwin,
For their comfort or their pride.

As good a thing as the Alfred University Monthly gives us this month is an article entitled "Vacation Glimpses," written by a '98-er. The article is most entertaining, and describes the vacation wanderings of the writer, and pictures Commencement events at several of the Eastern women's colleges.

We would respectfully acknowledge the receipt of the following publications: The Stylus, Albany College Student, Gates' Index, M. H. Aerolith, The Geneva Cabinet, The Kilikilik, The Milton College Review, The Adrian College World, The Black and Red, and Elon College Weekly.

The Princeton University Bulletin, Eclipse number, has been received. It reports the proceedings of the Princeton expedition to Wadesboro, N. C., last May, for the purpose of observing the eclipse of May 28. The reports and photographs are highly interesting, and are quite an addition to scientific literature.

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

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FROM A DORMITORY WINDOW.

I look from out my window high
Where far beneath the Eastern sky
A sullen haze hangs over all
The distant landscape like a pall,
Enshrouding with its filmy veil
Each sunny hill and shadowy dale.
The far-off mountains lend a charm
To where in colors, soft and warm,
Each field and woodland lies revealed,
And where some rivulet, concealed
By waving branches overhead,
Ripples along its mossy bed.
One far-off peak, with crest of snow,
Catches the golden sunset glow,
One moment only—then the day
Fades like some lingering dream away.

Thomas F. Campbell.

AFTER ALL.

It was late afternoon one summer day, away over in the mountains. The last rays of sunlight were sifting through the fringe of trees on the top of Pine Ridge, and lying across a mountain road, when a young girl mounted on a mule emerged from the forest by a trail leading down to a secluded cove.

The girl was straight and strong. Her cotton-check dress was neatly made and fitted. An animated expression was in her face, a looking out of a thoughtful soul through the gray Scotch-Irish eyes that would make you say at once, "That girl knows of life beyond these rocks and ridges. She must have been to school."

Rebecca McLind was on her way to the postoffice, two miles away. Half way there, in a niche cut for it from the mountain side, stood the Piney Mountain school-house. A tiny house it was, built of logs, and having a stone chimney at one end and a door at the other. To Rebecca this spot was just now the most attractive in the world. About it her dearest dreams and hopes centered. She drew rein when she reached it, and then obeying an impulse to see it again, rode where, without dismounting, she could look in the open door.

The dim light which came through the diminutive panes of two windows showed the fire-place, the rough walls, the puncheon floor, and the long, home-made benches. There was no blackboard, and neither desk nor chair for the teacher. Yet, in spite of all (and Rebecca was not ignorant of well-furnished schoolrooms) her heart beat fast as she gazed. She imagined herself standing before the little school that would soon gather there. She pictured the attentive child-faces looking into hers while she read some sweet Bible story and led the children in singing and the Lord's Prayer. She would teach them that, and so many other things—things not in books, such as they taught at the mission school. There must be a blackboard. Some pictures and mottoes would soon brighten the walls. She would nail those teetering benches to the floor, and make some of them lower for the little children.

But soon a realization of her disappointment rushed over Rebecca like the returning tide, and her eyes filled with rebellious tears. It would be Nancy Cline instead of Rebecca standing before the little school as teacher. What could Nancy teach? wondered Rebecca almost contemptuously. Nancy had always been a foolish, flippant girl, who would never study except when it was unavoidable. It must have been entirely through the influence of her father, who was Postmaster and merchant on Piney Mountain that a certificate was given Nancy at the recent county normal, while Rebecca's grades were good and honestly earned.

Oh, it seemed bitterly hard! Rebecca had prayed for the privilege of teaching this little twenty-five dollar, four-month school. It meant books—it meant another term at Bakersville—it meant life! "He that loseth

his life shall find it." The words came soothingly to the girl as she turned again toward the road, and together with the falling of those bitter tears, softened her heart.

"Some time—somewhere, it'll be all right," she whispered. "And I won't feel hard toward Nancy either. She didn't have my mother!" Ah, that is right, Rebecca. More than half the good there is in us is because of our mothers, and the girl who hasn't a mother should be forgiven many things.

When Rebecca entered the store Mr. Cline was engaged in displaying some agricutural machine to a group of men in the rear, and called peremptorily to his daughter to come look over the mail. Nancy Cline was attired in a very pink shirt waist, newly selected from the cheapest counter of ready-mades in town, and was vigorously chewing gum.

She greeted Rebecca with unexpected cordiality, and shuffled over the letters. Rebecca so hoped for an encouraging message from some teacher or classmate at Bakersville.

"Not a thing for you, Becky," said Nancy, in tones copied as nearly as possible from the clerks in town. "Wait a minute, though, I've got something to tell you." She swung herself up on the counter, and confidentially lowered her voice a little.

"Heard the news? Oh, no, I reckon not. You folks that live so far off the road don't hear much news, I reckon. Beside," she added, with an important air, "there ain't nobody hardly heard it yet. Guess who's going to get married?"

Rebecca was mentally reviewing the young people living on the mountain when Nancy's mischievous eyes made her stop.

"Why, Nancy, is it you? You and Jim?" But Nancy giggling ecstatically, hushed her.

"Do you reckon I want that crowd back there to know it? Yes, we're going to get married Thursday week. Jim said he couldn't wait no longer, and paw says he don't care. But what I was going to tell you, Becky, you can have the Piney Mountain school now. I never did want to teach much nohow, and you'll be a good teacher. Paw says he'll vote for you in directors meeting, and you know old Uncle Jed Tucker will give it to anybody that asks him first. Of course the other director down in Carver's Cove will want John Carver to have it, being his cousin, but there'll be two against him if you get Uncle Jed for you."

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy," cried Rebecca under her breath, "how good you were to tell me! I'll never forget it!" She pressed Nancy's hand warmly, and in a moment more was in her saddle. Back toward home, back toward the schoolhouse! That meant toward another year at Bakersville!

Rebecca's heart was as full of happy hope as it had been an hour before of aching. She must go to see Uncle Jed at onec—tomorrow morning. He would be sure to lend her his influence, for as he could neither read nor write, "First come, first served," was his invariable motto.

In the midst of her planning Rebecca heard hoof beats, and looking back saw the slouching figure and the horse that belonged to John Carver, who had been one of the group of men in the store. He would like to have the Piney Mountain school, too! He had applied for it before, but it had already been promised Nancy. Rebecca remembered his reputation for brutality in the schoolroom, and shuddered.

Yet unfit as he was to teach, he might—what if he should go on out to Uncle Jed's to-night and talk that old man into a promise to vote for him as teacher? He had probably kept his ears open, and heard every word of what Nancy said.

Rebecca made her heart iron in its resoluteness. John Carver should not have that school if she could get it fairly. Yet what could she do? She might go to Uncle Jed's too, but Carver had almost caught up with her now, and he could easily outride her. It must be by outwitting him in some way. Another road? No,—yet there was the path

over "Ha'nted Hill." That would solve the difficulty! Rebecca had been to the hill-top many times, hunting wild strawberries, and had discovered the way down to the road.

She quietly turned her mule's head down the trail toward home just before Carver came up, and as he glanced after her she was still riding leisurely. It was evident to his mind that she meant to wait until the next day to see Uncle Jed. That was good. He could go very early in the morning and spare himself three miles around the spur of the mountain called "Ha'nted Hill." The thought of the name decided him. But Rebecca meant to take no such risk as waiting until daylight for her errand.

"It's a climb for us now, Jennie," she said cheerfully to her little steed, and when she came to the clearing about her home she turned up the steep mountain side between the great gray ledges of rock. Rebecca knew the way perfectly by day, and soon the rising full moon would give light almost as bright as day. Here she must go to the right; here to the left, and now she must let Jennie's firm, careful little feet carry her right over the top of a great flat boulder. On the top of the ridge she paused. No trees were here, but pink sweet-peas and ferns growing thickly together, covered the ground. In the moonlight it was as beautiful as fairly-land, yet it was a dread spot to most of the mountain people, who fearfully remembering some bloody story of the war time, shunned it as the "Ha'nted Place." "You wouldn't catch John Carver here this time of night," Rebecca thought disdainfully. Not one twinge of superstitious fear disturbed her. Instead, the beauty of the place suggested diviner things, and with her face turned up to the glorious sky, she sent up a prayer for pardon for her little faith; of gratitude for answered petitions, and for help to carry her through her present undertaking.

The scramble down the other side of the spur was harder to find than the way up, for she had rarely needed to use it before. She often dismounted, and letting Jennie go before, followed her wise footsteps. At last they stepped down into the road not twenty rods from Uncle Jed's. The old man and his wife were sitting outside their door in the moonlight, and when they saw Rebecca were full of curiosity as to her errand. The more were they filled with amazement when she told them how she had come.

"I wouldn't have done it for a cow," declared Uncle Jed frankly. "Of course ye can have the school, child," he continued kindly, "so far as I'm consairned. Ye've airned it by your grit, I say."

"You'll be a heap better teacher than that stuck-up Nancy Cline, anyhow," added his wife.

"Don't say anything against Nancy," said Rebecca hastily. "She's all right, but since she doesn't want the school any more, I'll do my very best for you."

In spite of Uncle Jed's and his wife's fears for her, Rebecca went back home the way she came. She was not half so afraid of evil spirits on "Ha'nted Hill" as of meeting John Carver's wrath and disappointment if she took the road. Beside, she feared mother would worry, and she could save much time by the cut across.

The thought of success now made the climb seem easier, and happy dreams of comforts for mother and of school life down in Bakersville made it seem short.

"Mother," said Rebecca, as she slipped Jennie's saddle girth in the home door-yard, "Were you worried about me? I had to go away across to Uncle Jed Tucker's. I'm going to teach the Piney Mountain school after all." Mary Smith.

MY LAST FOX CHASE,

In the fall of '90, just after the panic among the dogs, caused by a night visitor with poisoned beef, had passed, and my father found his pack of hounds all numbered with the dead, I heard him say he was going to get two black and tan dogs

from Campbell County, to try for the record against a neighbor's black and white dogs from the Blue Grass region. I was very anxious for the time to come when we could try the new dogs and see how they compared with their reputation.

One bright moonlight night, when the air was as clear and chill as a November night ever gets in this section, we were to try for a race on Walden's Ridge, where we knew there were at least two gray foxes. I could scarcely wait for dark to come. I was so eager to start that I did not eat half enough supper, and but half chewed that. Drank hot coffee till the lining of my mouth was as dry and feelingless as a dried herring. Ghee whiz! How big I felt when I started off with two hounds, leaping and jumping along so eager to get to the wood!

In a few minutes we were climbing the ridge, and I so eager to get up first, almost broke my shinbone on a slick rock, though I got up, said it didn't hurt, and started on, with nothing in sight but the race in which seven or eight choice hounds were to make music for that jolly crowd. I hoped to hear my father's dogs take the lead of old Troop, the fastest dog in the bunch.

In less than thirty minutes we were on top of the ridge, sweating and snorting like mad oxen, though soon to be shaking like an aspen leaf, as the top of any ridge is subject to chilling winds in November. We had not gone very far until one of the hounds gave the yell, and in a very few moments, joined by the others, they began a hot trail, as we call tracking a fox before getting him to hard-down running.

In two or three minutes they went over a small ridge out of our hearing, but in less than fifteen minutes came back into hearing like the roaring of so many steam organs, each trying to outplay the others.

You may talk about your brass bands, vocal or instrumental solos, nothing on earth can compare with that in the line of changes and different parts. There was Queen, leading off with her alto; old Troop belching forth his bass voice, and the others bringing up the rear with soprano and tenor to a finish. They had no coughing, wheezing or squealing like that you sometimes hear in a good old-time meeting-house song. Everything smooth, and not a thought of a dropout or a wait for a voice to catch up.

The voice of Troop in the rear of any chase was not a common thing for his owner to hear, and the alto of Queen was not familiar to his ear, so he decided that some half-hound had been thrown in, as a half-hound can run faster than a full-hound, as long as his wind holds out.

While the yelping of those hounds was causing some so much joy, and visions of hunting tales were appearing as on a panorama, voices were being made hoarse; and men seeing sights of old Reynard, with all his many cunning tricks, now about to succumb to that eager pack of hounds, things of like nature were in my mind; yet that shinbone, almost fractured, with the whole front scraped off like where a boy had gnawed a birch stick, was giving me a reminder that there is a thorn in every rose; and that no boy could appreciate that chase as well with his teeth popping like an owl's bill from cold as if he were sitting by a good fire and no reminder to give him pain.

Up to this time the hounds had not made a bobble, and the race was mixed up as to which was going to make the record—Troop or Queen—when all of a sudden the baying ceased, and all ears awaited the result, and no one dared stir for fear he would not catch the sound of the first hound to again strike the track. "Just listen!" broke out from the silence. Such running as was never heard from that pack was going on just a short distance from us. They must have seen the fox all at the same time. Now, you may talk of your crying babies, a mouse in a room, with a dozen boarding-school girls, none can compare with that.

For five minutes we screamed and yelled till all the hollows of the place resounted with the echo. Then it all ceased, and we heard fighting and squalling, which

told us that the chase was over, and a unanimous voice—except the owner of Troop—cried out, "Queen caught it!"

Two of the boys started down the ridge at breakneck speed to get the prize, while the others waited for their return. When they got where the hounds were they found lying dead upon the ground one of the largest gray foxes that run in our woods. He was within fifteen yards of his den, where he would have been safe. Had he had enough muscle and wind to reach his coveted goal, all of us could not have dug him out in a day.

Shortly the boys came back, bringing the object of our night's jubilee. The hunt being over, we now started home after having been gone only four or five hours. The race was three and one-half hours long, with not two minutes stop.

As we proceeded along down the ridge toward home, with all things lovely, we came to a fallen tree across the road, just high enough for my pate to land square against it. The rest can better be imagined than told. When we got to the creek and found the shadow of the trees to be on the rocks, I began to think how funny it would be if some of those fellows should slip and fall into that cold water. Just then I made an attempt to land feet first upon a rock, but owing to my leg hurting and my head having all kinds of noises going on in there from the race and the colliding with the hickory tree, from which I almost knocked the bark, I failed, by some means or other, to land feet first, and sat down in that cold water up under my arms. Well, the crowd gave me the "horse laugh," and said I must have been born on Friday, as I was the unluckiest boy they ever saw. Of course, that wasn't any too pleasant to me, and I resolved never to be caught out at night with those fellows again.

Lucky enough for me, I was close home, and did nothing more than fall over the back yard fence in trying a near route. I decided not to come the back way any more.

Next morning my mother looked at her son, in his battered condition, and I thought I could read his expression, "O fool of fools!"

When my father interrogated me as to my going again, I said, "We caught the fox I lost. I am now an ex-hunter. No more shall I be caught out as I was last night."

Now, a word to young men. No young man can afford to miss this one great pleasure which so few enjoy, and my advice is to go the very first chance: and if you fail to have the pleasure (?) I had, report to me, and I'll arrange for you a stroll with my father.

W. B. Disney.

A MISSIONARY ALCOVE.

Perhaps the best equipped department of the College Library is the missionary alcove. The gifts of many friends—among whom the Maryville College Club of Japan deserves especial mention—have combined in giving us one of the finest, up-to-date collections of information relating to missions and kindred subjects to be found in any Southern institution.

Students, if you want to read up on Japan, India, Persia, Turkey or China, toward which country the eyes of the world are at present turned, this alcove furnishes just what you need. If you are in search of inspiration to work hard or live right, Alcove C, Lamar Library, holds the biographies of some of earth's grandest heroes. For the general reader there are books both interesting and famous, which will repay careful perusal. We might cite, "In Darkest Africa," by Henry M. Stanley; Lafcadio Hearn's "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan"; "In Darkest England and the Way Out," by General Booth; Pundita Ramabai's "High-Caste Hindu Woman"; Martin's "Cycle of Cathay," and biographies almost without number. "Christian Missions and Social Progress," a very valuable two-volume work, has lately been presented by the author, Dr. Dennis.

Among the needs of our alcove might be mentioned modern "Encyclopedia of Mis-

sions," "The New Acts of the Apostles" by A. T. Pierson, and, indeed, we need almost all of Dr. Pierson's books. South America, "the neglected Continent," has been sadly neglected by the donors of our library.

The Volunteer Band have sent for the "Authorized Report of the Ecumenical Conference," and will present it to the library. See that you read it!

A Member of Mission Study Class, Y. W. C. A.

THE COWARD.

Unhappy sat a soldier boy,
Within a west-bound train;
His thoughts went back to San Juan,
And rent his heart in twain.

Happy and gay, his comrades talked
Of deeds of daring done;
And told of one at San Juan
Who'd coward turned and run.

The train dashed on with mighty speed,
And, rocking to and fro,
It reached the bridge that spans the gulf,
Where torrents dash below.

See! now the train's upon the bridge,
It trembles, halts, and lo!
A moment's check upon its speed,
And all is whirled below.

Girders and glass and timbers crash;
And screams of fright and woe
Mingle in the awful dash
That hurls them all below.

The cruel, kindling wreckage then
Reveals a boy in blue;
Though hands are scarred, and face is gashed,
His heart is brave and true.

No flames nor flood appal that face,
As, climbing out the wreck,
He stoops to lift a human form
That clasps him round the neck.

A girl, a boy, a man he saves!
"Brave soldier boy you are!"
His comrades cheer and urge him on,
But watch him from afar.

Now tries again the boy in blue
Another life to save;
But in the flood exhausted sinks,
And dies a hero brave.

They gather round his rescued form;
His face, though scarred and burned,
Was radiant with the smile of heaven,
For which he'd lived and yearned.

But why those heart sobs in the crowd?
Why such tears of sorrow?
Why the wonder, awe and love revealed?
When light breaks on the morrow?

Oh, waft the story on the breeze!
Tell it where'er you can,
That this was he of whom 'twas said,
"He ran at San Juan." Mac.

THE FELLOWS.

"Bright college years," we say; yet how few of us realize that it is the friendship of the Fellows that infuses a warmth of coloring into our college that is as permanent as life. The Fellows! Noble-hearted, independent, generous, brave and true! Would you see yourself as you are? Find out what the Fellows think of you. Are you active in religious lines, and is your work unappreciated? It is not because the Fellows do not admire religion. They delight in a beautiful life as in a beautiful landscape. They are thrilled by courage and force in spiritual things as they are thrilled by courage and force in the plunge of a halfback. Examine yourself for shallowness, conceit, hypocrisy. Are you intellectual but unpopular? Envy is of individuals, but not of the Fellows. You are proud, selfish or unsociable. Are you a society pet and disdained by the Fellows? Look out for foppery, affectation, deceit. Are you an athlete and no shout goes up as you strain toward the goal? Something is wrong. The Fellows cheer when a cheer is deserved.

Be not satisfied with the approbation of teachers or the admiration of girls. The one can be purchased by intellect and a Pharisaical morality; the other by flattery, flowers and a smooth exterior. Very soon

you will pass on, and your place with the teacher will be filled by another. The girls will pass on with you, but all except one, and probably all, will enter new lives as the wives of other men, and you will be forgotten.

The Fellows know you in all your phases. They discern the genuine and the assumed. The composite of your qualities framed by them is accurate. They may be too generous; they are never too severe. If you are unloved by them you are unlovely. Be worthy of the Fellows, and with warm hearts and hands through college days and through life they will stand by you—unforgetting, unforgotten.

"Bright college years"—illumined by the true, permanent friendship of the Fellows!

Y. M. C. A.

We have the great joy of announcing that Mrs. McCormick has sent the Treasurer of Bartlett Hall a check for $1,500. This handsome subscription will enable us to complete the building, and we record our deep gratitude to Mrs. McCormick for her very timely and generous donation. It now only remains for other subscribers to imitate Mrs. McCormick's splendid example, and we shall then be able to furnish our gymnasium with much-needed apparatus; our parlor with suitable furniture, and our reading-room with suitable books, papers and magazines.

For the present term the Devotional Committee has prepared an interesting program, a copy of which we subjoin:

March 3—"The Secret of True Friendship," "Abide in Me" (John xv. 14), Dan Castile.

March 10—"The Christian Ministry As a Life Work," Dr. S. W. Boardman.

March 17—"David the Man After God's Own Heart," M. B. Hunter.

March 24—Missionary Meeting.

March 31—"The Lamb of God," Ed Grau.

April 7—"The Risen Christ," Frederick H. Hope.

April 14—"The God of Bethel," Wm. D. Hammontree.

April 21—"Southern Students Conference," Will Keeble.

April 28—"Medical Missions," F. L. Webb.

May 5—"The Y. M. C. A. as a Life Work," Thomas Maguire.

May 12—"Gideon the Man of Valor," W. E. Lewis.

May 19—"Tenacity of Purpose," Prof. J. G. Newman.

May 26—Missionary Meeting.

We are now in the midst of our annual revival services.

These are being held twice a day in the college chapel, and led by Rev. W. R. Dawson, of South Knoxville, assisted by the Synodical Quartet. We are anticipating a successful revival.

W. Y. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has begun this year with an enrollment of thirty-seven, almost all of whom are active workers, and are always ready to take part in the devotional meetings.

The first meeting of the term was a decision meeting, and an especial effort was made to have it a good one. The mission study class has held its regular meetings Sunday afternoons. Great interest has been taken in the study of the book, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation," which they have almost finished.

The regular joint missionary meeting for January was led by a member of the Y. W. C. A.

The girls, by selling home-made candy at the Christmas social, and refreshments, kindly given by the Faculty at the New Year's Social, raised $12.68, to go toward sending a delegate to Asheville this summer. The girls are giving systematically to missions. Miss Bridges, our traveling Y. W. C. A. Secretary, was with us in December—on the last Sunday of the term. Her earnestness and enthusiasm filled us with a desire to make our Association better

in every way, by giving our money as well as our work. She said: "We love money so much that a very good measure of our love of God is the money we give—not the amount, for I think amounts are meaningless, but the proportion."

Our topic cards were out early; they contain some excellent topics, and we are looking forward to a term of good meetings.

RELIGIOUS.

The Student Volunteer Band, and the Missionary Committees of the two Christian Associations gave a "missionary tea" in the bandroom Saturday afternoon, January 26.

About forty-five guests were present representing the missionary interests of the hill and town. Mr. Keeble, the Y. M. C. A. President, presided over the formal part of the occasion. A short program was given as follows: Prayer, Mr. Maguire; music, a "Missionary Hymn," Theta Epsilon Quartette. Address, Dr. Boardman; paper, Miss Henry; address, Dr. McCulloch. After the completion of the program, the guests mingled with each other in the pleasant diversion of putting together "Sliced Quotations"—missionary quotations of course.

The next feature of the program was offered in the form of light refreshments. The reading of the quotations came next, and afterward the benediction by Dr. Boardman. W.

GYMNASIUM ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

The Y. M. C. A. is doing good work this term in the gymnasium.

The average attendance has been about thirty, and a great deal of interest has been manifested.

Mr. Reuben Larson, who is in charge of this work, has been very faithful.

Although we feel the need of more apparatus, yet we do the best we can with what we possess.

The bowling alley has been in almost constant use, and the game of hand ball has also been very attractive.

A class in club swinging has been organized, and is learning rapidly.

At present we are having test games in basket ball.

Last week witnessed a very warm game between the Sophomores and Preparatory Department.

The best players will be selected from these teams to play in our annual exhibition, given in March.

We are joyfully looking forward to the time when our Y. M. C. A. will have a Physical Director, and the boys receive regular training.

THE ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE THETA EPSILON SOCIETY.

The ladies of the Theta Epsilon Society gave their annual entertainment Friday night, February 1.

The mid-winter entertainments this year have occurred in the inverse order of the ages of the societies, beginning with the Athenians of thirty-three years' experience; and being fittingly closed by the Theta Epsilons, who have been a society but seven years.

The Thetas departed somewhat from the usual style of entertainments, and rendered a program unique and attractive in every respect.

Before the presiding officer, Dr. S. T. Wilson, called the house to order, the ushers, Misses Watson, Anderson, Letherwood and Cora Howard, had seated the largest audience that the college chapel has accommodated this year.

The program was opened by a piano solo by Miss Carrie Bittle, which was followed by a recitation by Miss Flora Jones.

The next number, a selection by the Theta Epsilon Quartet, met with a thunder of applause, and was responded to by an encore. After this Miss Malcom read an obituary of the Nineteenth Century. After

PARTICIPANTS IN THE ENTERTAINMENT.

another selection by the quartet the Twentieth Century was welcomed by a series of orations. The first was a Greek oration by Miss Grace Gamble which, like the words of Nestor, flowed sweeter than honey. Next was an oration in Spanish by Grace Carnahan. Joan of Arc, in the person of Miss Mame Stebbins, then appeared before the audience and delivered an address in French. Miss Blanche Weisberger spoke her words of welcome in the most familiar of the foreign tongues, German.

After the "Fatherland" had been heard from, Miss Cora McCulloch delivered an oration in Latin, which sounded like an echo from the very walls of Rome. Last and best were the words of welcome in plain English by a "prep," Miss Mary Wright. These orations were responded to by no less a personage than the lamented Nineteenth Century herself in the person of Miss Mallie Gamble. Then came a violin solo by Miss Grace Carnahan. Miss Grace, as usual, received a good round of applause, and was called back for another selection.

The crowning feature of the program was an oration by Miss Maude Yates, who impersonated the Twentieth Century. Miss Maude's production was unexcelled either in style of composition or in delivery. The audience was further favored with a vocal solo by Miss Annie Magill, which called forth a storm of applause. Miss Emma Caldwell was the prophetess of her society, and did herself credit in a very entertaining paper. The last song by the quartet was a fitting climax to a brilliant and enjoyable occasion.

The decorations, the beautiful costumes, the literary excellence of the addresses, the music, and the unique character of the entertainment have made the work of the Thetas universally conceded to have been the best program of the year, and all the hill resounds with praises of the white and blue.

Some exchanges received this month: Crimson and Gold, Alfred University Monthly, Knox Student, Aurora, M. H. Aerolith, Geneva Cabinet, Milton Review, Reveille, Stylus, Southern University Monthly, Kilikilik, Black and Red, the Delta, Otterbein Aegis, Scio Collegian, College Review, Wilmingtonian, Index, Earlhamite, Grove City Collegian, Albany Student, Perdue Exponent, Graphic, Doane Owl, Kendall Collegian, Dickinsonian, and William and Mary.

Maryville College Monthly.

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ATHENIAN, - - ARTHUR E. SIMERLY
BAINONIAN, - - MARY LENA HASTINGS
ALPHA SIGMA, - JOSEPH S. CALDWELL
THETA EPSILON, - - - MALLIE GAMBLE
Y. M. C. A., - - - THOMAS MAGUIRE
ATHLETICS, - - - JOHN E. TRACY
ALUMNI, - - - - JOHN W. RITCHIE
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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Dr. Boardman's Resignation.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the college, in January, Dr. Boardman stated, in his report, that when he accepted the Presidency, in 1889, he fixed in his own mind upon twelve years as the time, if life and health were continued, during which he might hold the office of President. He said that his inclination and judgment now lead him, after forty-six years of continuous professional life, to seek relief from the exacting duties of the Presidency, and that he would offer his resignation at the May meeting of the Board of Trustees.

This contemplated resignation of Dr. Boardman naturally leads to some comparisons of the equipment and condition of the college when he was inducted into office with its present facilities. In 1889 the number of students was 288; in 1900 the number was 402. The endowment then was $113,000; now it is $250,000. During the past twelve years Bartlett Hall, Fayerweather Science Hall, the Willard Mansion and two large annexes to the old buildings have been erected. The teaching force has been increased, the curriculum broadened and strengthened, and in many other ways marked progress has been made.

Dr. Boardman's Christian influence and personality during these years of material advancement have been of great value to the college. His scholarship, culture and polished manners have impressed themselves upon the many students who have come under his instruction.

When he retires from the active work of the college he will still have, wherever he goes, the respect and esteem of the officers, faculty and students of Maryville College.

The Synodical Petition.

The students' petition to the Synod of Tennessee, which met at Maryville in October, 1900, was referred by the Synod to the Board of Directors of the college.

At the January meeting of the Board the following action was taken:

"Resolved, That the petition from the students of Maryville College addressed to the Synod of Tennessee, and by it referred to the Board of Trustees, with the resolution offered by Dr. Bachman and any other papers referring to the same question, and the statements of any persons who wish to be heard, are hereby referred to a special committee of five, to be nominated by this Board. The committee shall take into consideration the facts in the case with the legal questions and equities involved, and shall submit their report thereon to the regular annual meeting of the Board in May next."

The committee was appointed as follows: Rev. E. A. Elmore, D.D., Chattanooga; Hon. W. P. Washburn, Knoxville; Judge John P. Smith, Johnson City; Rev. R. L. Bachman, D.D., Knoxville, and Rev. Thos. Lawrence, D.D., Asheville, N. C.

This action of the Board, in view of the recent agitation against the co-education of the races at Maryville, seems wise, as there are more questions involved in this subject than may at first appear to those who are not fully acquainted with the history of Maryville College. If the position of the college is right in this matter, an investigation and report can do no harm, and if its position is untenable, owing to legislative

enactment, the committee of the Board is the proper medium for suggesting changes.

The passage of the Murphy bill by the Legislature of Tennessee, which punishes, with fine and imprisonment of six months, any teacher who shall, after September, 1901, instruct white and colored students in the same classroom or building, seems rather an unfavorable beginning for the twentieth century's interpretation of the brotherhood of man.

SENIOR NOTES.

This term finds all the Senior class hard at work. With commencement orations and class-day speeches and long lessons to prepare every day, we have enough work to make us burn the midnight oil.

After having a number of prominent lecturers under consideration for the commencement entertainment we have secured Hon. Alfred Taylor to give his lecture, "Poetry and Pearls," on May 28. Colonel Taylor is one of the best entertainers in the South, and this, his latest lecture, is receiving many flattering notices.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Morton W. Ervin into our midst. With him "we are thirteen."

A number of class meetings have been held during the last month, and arrangements have been partially completed for class day and commencement. The Committee on Forestry, consisting of North and Maguire, with Mr. Adams as an honorary member, have the arrangements for the tree planting in charge, and have selected the Maidenhair tree for the class tree. This is a new tree in this section, but is said to be very beautiful, having leaves similar to those of the maidenhair fern.

If you want to see two Seniors working hard go down High Street some afternoon after 3 o'clock, and watch Bartlett and Bright sawing wood; they have taken a contract to saw a cord of wood for Dr. Bartlett. E. R. North, '01.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

We have been well represented in the entertainments given by the Young Ladies' Literary Societies. We furnished to the Bainonians the orator and the essayist of the occasion, and one of the most energetic of the Senators composing the model Senate of 1950 as well. Another member of the class and a student of "the old Castilian tongue" spoke for us in the polyglot welcome accorded the Twentieth Century by the Eloquent Daughters.

Our collection of curios is being constantly augmented. Some unusually fine scalps, formerly belonging to Seniors and Sophomores, have recently been added by the unwearied labors of the Male Sextet (formerly the Quartet.)

While not proud, we do claim to be a class in which strongly marked personality is the rule. We embrace representatives of every type, from Y. M. C. A. President to 'scope agents, from the "Queen of Baldwin" to country school teachers, and from foreign missionaries to confidence men and kodak fiends. C, '02.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Executive body:
President—Miss Nancy Gardner.
Vice President—Thomas Brown.
Secretary—E. Lysander Grau.
Treasurer—E. C. Alexander.
Colors: Old gold and black.

The swellest occasion of this college year was the opening of the new century with the first-class "coterie" given on January 18 by one of its most appreciated members, Miss Mallie Gamble, at the home of her uncle, on Main Street. Although three young ladies and eight boys constitute the present class, yet it will no doubt graduate with the largest class the college has ever sent forth; its popularity and fame is encouraging, and will soon be broadcast.

The evening was spent in various games of amusements. "Sim" and "Dun" were the "joker" of the merry crowd. Every

one enjoyed and had a fine time. The climax only came with choice refreshments, which was served in the latest style and fashion, and all were sorry when time arrived to say "good night" and bid farewell to those who had shown us such a pleasant evening and entertained the "Sophs" in such a royal manner.

Class yell:
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Sophomore, Sophomore we,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Sophomore, Sophomore 19-03.

The Sophomore Basket Ball Club has organized, and will soon be in the field against the Freshs and others. They hope to make a reputation and fame along this line as they did in baseball last year. Members as follows: (Captain) Grau, Brown, Duncan, Crawford (H.), Sinnerly.

E. L. Grau, '03.

CLASS OF '04.

Untouched books,
Joyful looks,
Parties gay,
Ceaseless play,
That's the Freshman.

—Class Poet.

Things are so peaceful and prosperous on the hill that the Freshmen class finds little to chronicle. But "Peace hath her victories more renowned than war," and of these our class has a glorious share. (We prefer to let other people talk about them.)

The amount of brain work done by the class has occasioned some mental distress, for the alleviation of which Professor Newman tells jokes on himself during intervals in recitation. One Freshman has just emerged from a mix-up with the Faculty on account of his carrying too many studies. It's queer that they don't object to the rest of us studying.

Let no parents or guardians be anxious about careless Freshmen. Professor Ritchie warrants every specimen in the Zoological Laboratory perfectly incapable of explosion.

H. P.

ALUMNI AND EX-STUDENTS.

Frank Engel completed his course in civil engineering at Cornell last year, and is now located in Kansas City, Missouri.

E. L. Ellis, '00, is studying medicine in the University of Tennessee.

W. H. Humphrey, '00, is a theological student in San Francisco Seminary, San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. John S. Eakin, '87, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Jonesboro, Tenn., Rev. John B. Cresswell, '87, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Bearden, Tenn.; Rev. Herman A. Goff, '85, who is engaged in Home Missionary and Sabbath-school work in the Synod of Tennessee, and Prof. John G. Newman, '88, composed the Synodical Quartet, which so greatly pleased and ably assisted us during the evangelistic services.

Frank French, '93, is a law student in the University of Tennessee.

Joe Henry, '97, is in the mercantile business in Knoxville.

Miss Ocey Walker, '93, is with her sister, Mrs. David Heron, Glendale, Ohio.

S. W. Sherrill, '92, is President of Sweetwater College, Sweetwater, Tenn.

Miss Ethel Minnis, '00, is at her home, in New Market, Tenn.

Miss Mollie Caldwell, '91, is principal of the Academy at Huntsville, Tenn.

E. G. E. Anderson, '88, is a prominent dentist of Newport, Tenn.

ATHENIAN SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular monthly open meeting was well attended by members and friends of the society. An interesting program was carried out. Mr. Bassett's essay on "Poetry," and his parody, which appeared in last month's edition of this paper, was enjoyed very much.

It is very encouraging indeed to see the Junior members take as great interest as they do. They play a prominent part in the society, and should be encouraged by all other members.

The society received a few members at

the beginning of this term, and all have proven to be good society men.

The society held its regular election for the term, with the following result: President, Thomas Maguire; Vice President, F. C. Schell; Secretary, H. J. Bassett; Censors, Will Keeble, J. E. Tracy, F. L. Webb. The members seem to take a greater interest this term than before. This is the proper spirit to show, and we hope that it may be continued.

The Athenian Quartet has been organized, and hope to uphold the society's reputation in this line.

The regulations adopted some time ago are still proving an advantage to the society. It brings out the members, and they are always prepared to take part.

BAINONIAN NOTES.

On Friday night. January 18, the Bainonian Literary Society, at its opening meeting, held an election resulting in the following officers for the ensuing term:

President—Helen Ervin.

Vice President—Ada McCroskey.

Secretary—Leola Landon.

Treasurer—Cora Curtis.

A short program was carried out, and several new members were received.

The annual entertainment of the Bainonian Society was held January 26. It was a fine night, and the large audience which was present listened with interest and appreciation. The decorations of the room were the Bainonian pale green and white. Potted plants kindly lent by friends added much to the appearance of the platform. The dainty and artistic programs, printed by Ebbert & Richardson, Cincinnati, were pale green, with ornamentation in red-brown ink.

The first literary number on the program was Miss Barton's oration, "Equus Sejamus," which was interesting and well delivered. The amusing story of "Corianna's Wedding," was extremely well recited by Miss Bright. The essay by Miss Franklin on "Savonarola" showed painstaking research and careful preparation.

The society is grateful to Miss Clark for so kindly assisting and training the Bainonian Double Quartet, and also for her own beautiful rendition of Lassen's "Thine Eyes So Blue and Tender."

The valse, by Godard, given by two Bainonian pianists, was much enjoyed.

Probably the part of the program most appreciated by the audience followed aiter a short intermission. This was a twentieth century debate in Congress, 1950, on the resolution that men hereafter be denied the right of sufferage.
right of suffrage.

It was vigorously affirmed by Senators from Tennessee, Wyoming, East Tennessee, Colorado, Texas and Arizona. The one speaker on the negative, Senator Incognita, of Buncomber, was defending the rights of the gentlemen with much earnestness, when interrupted by the other outraged Senators, seized by the Sergeant-at-arms, and summarily put out of the house. The Speaker then put the question to vote, "viva voce," and a chorus of "ayes" arose from the floor, through which was heard faintly a "No" from the suppressed member outside. With this the session broke up in indignation.

A great deal of laughable by-play made this a very enjoyable farce.

The Bainonian Society wishes to most cordially thank Mrs. Clemmons for so gracefully presiding over the exercises; also Dr. Wilson and Dr. Boardman for their aid, and the young men who so kindly assisted the Decorating Committee and the ushers.

ALPHA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Preparations to fittingly celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of the organization of the society are under way. We have reason for rejoicing in the rapid development of the young giant. With increasing bodily strength has come corresponding activity of brain, evidenced by ability to grasp and weigh and decide wisely upon every question which it behooves the latter-day American to consider. With every separate atom of the whole body harmoniously striving toward greater attainment, what is impossible to the Wise Brotherhood?

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THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Competent and experienced instructors give their entire time to this department, while a number of the professors of the College department give a portion of their time to it.

EXPENSES.

The endowment of $250,000 reduces the expenses to low figures. The tuition is only $6.00 per term or $12.00 per year. Room rent in Baldwin Hall (for young ladies) and Memorial Hall (for young men) is only $3.00 per term, or $6.00 per year. Heat bill, $3.00 per term. Electric lights, 20 cents per month. Instrumental music at low rates. BOARD AT CO-OPERATIVE BOARDING CLUB ONLY ABOUT $1.25 PER WEEK. Young ladies may reduce even this cost by work in the club. In private families board is from $2.00 to $2.50. Other expenses are correspondingly low.

Total expenses, $75 00 to $125.00 per year.

The next term opens January 2, 1901.

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*Absent on leave in the interest of the Science Department. †Absent on leave in Germany.

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If all beliefs inwrought by God
For nation, race and tribe,
With isms, creeds and noble deeds,
Sought victory side by side,
Would Satan sway the world of doubt,
Where mortals pine and die,
And hold the veil that hides the sight
Of God from soul-dimmed eye?

Methinks his despot power,
Like winter's cold, dark night,
Would vanish with the dawning
Of love's eternal light;
The Church, with stride majestic,
A power, a new creation,
Would win the world of doubt for Christ,
And crush the power of Satan.

Mac.

JAMIE'S WOOING.

A gentleman of the type that only the Emerald Isle can produce was Jamie Maloney. And though in a strange land, without kindred or family ties, and gleaning a bare living from a few acres of rocky land, he never forgot that he was of the aristocracy of the learned, and in his intercourse with the neighboring farmers, who were all more prosperous than himself, he had an air of courtly yet kindly patronage that would have done honor to a feudal lord among his vassals. His dignity was accentuated by the frock coat and silk hat, relics, perhaps, of college days, which he assumed upon special occasions. And then, woe be to the ignorant bumpkin who ventured upon too much familiarity. But he could on occasion lay aside his dignity. At such times he had a way of saying things which proved him a true son of Erin. And along with his brogue, which had a tinge of the Scotch, he inherited his full share of wit and humor; and to this day the mention of his name in many a household brings up an endless stock of anecdotes. It is to these stories, retold by many a blazing hearth, and to my father's personal knowledge of him, that I am indebted for my knowledge of Jamie.

His family must have possessed some means, for he had been partly educated for the ministry, but whether it was a taste for the drink or a lack of that fine balance of the powers of the intellect that we call common sense that ruined his prospects I know not. At any rate, he was here in America with a few other Scotch-Irish families in my father's neighborhood.

The fact that he was college-bred procured for him, in spite of his peculiarities, the position of school master, and for four months of the year he coaxed and hammered with birch and rule, at slow-witted youths who found plowing and rail-splitting more to their taste than trying to understand the master's pompous and many-worded explanations of how the sums should be worked. He held their slowness to imbibe knowledge in great contempt, and was wont to dismiss them with the sage remark: "The want av wit's a great want." This was often followed by the scathing rebuke, "Go to yer sates, ye blockheads! I've been thryin' for years to bate something into yer heads, and I might as well thry to tache Tammas Harper's ram theology as larn ye arithmetic."

Jamie had a strain of Scotch Covenanter blood in his veins. He had been reared a Seceder and taught to abhor a "hime" as an abomination in the sight of the Almighty. So when a weak and struggling band of Methodists who worshiped in the schoolhouse, and could not not afford a regular minister, offered to make him a local preacher and give him charge of the

congregation if he would join them, he at first declined. It was well enough to sing hymns on week days for amusement, but to desecrate the Sabbath day with ungodly rhymes of man's invention was quite another thing. But deep down in every heart is the desire for fame, even if it be in a humble way, and Jamie's hopes of anything higher were dead. Yet I doubt if his desire for honor would have led him to accept the offer had it not been that Mistress Berge, a young widow for whom Jamie had long cherished a secret admiration, was a pillar in the church. So Jamie went over to the Methodists, and preached with much fervency and glibness of tongue, and the Widow Berge raised the tunes to the hymns.

But his admiration for the widow was of short duration, whether it was owing to her habit of taking snuff and passing it to the sisters during service, or that she had a son who was the "Deil's own," as Jamie knew from experience in school. Perhaps the real reason was that the widow was too willing. At any rate, the woman he had admired at a distance did not prove so attractive upon closer acquaintance.

But it seems that when once the idea of matrimony seriously enters the mind, it is like the ghost in Hamlet, it will not down.

So when Jamie relinquished all thought of the widow he laid the matter before his friend, Michael O'Donnell. "Ye see, Michael," he said, "I'm not so young as I was, and I'm nading some wan to kape the house in orther, an' tidy me up a bit. An' then an unmarried minister is a stumbling block an' a soorce av jalousy amongst the weemen foulk. An' I'll not be denyin' that me heart has a cravin' for the saft sound av a woman's voice, and the saft touch av a woman's hand. I think, Michael, there's not manny wud refuse me. It's a poseetion anny wan might be proud av, to be head av the congregation, next to meself, and misthress av me house an' me affections as well."

At his friend's suggestion he took to making pastoral calls, with matrimonial intent. But he was somewhat fastidious, and it seemed a difficult thing to find a suitable helpmeet. He found some flaw in all the unmarried women of his congregation. He discussed with himself and with Michael the respective merits and faults of all the single women of his acquaintance. Michael suggested Polly Wigton as being of suitable age, and a pious and much-respected member of his church.

"Aye, Michael, she's a foine woman," he replied, "but did ye niver obsarve the squint av her eye, and the voice av her? It would fricht the Deil to hear her singin' —she has no more sense av the chune than an owl."

"Well, what wud ye think of Hannah Phullups?" said Michael.

"I'll not be sayin' but what the Phullupses are a foine family, an' Hannah's a great waver an' spinner, but, Michael, ye'll not be claimin' she's anny beauty. Why, man, she has eyes like the Tammas cat and a proboscis loike an elephant."

Michael mentioned every one he could think of whom he considered suitable for a minister's wife, but Jamie would none of them. In fact, he had been conscious for some time of a drawing toward pretty, daring, dancing, flirting Isabella Harper. Now Jamie knew that his congregation would not approve of such a choice. Isabella was not a church member, and her father belonged to the Seceders, who allowed dancing and all sorts of wordly amusements among their young people. Jamie himself could have condoned, and even smiled indulgently at the frolicking, dancing set of which Isabella was the life and the leader, but as a Methodist minister it was his duty to rebuke and discountenance all such scandalous and irreligious amusements. Yet the more he tried to put all thought of the dancing Isabella out of his mind the more it seemed to possess him.

Now it happened that the very next Sabbath Isabella came to Methodist service with a red rose in her bonnet that nodded

saucily every time she turned her head. As she walked demurely to the front of the house and took her seat on the bench beside Polly Wigdon, Jamie's face flushed. He tried in vain to keep his eyes fixed on the hymn book which he held, or to direct his gaze through the open window toward the row of horses tied to the fence outside. Turn his eyes in whatever direction he would they always returned to his book by way of the saucy face under the nodding red rose. The flush deepened on his cheeks; he felt that the waiting congregation was reading his secret, and he thought he saw disapproval written on every countenance. He looked at his watch. Five minutes past the time for service to begin. He arose and announced the opening hymn in trepidation, but when Isabella's voice rang out strong and clear, untroubled by the melancholy monotone of the untuneful Polly, Jamie set his lips firmly together and looked defiantly into the faces before him. "I'll tak her," he said to himself, "if ivery auld huzzy in the congregation asks for a letther av dismissal the morrow."

He walked home after the service in such a state of blissful unconsciousness that he passed Michael without word or nod, to his friend's astonishment and indignation.

"His Riverence must av soored high the day," he remarked to Mistress O'Donnell, "I'm thinkin' he's in the tree taps yet."

"Yes," replied Peggy, "an' I'm thinkin' he'd betther stay there; it's a more peaceable place than the groun he's sthandin' on 'll be befure long."

But to Michael's questions she only replied, "Wait a bit an' ye'll see."

Jamie ate his lonely dinner, then abandoned himself to blissful dreams of the future. In fancy he heard the light step and the merry voice and saw the bright face of his inamorata lighting up his dreary rooms. He even caught himself, in a mad dream, clasping her in his arms and spinning round and round the kitchen in a giddy waltz. Then he put his hands over his face with a groan. "Jamie," he said, "ye must be more discreet and circumspect in yer dramin'. May the Lord forgive ye."

The next morning he arose with the feeling that the matter was settled. The congregation might do their worst, he would marry to suit himself. "I'll not put it off. I'll see her an' tell her the day," he thought.

So after he had eaten his breakfast and put things in order he proceeded to don his best jean trousers and his whitest and finest linen shirt, the product of the Widow Berge's loom. Then he carefully brushed the well-worn broadcloth and the high hat, and, adjusting them before the tiny mirror, he closed the door and took the path over the hill to Thomas Harper's. As he crossed the orchard fence on the hillside, above the house, a clear, sweet voice came floating up to him:

"Every lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye."

He stopped and listened. "Ah, Jamie," he said to himself, "there'll be no more lonely days for ye now. Ye're a lucky man. Ye're fortunate that ye didn't take the widow. Small comfort ye'd be having be this toime with that young scapegrace turning the house wrong-side up an' the woman continually piping, 'Happy day, happy day,' from morning till night, an' the voice av her as thin and sharp as a razor. Not but what the himes are solid and satisfying, but a bit av sentiment an' a little romance are loike the butter on yer bread an' the crame in yer coffee. An' the want av it is loike the potatoes without the salt an' the gravy." "Misthress Ezabella Maloney," he repeated softly to himself as he followed the path down the hill.

When he came to the stile at the foot of the orchard he saw Isabella breaking flax at the rear of the garden. She had just drawn her lips into a bewitching pucker, and was whistling Fisher's Hornpipe in a manner to make a terpsichorean artist "shake his fut," regardless of surroundings. She

stopped in confusion at sight of Jamie's tall figure.

An hour later Michael passed Jamie's house with his ox cart and saw him standing in the doorway.

"Hey, man," he called, "ye're not lookin' ower reeconciled the day. What's wrong wi' ye?"

"Mr. O'Donnell," he replied, walking slowly to the fence, "did ye iver make anny wan—besides Misthriss O'Donnell—an offer av yer affections?"

Michael flushed and shifted uneasily.

"I'll not be sayin' but what I did wanst or twicet," he said.

"Well, then," with a wave of the hand, "ye'll understand me falings at the prisent toime. Ye remimber I mentioned to ye the state of me falings towards Miss Ezabella Harper. Well, I thocht I'd go over this morning and mention the matter to her. I found her making ready the flax for the spinning. I've seen the day, Michael, when I was a great favorite with the ladies, an' could turn a compliment with the best av them. Well, she listened to me compliments and brave spaches with the blushes comin' an' goin' in swate confusion. I tauld her me heart was loike the flax she was working with, it was bruised and broken."

"That was a clever sthroke," said Michael.

"Then I tauld her her voice was swater to me ear than the Mummy Musk or the bella, I wud die for ye.'"

"What did she say till that?"

"Niver a word, and I thocht it was her falings at the honor an' the unexpectedness av it. Then I says till her, 'Me swate Ezabella, I wud die for ye.'"

"I'll warrant she found her tongue at that," said Michael.

"Aye! And she made me a very imprudent anser."

"That's the way av them," said Michael, with a knowing nod, "an' what did she answer ye?"

"Die, Divil! Die, Divil! Die! ye Irish lubber!"

Shortly after this the neighbors missed Jamie, and to all inquirers Michael gave the same evasive answer, "Beloike he's gone back to the auld counthry."

He felt deeply aggrieved that he had not been consulted and confided in, and not for worlds would have acknowledged that he was ignorant of his friend's whereabouts. But as weeks passed, and the house remained closed he grew uneasy, and, at his wife's suggestion, he pried open the kitchen window, and, with mingled feelings of guilt and dread, he searched the house, while Peggy stood at the window listening to the tramp of his heavy boots as he peered into every corner of the kitchen and up the throat of the huge chimney. Then as he turned and opened the door into the room which served as parlor and bedroom, and turned to the corner where stood the high-posted mahogany bedstead, Peggy dropped her face on the window sill and groaned.

"There," she said to herself, "there's where he is, dead in his bed an' no wan to give him a sup av wather or say a bit av prayer, or close his eyes dacintly. Sure, he'd niver go off alive without a word till us forninst the comin' back, an' the Sheelie mare an' the brindle calf a roamin' wild in the pasture."

Her heart stood still waiting for the dreadful confirmation of her fears. Just then Michael appeared at the window with a look of disgust and shame on his face.

"Well," he said, as he emerged feet foremost from the darkened room, "I hope ye're satisfied now. I'd loike for wanst in me loife to see a wumman in that state av moind."

"Michael O'Donnell, hould yer tongue! How can ye be talkin' sich foolishness an' yer frind lyin' cold an' dead somewhere, beloike at the bottom av the well. Take me word for it wanst, that's where ye'll foind him."

"Whist, wumman, Jamie was niver so fond av the wather. D'ye moind how he used to say till me on the way over, 'Ah, Michael, if I live to put me fut on the

blissed ground again I'll be a contínted an' happy man!' An' manny's the toime he's said till me since, 'I'd walk ivery fut av the way back for wan look at the shamrock agrowin' so grane, and the hawthorn abloomin' so white, but I'll niver cross the say while it's filled with water!' Go an' investigate the well yerself. I'll not be seen be the neighbors at anny such capers." And he strode away, Peggy reluctantly following after a hasty look through the empty stable. But the thought of the well haunted her, and when at dinner the next day she broached the subject Michael stopped her sternly. "Ate yer dinner! I'll hear no more av yer foolish jabberin."

But he was far from being easy in his own mind, and all afternoon, as he worked in the clearing, he kept thinking of Jamie's strange disappearance.

"I'll wait till the morrow," he thought, "an' if he doesn't come I'll think maybe the wumman's right." And for the hundreth time he cast his eyes in the direction of the trees which hid Jamie's house from view, hoping to see a suspicion of smoke or some sign of his return. Nothing was to be seen however.

But, yes. Who was that finely dressed gentleman coming up the road toward him? Jamie? Yes, it must be he; he was at the fence, waving his hand. Michael went slowly toward him.

"How are ye? How's Misthress O'Donnell?" said Jamie heartily, extending his hand. Michael took it, and looked him over slowly.

"So that's what took ye aff. Ye thocht yon dancin' jade might be imprissed with a foine coat and hat. Next thing ye'll be fiddlin' and dancin' yerself. But ye naden't have slipped off loike a shape thafe, without a word till yer friends."

"Tut, tut, lad! Sure a man may have a new suit of clothes for his wedding an' a few wakes for the coorting."

"Mr. Maloney, it's not that me or anny one av yer congregation 'll have anny fault to find with yer new clothes—an' I'll not be denyin' but that as a meenister ye naded them sore, an' that ye look loike a gintleman in them, or that annybody wud begrudge ye a Sunday or two aff, but I'll tell ye again that the congregation 'll niver look up till Ezabella Harper as their meenister's wife."

Jamie threw back his head and laughed, then straightened himself proudly.

"They'll niver nade to, thin, for I've brought the misthress with me—a lady far, far superior to Tammas Harper's broomheaded lass."

"An' was that why ye left without a word till yer friends?"

"Aye, it was in me moind, but I wuddent tell ye, for I wasn't sure. I thocht I'd go to the city an' get a wife suitable for me poseetion, but I wuddn't spake av it, for weemen are uncertain cratures. Well, I went to Philadelphia first. Ah! Michael, but there's the foine ladies there, with their silks an' curls an' foine carriages."

"Aye," replied Michael, "but sure ye wuddn't know annybody there."

"But it's a sight to see them annyway," said Jamie. "Well, I says to mesilf, 'hauld on, Jamie, just go on to New York. It's a grander place than Philadelphia—the ladies have a more gintale an' delicate way av haulding up their pettycoats.' Ye see, Michael, I noticed that on me way over. Well, when I got there I hunted up me friend Teddy McGonnigal. Ye mind Teddy McGonnigal?"

"Aye," said Michael, "the same that crossed the say with us?"

"The same wan," said Jamie. "Well, I tauld him me errand, an' he looked at me an' then sat down on the durestep and laughed.

"'Where have ye been staying,' he says, 'an' are there no weemen faulk there?'

"'Aye!' says I, 'an' foine ones too! an' I could have had anny wan av them for the askin'.' I was angry at the irriverince an' the incivility av him. 'But,' says I, 'a meenister av the Gospel is the most important man in the community, an' he wants

a gintale lady to be misthress av his home and an example to the females of his congregation.'

"At that he got up. 'Ye're right, Mr. Maloney,' he says, 'an' I know the lady 'll just suit ye. She's from yer own county, County Derry. She's as swate as a rose in the dew av the mornin', and she has a voice loike the lark. She'll be afther callin' to see Misthress McGonnigal this afthernoon, an' I'll inthroduce ye.'

"Well, when I met her, if ye'll belave me, I was just that confused I was spacheless. I felt loike I had just stepped out from a prison into the sunlight av a beautiful May morning, with the roses abloomin' all around me, an' the birds a singin' among the hawthorn blossoms. Misthress McGonnigal noticed me confusion, an' kept the lady talking, an' afther awhile Teddy beckoned me out, an' he says, 'Jamie, ye'll not be afther havin' much experience in these matthers. Just lave it to me and Misthress McGonnigal an' when it's toime for ye to begin coorting I'll tell ye.' An' he instructed me to walk around indepindint, an' just make a grand bow to the lady when I'd mate her.

"Well, I took his advice, an' in about a wake he came to me an' says, 'She's all right now, Jamie, me boy. Take the baste be the horns. Sthrike while the iron's hot, an' she's yours tor the askin'!'

"At first she pretinded to be shy at me compliments and swate spaches, but I wasn't discouraged. I knew she was mine from what Teddy tauld me.

"I tauld her me love for her was as dape an' as broad as the say, an' she hooted at me. But, Michael, they'll all do that at first. Then I made bold, an' I says, 'Me swate Kathleen, I know yer heart's a rachin' out to me the same as mine's a batin' in me bosom this minute for love av yer bonny face. Just say the wan little word I'm longin' to hear.'

"An' she did."

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

MISS LYONS' VISIT.

It has been noticed that the interest of the students in missions has been shown more than usual this year. A vigorous impulse to our efforts in this direction was given by Miss Sophia Lyon's visit to us on February 22-24. Miss Lyon is the Traveling Secretary for women's colleges of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. On the eve of her arrival she conferred with the Cabinet and Missionary Committee of the Y. W. C. A., giving them many valuable suggestions as to methods of work. On Sunday afternoon Miss Lyon addressed a large audience of young women in the parlor on consecration to service. This was one of the most impressive Y. W. C. A. meetings of the year. A number of girls who had not before done so pledged themselves to systematic giving for missions. Miss Lyon recommended to the Mission Study class "Modern Apostles of Missionary Byways" as a good book for their use when the present study is completed.

Nineteen members have enrolled for the study of this book, purposing to spend at least one-half hour in the study of the lessons each week before the class review.

Miss Lyon attended chapel exercises on Monday morning, and made a stirring appeal to the students to heed the call for workers in the unevangelical world. She said she was pleased to find such a large number and good assortment of books in the missionary alcove. Her heartfelt remarks to the Volunteers and others interested regarding the Volunteers' consecration and preparation will not be forgotten.

The committee of girls who accompanied Miss Lyon to the train the next morning parted from her with sincere regret. Indeed, every girl who met her loved her at once. Although she had so many other engagements while here, she found time to talk with earnestness and sympathy to many of the students as individuals in regard to the Student Volunteer Movement.

In a letter Miss Lyon said: "I am expecting new student volunteers in your college. It seems to me that the advancing of the cause of Christ among your students will bring it about."

MRS. JOHN G. NEWMAN.

"Mrs. Newman died this morning." Such was the sad message whispered by professor and student as they assembled in the college chapel on Thursday morning, March 7. Though the end was known to be near, when death came we were as dumb creatures that felt but spoke not—bereft of a life that to know was to love.

Born at New Market on the 28th day of April, 1875, the fourth child of Colonel and Mrs. William B. Minnis, Miss Mary Minnis grew up under the shadow of New Market Academy. Endowed with natural genius, which was well directed, Miss Minnis made marked progress as a bright and alert student, and graduated with the class of 1891. She took part of her course under the guidance of Prof. John G. Newman, who, for two years, 1888-90, was principal of the New Market Academy. It was here that a fond attachment grew up between the Latin professor and his bright scholar. On June 28, 1893, the relation of teacher and pupil was changed to that of husband and wife.

Professor Newman, having become instructor of Latin at Maryville College, removed with his wife to Maryville, where, during their nearly eight years of married life, Mrs. Newman has enriched the home with her bright, vivacious and sunny disposition. Care sat lightly on her brow. If she had domestic troubles, nobody knew of them. As a wife and mother, Mrs. Newman was faithful, devoted, loving and true, and moved about her home like one ever breathing a serene and heavenly atmosphere.

Outside the home Mrs. Newman interested herself in the active work of the Presbyterian Church. She had, when a girl of 13, given her heart to God, and this early consecration of her life and talents was sealed and sanctified by the Father, who, in after years, used his devoted servant with manifest results in stimulating and arousing the interest of others in home and foreign missions.

As Secretary and Treasurer of the Chilhowee Literary Club, Mrs. Newman was known as one of its most efficient members, and showed exceptional literary ability in her contribution of several brilliant papers.

To the older students of Maryville College Mrs. Newman was well-known as an accomplished pianist and Latin scholar. To our entertainments she was ever ready to contribute her best, and invariably accompanied her husband in his singing. Her wide knowledge of Latin enabled her, on several occasions, to teach with marked success her husband's classes during his enforced absence.

The generous use of her intellectual gifts, combined with a patient and lovable disposition, won for her a warm corner in the hearts of the students at Maryville.

During the past twelve months she had been laid aside by intermittent attacks of rheumatism, which eventually developed into heart failure. Last Christmas Professor and Mrs. Newman, with their three children, were visiting friends in Jefferson County, and it was during the holidays that Mrs. Newman was taken severely ill at the home of her parents, a sickness from which, alas, she never recovered.

Throughout her illness she retained her bright and cheerful disposition. Her whole life had been guided by a high and lofty sense of duty; but her sacrifice for duty was never so manifest as during her last days. When her husband, realizing her critical condition, took a constant place by her bedside, she thought his college duties had greater claims than had the sick wife on her dying bed.

In the early morning of March 7, surrounded by husband, children and relatives,

In body so frail, with soul so fair,
She breathed her last of earthly air.

The time was 3:30, just before dawn, when the hour of earth is darkest, her soul passed away into the eternal light of heaven to be forever with the Father.

The funeral took place at New Market on March 8. Quite a large number of students and friends, and almost all the Faculty and teachers of Maryville College were present. From Shannondale, where Professor Newman has charge of a church, many friends came to pay a last tribute of respect to her whom they had known and loved, and now affectionately remembered.

Precisely at 10:30 the remains were borne by six Maryville students from the home, down the garden path, to the hearse, followed by Professor Newman with two children, and the relatives and friends of deceased. We shall not soon forget that tall figure, with bowed head, slowly following the remains of all that made his world beautiful, leading on either side a little child, whose tiny hand was held in the warm clasp of the bereaved parent, stricken and crushed with the weight of his grief. Surely the Father of us all was very near, upholding and sustaining with his everlasting arms, and comforting with the hope of a larger and richer life beyond the valley of the shadow.

The funeral cortege wound its way to the First Presbyterian Church. Here an impressive service was conducted by Rev. Dr. McCulloch, of Maryville, assisted by Professors Wilson and Waller. From the church the remains were borne to the cemetery, and placed under the shadow of a large spreading oak. How fitting a place for a life that had always sought the shade to do its work.

On the grave were placed a large number of beautiful floral offerings, tokens of love and affection from students and friends in Maryville, Shannondale and New Market.

The following resolutions were passed by the Faculty and teachers and the students:

Whereas, God, in his inscrutable providence, has removed from this earthly life Mrs. Mary Minnis Newman, the wife of our fellow teacher, Professor Newman, be it

Resolved, 1. That we, the Faculty and teachers of Maryville College, hereby express our deep sympathy with our stricken brother and his little children, and with the parents and brothers and sisters of Mrs. Newman, and with other sorrowing relatives and friends; and that we unitedly commend them all to the sustaining and comforting grace of our heavenly Father.

Resolved, 2. That as a token of our sorrow and sympathy the work of the college be suspended during to-morrow, the day of the funeral, and that a committee of seven of our number be appointed to represent us by attendance upon the funeral exercises.

Whereas, the All-seeing Father, in his infinite love, has deemed it wise to call unto himself the beloved wife of our esteemed Prof. John G. Newman, we, the students of Maryville College, do hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy and affectionate love to our teacher and friend in this hour of deep sorrow and affliction, and pray that the God of all grace and peace may sustain and comfort him in the loneliness of his great bereavement.

FRED. WEBB'S SOLILOQUY IN THE MONKEY HOUSE.

My cabin, 'tis of thee,
On top of Chilhowee,
Of thee I sing.
Land where the monkeys died,
Land where bedbugs abide.
From every mountain side
Mosquitoes sing.

My native mountain flats,
Land of bats, rats and gnats,
Thy name is dread.
I dread thy hard bed rails,
Fleas with long horns and tails,
With dreadful moans and wails,
I go to bed.

Then music swells the breeze,
From floor, roof, rocks and trees,
With doleful song.
All nature lies awake,
With fear and anger shake,
With shrieks the silence break,
The sound prolong.

Oh, dear land, where we eat
Dry bread and raw fat meat,
Of thee we learn
How o'er thy hills to roam,
Six weeks without a comb;
Oh, dear, let me go home,
Ne'er to return.

A NEW SOCIETY.

There has been for years in our college a desire among the ministerial students to form themselves into an association in which they could come together and discuss questions and problems relating to their life work. The young men met about two weeks ago and formed themselves into an organization to be henceforth known as the Ministerial Students' Association of Maryville College. The following is the constitution adopted:

"We, the ministerial students of Maryville College, desirous of cultivating our talents for the work to which we believe God has called us, and recognizing the advantages that follow from the mutual fellowship of those united in one common purpose, do hereby form ourselves into an organization to be known as the Ministerial Students' Association of Maryville College.

The officers of this association shall be a President, a Vice President and a Secretary.

It shall be the duty of the President, whenever possible, to preside at all the meetings of the association.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to preside in the absence of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a faithful record of all the meetings of the association.

Meetings shall be held once every week, at which subjects pertaining to the Christian ministry, and especially those pertaining to our own spiritual, moral and social welfare, shall be discussed. All meetings shall be opened and closed with prayer."

The subjects that have been discussed with interest and personal helpfulness, and have given a spiritual impetus to each member of the association, are as follows:

March 9—"Why Have I Chosen the Christian Ministry as a Life Work?"

March 16—"What Should Be the Attitude of a Ministerial Student to Foreign Missions?"

March 23—"Problems of the Country Sunday-school and How to Meet Them."

It is the purpose of this association for its members to do what they can in assisting in building up of the country Sunday-schools and churches in the surrounding vicinity. Below are the officers and members:

President—Thomas Maguire.
Vice President—Paul R. Dickie.
Secretary—E. Lysander Grau.
Members—E. N. Quist, W. E. Lewis, F. F. Shell, I. O. Siler, E. North.

The kicker read the paper to see the works there wrought;
The kicker read the paper, but ne'er a copy bought;
He didn't like its contents, and said it all was slow,
But never presented materials to show what he could do. —Gates Index.

In the Earlhamite of a recent issue we noted with pleasure a very superior essay, "Union Out of Disunion," by G. C. Levering, '01, an ex-Maryville man. "A Cedar Canoe" in same magazine is a good production.

Three is a crowd, and there were three.
The girl, the parlor lamp and he;
But two is company, and no doubt
That's why the lamp went out.
—Smith Academy Record.

Maryville College Monthly.

VOL. III. MARCH, 1901. No. 6.

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

We have received a pamphlet, "Education and Production," by Dr. Charles W. Dabney, President of the University of Tennessee, which ought to have a wide circulation. Dr. Dabney's plea that we should realize that our best resources are our own children, and that we ought to give them more than eighty-nine days of education a year in our public schools of Tennessee, is worthy of notice in the County of Blount.

This county can construct now a $10,000 bridge and a $15,000 jail, but two years ago it would not vote an increase of $1,200 for the school fund in order that the children of the county might have five months of school per year as required by the State law.

We need a Mrs. Nation to plead with our Legislature and County Courts for the children's rights, and to break down some of the fossilized excuses for inaction in this matter.

The question is such an important one, and so closely connected with the welfare of our college, which has to conduct a large preparatory department because of the lack of good public schools and academies, that we quote freely from this able article, and hope that a public-school crusade may be soon inaugurated in our State:

"The chief characteristic of the nineteenth century has been the extension of the benefits of education to the masses of the people. Its chief lesson is that education increases the wealth producing power of a people in direct proportion to its distribution and thoroughness. In fact the relations between education and productivity are so well understood now that you can measure the wealth-producing power of a people by the school privileges which they have enjoyed. Statistics show, for example, that the power of the people of the different States to earn money is in direct proportion to the length of the period the average citizen of each has attended school. To illustrate, the average school period in 1898-'99 of each inhabitant of the United States was 4.4 years; of Massachusetts, which has the best schools, was seven years; of Tennessee was a little less than three years. The total annual production of the United States in the year 1800 was less than $30 a year, or ten cents a day, counting 306 working days in the year, for each man, woman and child; by 1850 the production had increased to nearly $92 a year, or thirty cents a day; and in 1899 it was about $170 a year, or fifty-five cents a day. The production of Masaschusetts in 1899 was $260 for each man, woman and child, or eighty-five cents a day. The most favorable figures make the total annual production of the people of Tennessee in 1899 less than $116 a year, or thirty-eight cents a day for each inhabitant."

"This is not a mere coincidence in the case of Massachusetts, the United States, and Tennessee; it is the law the world over. The productivity of a people is everywhere proportional to their education—that is, their intellectual, physical and moral training. It is not the natural resources, the climate, the soils and the minerals; it is not even the race, much as these things count in production; but it is education which, above everything else, determines the wealth earning power of a people."

"Massachusetts taught school 188 days in the year and her enrolled pupils attended an

average of 143.5 days. Tennessee taught school only 89 days and her enrolled pupils attended only 62.8 days. The average Tennessee child is absent 26.2 days in the 89 days of the school session."

"If the people of Tennessee would compete in production with the people of the other States and of the world—and they must do so whether they will or not—they must educate all their children; not only their white children, but their black; and they must educate them all, not poorly for a few months in the year and a few years in their lives, but thoroughly through a long series of years. If history teaches us anything, it is the solidarity of all mankind, that 'no man liveth unto himself,' and 'no man dieth unto himself,' but that we are each his 'brother's keeper.'

"Our great resources in Tennessee, climate, soils and minerals, are useless in the hands of an untrained people. Moreover, if we do not educate our own people to use these resources intelligently, the trained men of other States will come in and do so, and make our native people 'the hewers of wood and the drawers of water' in their industries."

Y. M. C. A.

Plans are now on foot for completing Bartlett Hall. The Building Committee has received several estimates for the work, and is about to let the contract.

Mr. Reuben Larson, our janitor, has had to resign owing to a call for his services in Wisconsin. We are sorry to lose so faithful a worker. Mr. Larson made many friends by his quiet, unassuming manner, and we trust that in his new sphere he will meet with that success which all honest effort and faithfulness deserve.

Mr. Fred Hope has been elected to fill the vacancy, and will doubtless do justice to himself and the position, and prove a worthy successor to Mr. Larson.

Owing to the illness of Dr. Boardman, the subject of the "Christian Ministry As a Life Work" has had to be postponed. On the date set apart for its consideration, Mr. A. A. Penland led the devotional service, taking as his subject, "Christian Duty." This was a splendid meeting, and might be called a service conducted by new recruits. Mr. Penland himself had never previously led a meeting, and the understanding among older members of the association was that as many as possible who had not been in the habit should take some part in the service. We gladly record the fact that no meeting during the term has been so helpful to wavering and timid members. It was most cheering to note how the leader and the backward members shouldered their responsibility, and brought a blessing to all present. We believe the Devotional Committee will make a note of this, and arrange for another such meeting when making out its program.

Y. W. C. A.

The officers of the Y. W. C. A. elected for the coming year are:

President—Maude Yates.

Vice President—Elva Barton.

Secretary—Ada McCroskey.

There has been much interest in the Y. W. C. A. work this year, and the attendance at the devotional meetings is good.

More interest than usual has been shown in the study of missions. A new class is being organized with an enrollment of about twenty members. Following Miss Lyon's suggestion, the class will use "Modern Apostles in Missionary Byways" instead of the regular textbook for this term.

The monthly missionary meeting for February was conducted by Miss Lyon.

The devotional meetings are very interesting and the topics practical.

Mrs. McCulloch's Bible reading, held on the first Sabbath of each month, are especially helpful. The subject of the March Bible reading was, "How to Study the Bible," and it was a very instructive meeting.

The devotional meeting, on March 17,

was a song and praise service, and was very much enjoyed by the girls.

The topics for April are as follows:

April 7—Mrs. McCulloch's Bible Reading.

April 14—"Neglect Not the Gift That Is in Thee."

April 21—"Our Brother's Keeper."

April 28—"Keep Thyself Pure."

A Y. W. C. A. Quartet has been organized.

On March 17 three of the Y. W. C. A. girls conducted a very interesting meeting with the children of the Industrial Home.

ALUMNI AND EX-STUDENTS.

Wm. R. Sevier, '95, is a student at Massey Business College, Richmond, Va.

Stella Eakin, '94, was recently married to Mr. J. F. Richelsen, of Philadelphia. After a short visit in Philadelphia the bride and groom will go to Princeton, where Mr. Richelsen is a member of the '01 class in the Divinity School.

W. L. Harmon, '82, who has been engaged in teaching, is now in the clothing business at Liberty, Neb. Mr. Harmon was a visitor at the Paris Exposition.

Ethel Kennedy, '99, is teaching at Mt. Vernon, Wash.

W. A. Campbell, ex-'01, is studying theology at Danville, Ky.

Mr. James Keeble is now a resident of Norman, O. T.

Joe Henry, '97, and Carl Houston have embarked in the grocery business in South Knoxville.

SENIOR NOTES.

The Senior Class are glad to have Dr. Boardman with them again, after several weeks' illness, and we hope he will be able to be with us the remainder of the term. His daughter, Miss Elizabeth Boardman, filled his place very acceptably during his illness.

Examinations passed off very quietly. All the studies begun this term were completed, and all the work for next term is elective, except Theistic Belief.

Mr. Bewley was on the sick list a few days last month.

Miss Alexander represented the class at Mrs. Newman's funeral, and several other Seniors were present.

The class has a vacation of one week, from March 18 to 25.

Among those who spent a few days in the Smokies Washington's Birthday were Tracy, Ervin and North.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

Any one in doubt as to the truth of the statement that the Juniors are a generation of invulnerable people may satisfy his mind by stepping into Professor Wilson's room and seeing the examination questions, and then noting that every member of the class still survives, clothed, and in his right mind.

The Juniors are preparing to "kill the fatted calf" in the near future, because we hear that our "Prodigal President," Miss Helen Erwin, is soon going to return to college. One of her eyes was injured by an accidental explosion of a flask in the laboratory last month. The class looks forward to her speedy recovery and early return.

ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Association met the first of the month and reorganized for the spring work, electing the following officers: President, C. W. Henry, '01; Vice-President, G. T. Duncan, '03; Secretary, A. E. Simerly, '03, and Treasurer, Paul R. Dickie, '04. Baseball practice has commenced, and though the material is not so good as in some former years, training will probably develop a creditable team. Thanks to the local representative in the State Senate, Hon. M. H. Gamble, we are assured that the act imposing a license tax on athletic parks will be amended so as not to apply to college athletic grounds, and we shall be able to charge admittance to our games without paying the heavy license. This will be a great help, as for the last two years our athletics have had to be maintained entirely by voluntary contributions.

Material for a first-class track team seems to be plentiful, and it is hoped that we can have a field day this year that will be up to the standard.

The athletic entertainment given in the gymnasium March 1 was a striking example of what excellent raw material can not do without proper apparatus and instruction. Of course criticism is easy, and the writer himself despises no man in college more

than the habitual "knocker"; but it would be wrong to let such a wretched exhibition of what might have been creditable work go unnoticed. There is no blame for the affair attached to any one, neither to the men themselves, who did the best they could under the circumstances, nor to their instructor and trainer, who was simply a fellow student employed to fill the position of Y. M. C. A. janitor. As has been said, there was excellent material displayed, such raw material as Maryville has always been able to boast, but not until we obtain a well taught physical director and even mediocre gymnasium apparatus can anything better be produced from this material than was exhibited in the late entertainment.

NOTICES POSTED ON THE WALLS OF THE BELLRINGER'S ROOM, IN ANDERSON HALL.

This room is, by common consent, set apart and dedicated to public use for purposes of recreation. Feel perfectly free to come in at all hours of the day or night, and prolong your stay indefinitely and eternally. When desiring admittance, do not knock; break in. On public occasions bring your superfluous wardrobe, together with that of your lady friends, and leave here. If your wraps are wet, pile them on the bed. The feathers will absorb the moisture, so that your things will be dry and comfortable when you want them. The occupants of this room should be held responsible for any loss that may ensue. Always put football suits and shoes on the bed.

When you come in take a seat on the bed, and put your left foot on the pillows. If all of you can't find room on the bed, sit on the large canvas-topped trunk on the north side of the room, and put your feet in a chair.

In case you lose or mislay a book anywhere on the campus or in town come and search this room. If you don't find it here make the bellringer pay you for it.

By a special ordinance, no occupant of this room, or any other person whatsoever, is allowed to study here. If you see any one violating this rule, talk to him. If this fails to attract his attention, sing or whistle to him, and if this fail let him be to thee as an heathen man and an infidel.

The inmates of this room are responsible for the time kept by the library clock. The K. & A. Railway, Washington, Greenwich, Paris, Sebastopol, Yekaterinoslov and the entire solar system are also regulated by us. Any irregularity in any of these may be remedied by reporting the bellringer's deficiency to the Faculty.

As you leave the room take an umbrella, and as the presence of large numbers of men in a closed room gives rise to the formation of CO_2, H_2S, and other poisonous gases, leave the door open for ventilating purposes. As you go down turn on the lights, and leave them on.

The general public is cordially and earnestly requested to spend Sunday here. Your edifying conversation and presence will prevent our spending the day in writing to people at home, reading, studying the Bible, or any other of those unseemly, profligate and pernicious practices in which young men are so prone to spend the Sabbath.

Also this:

It is the duty of the bellringer to personally escort visitors over the building and about the grounds. He shall also take maiden ladies of the vintage of 1841 up on the cupola. He shall act as an automatic guidebook, and shall give Northern people minute details in regard to the progress of civilization and the extent to which cannibalism is practiced in Eastern Tennessee at present.

He shall provide himself with an assortment of clean collars—sizes 14 to 17—in order that he may make perspiring snap-players presentable as quickly as possible.

He shall further procure a No. 39 overcoat and No. 9 overshoes (as these sizes fit most people), and keep the same constantly ready for any call made to lend them.

He shall also decorate the chapel for society entertainments, and shall, upon such occasions, climb the smooth plastered wall thirteen feet, and remain there by the prehensile powers of his left knee and his chin while putting in nails and hanging pictures.

He shall be custodian of the band instruments, baseball and football suits, quartet music, Junior rope, and the Senior arsenal.

He shall open the music-room at the beginning of each period and close the same at any and all leisure moments during the day.

By taking heed unto these admonitions to observe them diligently, all succeeding bellringers shall win the approbation of the Faculty and the student body, even as I.

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THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Competent and experienced instructors give their entire time to this department, while a number of the professors of the College department give a portion of their time to it.

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The endowment of $250,000 reduces the expenses to low figures. The tuition is only $6.00 per term or $12.00 per year. Room rent in Ba'dwin Hall (for young ladies) and Memorial Hall (for young men) is only $3.00 per term, or $6.00 per year. Heat bill, $3.00 per term. Electric lights, 20 cents per month. Instrumental music at low rates. BOARD AT CO-OPERATIVE BOARDING CLUB ONLY ABOUT $1.25 PER WEEK. Young ladies may reduce even this cost by work in the club. In private families board is from $2.00 to $2.50. Other expenses are correspondingly low.

Total expenses, $75.00 to $125.00 per year.

The next term opens January 2, 1901.

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOLUME III. MARYVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1901. NUMBER 7.

"Bluet! Bluet" sang the shivering bird,
Spring appeared; it's prayer was heard;
Tiny flowers with petals blue
Sprang up and smiled that God is true.

"Father! Father!" cried one forlorn,
"Heal thou the wounds rude hands have torn!"
And Duty whispered, "Here I stand,
Thou loved of God! Take hold! My hand
Can heal thy wounds and soothe thy pains;
Come! thou shalt know the Father reigns."

Mac.

THE OLD 'SQUIRE.

A Character Sketch.

The old 'Squire had pulled his chair out on the porch in the genial sunshine of an autumn afternoon. He had just dined, and had settled himself, anticipating comfort and a quiet nap. A low, droning hum came from the row of "gums" by the fence where several colonies of bees were busily engaged in making the "trimmin' " for the old gentleman's buckwheat cakes of the approaching winter.

A large apple tree standing hard by, its boughs bending almost to the earth with the ripening Winter Johns, cast a deep shadow on the porch floor near to the low-seated splint-bottomed chair. The 'Squire approved of this, "fur, ef thet sun gits too comfortin' a feller c'n aidge over 'n' shade hisse'f."

But Uncle Jaze wasn't happy. Though his present location was as pleasant as one could wish, and though he had plenty of this world's goods; and though he owned about half of Rucker's Cove and much of Crib Mountain beyond, he had an out-of-sorts feeling toward all mankind.

First, he was a typical hypochondriac. He had a marvelous assortment of complaints, and was thoroughly convinced that he had a dozen diseases that were liable to prove fatal at a moment's notice. Moreover, he had spent all of his allotted threescore years and ten, and for about six years had been living on borrowed time, and as the day of reckoning could not be very far distant, this thought, coupled with an intolerant disposition and a natural desire for bickering, had made the old man a crabbed critic-in-ordinary to the whole cove.

'Squire Jabez Hawkins was an old school Republican, who indorsed the party platforms and added thereto a private plank of extermination of all other parties.

His religious preferences placed him in the Methodist fold, and, consequently, the "Mishoner Babdis" and the Primitive Baptists, or "them tarnel Hard-heads," as he termed that denomination, had a hard row to hoe.

He had just dozed off when a rattle at the gate roused him, and he immediately brightened up, at seeing his old crony, Nath Perryman, driving the gatepin home.

"Pe-tun-yah, Pe-tun-yah, fetch hyar a cheer right now."

Nath came up to the house and found a cordial welcome.

"Pe-tun-yah, git a gourd o' fraish water."

The 'Squire's next act of hospitality was the production of a square of mottled brown tobacco from a pocket in his jeans coat, and passing it over with a pressing invitation to "chaw."

This began the season of gossip, and their old tongues wagged on till sun-down, though Nath had but little chance to do more than interject an occasional "Eh, law," or "I be dog."

"Jaze, I sede Josh Taz'll a-movin' of his tricks outen y'r haouse up 't th' foot o' th' ridge, whar he's bean livin.' Whut's up?"

"Yas-sir, Feller, he air movin'. I done sont 'im nodice yist'd'y t' th' ef-fect 'at he'd hev t' hunt a-nuther shack; 'n' I low he's got one."

"Whut's th' muss, Squar? C'd n't youuns make out t'gether?"

"W'y, Lord, no, 'n' I don't aim t'. Hit war this-a-way: jis' a-fore th' 'lection las' Augus', I gin out th' word 'at ennybidy on my lan' 'at voted fur thet no 'count Dimicrat, Jake Hinsley, fur Squar in th' upper deestric' 'd hev t' do 'is fa'min' on diffunt lan'. 'N', Feller, thet man acted powful deceited with me 'n' I never knowd'd twell jis' t'other day es he air a Dimicrat 'n' voted hit straight.

"I'll send a man right offen m' lan' a-fore co'n getherin' fur sich cyarryin' on 'n' I want ever' gourd-headed Dimicrat fum one cend o' th' cove t' t'other t' know hit."

And the visitor acquiesced.

From this the 'Squire rambled on in an aimless way, bringing in a fantastic array of epithets to garnish the numerous old personalities that he raked from among the dust and cobwebs of the past, until he remembered a grievance against the Primitives.

Now it appears that this, to his mind, seemingly dangerous sect, had, in remembrance of one of the old man's tirades against them, declined to allow the Methodist brethren the use of the Primitive meeting house while theirs was being repaired. This was to the feelings of old Jaze Hawkins as fully as soothing as a nettle poultice applied to a case of sunburn.

"Nath, them pant'er-hearted Hard-heads jis' pesters me twell I cain't sleep nights fur thinkin' uv 'em. T' w'd be en th' natur uv a blessin' ef ther ole meetin' haouse c'd git lightnin' struck. Feller, 'll tell y' whut I think I'll do. Think th' very nex' time they hev a baptizin' en th' creek I'll jis' sarve nodice es ef they do I'll indite 'em fur menacin' th' public safety o' this cove Fur es shore es aigs makes chickens they air goin' t' drownd somebidy thar yit."

While waxing valiant in this last charge, a company of children' eighty strong, marshaled by a tall young school master, came by. They were the pupils of District A marching to the rival school in District B to meet in the friendly contest of an old-fashioned spelling match. They bore a white banner on which was emblazoned in ink "Education—District A." This simple white pennon affected Uncle Jaze much as is Taurus by the flutter of a red 'kerchief.

"Nath! Nath! D' y' see thet ow-dashus edicated fool a-marchin' 'n' a-musterin' them young 'uns. Hit's th' wicketes' thing I've sed fur a long spell. Look 't thet rag naow. Hit's th' Dimicrat flag—so hit air, 'n' he's mustering' 'em t' fight agin' ther country.

"Eh, law, young graoun-haog, ef I hed y' here, ef I wouldn't scutch y'r hide offen y' with m' staff."

The little troop passed out of sight up the road, but the strains of "Brethren, We Have Come to Worship," floated back on the evening breeze, and tho' the words were the evening breeze. The words were but they stirred the embers of an old man's ire.

They pulled their chairs out from the shade, to which they had moved them, to the sun once more, and Jabez resumed:

"Nath, th' young fellers in th' ole cove air gittin' too biggoty fur me, I reckon. Hit's jis' gittin' so es ha'f th' fellers es ain't got a meatskin t' grease a baker 's goin' off 'n' gittin' edicated so big 'at they jis' run over pore ole fellers like me 'n' you."

Here the dissertation was cut short by the shrill voice of Petunia calling from the regions of the kitchen from whence issued an appetizing aroma of coffee—

"Pap-pee, you 'n' Uncle Nath come t' supper afore 't all gits col'." Then, leaving their chairs, they quickly shambled in.

Abe Clevenger.

TWO HISTORIC LETTERS.

Maryville, April 13, 1833.

Dr. Thomas Anderson:

Rev. Sir—We are much gratified that you are willing to serve as an agent to solicit funds for founding a professorship in the S. & W. T. Seminary. This institution has been in operation since the year 1821. Near about sixty have gone from this school of the prophets to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and as many destitute regions are now blessed by their labors. Many of them have been the favored instruments of extensive revivals, and hundreds, through their labors, are rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel. Between thirty and forty are now in different stages of preparation for the Gospel ministry, and the prospect of an increase to their numbers is encouraging. While other institutions have had funds to support professors and indigent youth of piety and promise, in this the instruction has been given gratuitously, although the professors were without salaries, and indigent young men sometimes to the amount of thirty have been supported, while the planning for their support, the care and responsibility have fallen on an individual or two. May we not now ask the Christian public to aid an institution that has struggled with poverty and difficulties, and yet has, and is still accomplishing so much? We do ask, through you, and are persuaded the appeal will not be in vain. Another professor is needed, but how shall he be supported? About a year since the P. E. Society received our beneficiaries under their patronage, since which time they have paid one-half the tuition fees, and this is the principal dependence for supporting the two literary professors. Three or four years ago a subscription was taken up to found a Professorship of Didactic and Polemic Theology. Somewhere about $200 of this subscription has been collected, perhaps some more or less; and this is all that has been done for providing any professorship. The first thing aimed at when some funds were obtained was to provide some way for indigent students to contribute to their own support, accordingly a farm was purchased on which there is a boarding-house, and many of our beneficiaries aid themselves by laboring as much as one day in the week on the farm. May the Great Head of the Church direct and prosper you in this work.

By order of the Board.

Alex. McGhee, Chairman.

Samuel Pride, Clerk.

Note—The institution has two buildings, one for the accommodation of theological students, the other for literary students. The library contains about 5,000 volumes. Mr. Brown is expected to act as an agent. You and he will confer together as to the field of your respective operations. It is perhaps better to do the work of an agent well on a small field than to take a large field, where there will be no opportunity to do much except barely bring the subject before the people.

Maryville, October 15, 1828.

Eli N. Sawtell reports to the Directors of the Southwestern Theological Seminary that since April, 1826, he has traveled, in behalf of the institution, upwards of seven thousand miles; that although such were the pressing calls for other objects, and the pledges given to other institutions, that little or nothing could be done in many places, yet he has never failed to present the object and excite in the minds of the people, as far as he was able, an interest in behalf of the Seminary, and obtained such pledges of future patronage as will secure the final success of the institution, if a charter can be obtained and the Seminary continues worthy of public confidence.

He further reports that he has received, in donations, $1,335.79½, and $1,000 in subscription, which was transferred to Mr. Hardin's book; that out of this sum he has paid $396.12½ for traveling expenses, including $28.50, which he paid for boarding

himself and Rev. Mr. Niles, while the latter gave his assistance in collecting books.

He further reports that, as much of the money was given to procure a library, and as he aimed principally at this, when he found that large sums could not be obtained; that he has paid out the following sums for the following things, namely: . . .

He further reports that he has kept no correct account of the books he has collected; that he found it impossible from the circumstance, that he often preached in a town, explained his object, and made an appeal to the people in behalf of a library, and then left it with some man to receive the books, pack them and forward them on, while he would be gone to another place.

He would further report that, as his agency has not been as successful as he could have wished and anticipated, and as he has spent some time laboring in revivals, and thus remaining longer in places than his agency required, and inasmuch as the Seminary is in its infancy and in need of all the funds that can be obtained, therefore shall make out no charges against the Seminary, but wish the Directors to accept his feeble labors to build up the Seminary as a gift. He also returns his commission, hoping it will be put into better hands, and wishing prosperity and success to attend every effort to build up this school of the prophets.

Eli N. Sawtell, Agent.

N. B.—In addition to what I have paid out, you will find inclosed a bill of $20.02¾ against the Seminary, which I settled in Baltimore just before I left there.

REAL LIFE VS. FICTION.

The shipwrecked mariner had just arrived on the far-away island, and the natives were gathering around clamoring to give him the cordial welcome which they had given so many of his predecessors, i. e., a frying pan. He looked at the gathering crowd with a despairing gaze, and as he thought of home and loved ones a tear crept down his cheek. Suddenly a happy thought struck him squarely in the brain. Stepping forward toward the clamoring multitude, he cried out in an impressive tone: "Wait ye, men. I shall give you a sign that I am a magician greater than all others. At the hour of noon to-day darkness will come upon all the earth." The crowd drew back in awe, and awaited with dread the fulfillment of the prophecy. As the hour of noon drew gradually nearer the scene became an impressive one. On one side stood the dusky natives, anxious, shouting, eager for the feast. On the other side stood the fair-haired Captain, apparently not so eager for the feast, but smiling as he thought of the almanac he had studied and the eclipse that was about to occur. The hour arrived and departed. The sun shone steadily down all the time without cessation, the crowd smacked its collective lip, and the Captain discovered, with ill-concealed sorrow, that he was a year behind time. That night no one in the camp went hungry.

Moral: You can not be too particular when there is anything to eat in question.

He was condemned to die an ignominious death; to suffer the penalty himself for the crime of another. The sympathetic crowd had gathered around the scaffold to watch the man so unjustly condemned—take his leave of life. Everything had been made ready to be adjusted. The Sheriff stepped up and asked in an impressive tone, "Charles Eldridge, have you anything to say for yourself?" "Nothing," answered the stern, sad voice of the prisoner. "Then prepare to die." He adjusted the cap and turned to the lever which was to hurl this innocent man into the jaws of eternity. A glad shout comes up from the crowd around, "A reprieve, a reprieve."

The officer looks. Dashing along on a foam-flecked horse, comes a man waving his hand and yelling at the top of his voice.

The voices of the waiting crowd break out into a shout of joy as they wait for his announcement. The look of hope on the face of the prisoner, from whose head the black cap has been removed, is intense. "Go ahead," calls out the rider to the sheriff, "I just wanted to get here in time to see the hanging."

Reginald Beauford Douglas, of New York, had been in the small country town only a few days, and had already made many enemies, simply because of his captivation of the fair sex of the village. Plots against him were numerous, and it was no unwelcome surprise one day when the village bully stepped up and asked him to fight. "I will," said Reginald in a firm tone. The ring was quickly formed, and the two men took their places. They were a strangely contrasted pair. The enormous bully, towering over his puny antagonist, glanced down at him with a contemptuous expression. The scion of a noble race looked up at his big adversary with a knowing, confident smile, thinking of what blue blood and science would do, for he had been a noted college athlete, and had taken boxing lessons. "All ready," shouted the referee. There was a rush, a cloud of dust, a thunder-clap, and all was over. As they carried to his hotel, on a shutter, the fragments of what had been a happy, lovable youth, and applied a raw beefsteak to one fair eye, his lips slowly moved, and bending low, they could hear him softly murmur, "Didn't know it was loaded."

Moral: It is not always science that wins.

HON. ALFRED TAYLOR.

The event of the commencement week will be the Senior Class lecture by Hon. "Alf" Taylor, who is known all over the South. His reputation was made by his campaign against his brother for the gubernatorial election. As an orator he has no equal on the lecture platform, and the graduating class is especially fortunate in securing him to deliver his famous lecture, "Poetry and Pearls." The Greenville (S. C.) paper says: "Alf Taylor is a logician, a philosopher, an orator and a poet. On the lecture platform he has no superior." The Nashville Banner: "'Poetry and Pearls' is visibly the successful effort of a master mind."

HON. ALFRED TAYLOR.

De Soto (La.) News: "In sentiment, pathos and in bright flights of fancy he is the equal of his famous brother, Governor Bob Taylor."

All who avail themselves of the opportunity presented will have an evening of enjoyment.

WHY?

When matron and maid turn aside from a youth,
And never invite him to Baldwin,
It may be a whim,
Perhaps it's a sin?
But it's truly significant warnin',
That wisdom and love
Are looking above,
And beyond the sphere of his callin';
And if he is wise,
He'll endeavor to rise
To the standard required at Baldwin.

ALUMNI AND EX-STUDENTS.

Roger S. Boardman, '96, is Assistant Principal of the Oklahoma Presbyterian Academy at Newkirk, Oklahoma. In a recent letter he says: "The inhabitants of Oklahoma are all immigrants, so to speak, and you never can tell when you will run across old acquaintances. Maryville College has long had its representatives in the territory. Rev. W. E. Graham, '91, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Oklahoma City, and last year Rev. J. Q. Durfey, '93, was located at Norman. While visiting Mr. Graham last fall we came across, in the streets of Oklahoma City, Gus McDonald, a former student, who is in business in the city. Mr. Graham told me of other Maryville boys who had come to the Territory. One of them is Mr. Sherrod, who teaches only two miles from Newkirk.

"Oklahomans are eager to have the Territory take its place in the Union as the forty-sixth State. Its population has reached nearly 400,000. It produced, last year, 20,000,000 bushels of wheat and 1,000,000 head of cattle.

"Oklahoma, of course, like most places on the earth, has some drawbacks. We have not had any actual cyclones yet, though there is no telling when we may have; but we have had winds which blew with such force that you have to assume the position of the leaning tower of Pisa and walk along that way. If there is a sudden lull in the wind you are apt to take a tumble."

Charles M. Alexander is doing a remarkable work, in company with Evangelist Milan B. Williams, in the West. A late copy of a paper published at Hiawatha, Kan., contains an account of these revival services at Tarkio, Kan., with 562 conversions, and at Hiawatha with 600 conversions. We quote from the paper which contains a full account of Mr. Alexander's life and work the following:

"He was educated in Maryville College—the formal education of books and tutors. But the training of the heart had begun long before the furnishing of the mind. Who that has heard him sing 'Mother's Way,' or "My Mother's Bible' needs to be told that somewhere in a little Tennessee home there was a Christian mother molding by love and prayer and precept the character of this boy whom God had chosen for one of his chosen ministers of melody? . . .

"Mr. Williams often says now that he would not know what to do without Alexander, and he is indeed a large part of the meeting. Prominent in every detail, he is able to touch the work at every point, and while considered by all who know him as the prince of conductors, his genial way and gentle manners win all for his friends. His intense spirituality makes him a power with all classes, and his young people's meetings mold the lives of the young for great good. It was he who first suggested the organization of systematic Bible teaching, with a teacher to follow up the work, which has become such an important as well as unique feature in the Williams and Alexander meetings."

The New York Sun publishes the following account of the power and permanency of the extraordinary revival at Hiawatha.

"Topeka, Kan., April 20.—The Judge of the District Court, when he visits Hiawatha, the county seat of Brown County, on Monday, will find no criminal cases on the docket. Heretofore, from twenty to forty of these cases are tried at every term. In January a great religious revival was held at Hiawatha, and 600 persons were converted. Since that time no dances have been held, two shows have been frozen out and the Police Judge has only had three trials in as many months.

"Hiawatha is a town of 5,000 people. There is not a place in the town where liquors are kept for sale. Druggist Smith, who had been selling whisky and beer contrary to law for a dozen years, was one

of the first to be converted. He fixed an hour when he would publicly destroy all the liquors in his store. Several barrels of whisky, a half dozen cases of beer and other liquor were turned into the gutters, after which Smith led in a prayer and song service."

SENIOR NOTES.

A vacation of one week was enjoyed by the class, from March 15 to 24. On March 22 the class tree, a maiden hair, was planted, and the following program rendered:

Oration—"Our Senior Textbooks"...
Miss Alexander
"Burning of Porter's Psychology"—
Funeral oration ..... Mr. Bartlett
Class History ..... Mr. Tracy
Class Prophecy ..... Mr. North
Planting of the Class Tree—Oration..
Mr. Hammontree

An excursion to Knoxville was enjoyed by the class April 1. Eight Seniors composed the party. On the way from the depot to the photographer's gallery North and Biljo were lost from the crowd, but soon turned up, having visited a clothing store during their absence.

After an exchange of collars, ties, etc., we all managed to have our photographs taken without breaking the camera. While at the gallery a message was received from Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage inviting us to call on him. After some hesitation we accepted, and were shown into the parlors, where the Doctor was anxiously awaiting us. Tracy arrived somewhat late, as he had stopped to speak to Miss Talmage. Bartlett acted as master of ceremonies, and explained to Dr. Talmage the glories of Maryville. We were all taken for theological students by our host, who was to give a lecture in the city that evening. As we arranged for dinner elsewhere we could not accept the Doctor's invitation at the Imperial, but enjoyed ourselves at another hotel. After music by the Senior Chorus, we were treated to candy filled with cotton, red pepper, etc. At dinner we were interviewed by a newspaper man, who took us for the "Devil's Auction" Opera Company.

The afternoon was rainy, but all enjoyed themselves. Bartlett, Biljo and Bright staid at the hotel with the young ladies, who could not have been very entertaining, for Bright was heard to say that "he hated nothing more than waiting for a train."

Bewley spent the afternoon in the library, and Tracy called on his rector, who was not at home, but some one must have been there, for John staid all the evening. Mac and North visited the University. It was a tired crowd that rolled into Maryville that night, but all had spent a pleasant day in Knoxville.

The program of commencement week:

Sunday, May 26, 10:30 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, President Boardman.
Sunday, May 26, 7 P. M.—Address before Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.
Monday, May 27, 10:30 A. M.—Undergraduate exercises.
Monday, May 27, 7:30 P. M.—Annual exhibition of Adelphic Union.
Tuesday, May 28, 10:00 A.M.—Meeting of Board of Directors.
Tuesday, May 28, 10:30 A.M.—Undergraduate exercises.
Tuesday, May 28, 2 P.M.—Class day exercises.
Tuesday, May 28, 7:30 P. M.—Lecture, "Poetry and Pearls," Hon. Alfred Taylor.
Wednesday, May 29, 9 A. M.—Commencement.
Wednesday, May 29, 7:30 P. M.—Annual meeting of Alumni.

Evolution, quoth the monkey,
Maketh all mankind our kin,
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose and heads we win.
—College Review.

Maryville College Monthly.

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ATHENIAN, - - ARTHUR E. SIMERLY
BAINONIAN, - - MARY LENA HASTINGS
ALPHA SIGMA, - JOSEPH S. CALDWELL
THETA EPSILON, - - - MALLIE GAMBLE
Y. M. C. A., - - - THOMAS MAGUIRE
ATHLETICS, - - - JOHN E. TRACY
ALUMNI, - - - - JOHN W. RITCHIE
BUSINESS MANAGER, - FREDERIC L. WEBB

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

The Catalogue. Advanced sheets of the College Catalogue, which will soon appear, show no marked changes in the curriculum, as the group system of studies has worked well during the past year. Commencement occurs on the last Wednesday of May instead of the last Thursday, as heretofore. The Senior Class numbers thirteen, two more than the graduating class last year. The total enrollment is 389 students. A list of all the graduates, with their addresses, would be a useful addition to the catalogue, and more engravings would give strangers a better idea of our apparatus and buildings.

A Criticism. In the student life of Maryville there is of late a growing tendency to take the holy and sacred things of Scripture, and use them as vehicles for exciting a laugh. The stream of mimicry does not flow from the non-religious students; but from those who are supposed to be the exponents of Christianity.

This year our literary societies have listened to several papers which, if they had been read before a body of earnest Christians, would have been justly resented, and their readers condemned. Some recitations in the college chapel have been of such a character as to shock a few good religious people of Maryville, and on a recent occasion a funny (?) plan of the temple was pasted on one of the college walls.

We can not think that the students guilty of this practice realize the disastrous results that must follow in its wake.

Doubtless the evil has grown through thoughtlessness, and needs but little effort to suppress it.

Laughter has for its wings wit and humor, and he who causes its flight "makes his kind of happier mind," but we should never seek its freedom at the expense of religion. To make laughter fly trailing religion in the mud is to encumber its own progress, and soil all that is lovely and beautiful.

"What the lips doth lightly utter
The heart doth lightly hold."

An Appeal. The General Assembly, at its meeting in May last, resolved to ask the churches to raise a special memorial fund, to be known as the Twentieth Century Fund for the endowment of Presbyterian institutions and other purposes.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the College it was decided that an appeal should be made for Maryville College, in connection with this movement, for $100,000 additional endowment, and $10,000 for a scholarship fund, to be used in paying tuition for needy and deserving students.

This is a wise and timely action, for, although some efforts have been lately made in behalf of the Science Department and Lamar Library, a systematic campaign ought to be inaugurated to increase the college endowment.

The mere publishing in the religious press of this appeal will not accomplish probably very much, but if this is followed with personal solicitations by an authorized agent of the College, there are two good

reasons for believing that the effort will be successful.

First, this is pre-eminently a period of benefactions to educational institutions, not only by such men as Carnegie, Pearson and Rockefeller, but by many others who are undoubtedly influenced by their example. Almost every week the press contains such announcements as these:

"Carroll College unexpectedly receives $20,000 for a library fund."

"Tusculum College secures $20,000 for a girls' dormitory."

"Carson and Newman College has almost raised $100,000."

In the second place, Maryville College has done, and is doing, such a great work in advancing Christian education in the land that it can very easily establish its claim upon the wise and discriminating givers in our Church. We hope that the Board of Directors, at their meeting, will emphasize this action of the Executive Committee by taking such steps as will make it effective.

ANALYSIS OF WATER FROM THE NEW COLLEGE WELL.

A quantitative chemical analysis of the water in the College well, which is 148 feet deep, has just been made.

The sanitary and technic examinations of the water gave the following results:

Condition—Very clear.

Reaction—Neutral (to slightly acid).

Total Solid Residue—169 parts per million, or 9.8527 grains per U. S. gallon.

Inorganic Solids—129 parts per million, or 7.5207 grains per U. S. gallon.

Organic Solids—40 parts per million, or 2.3320 grains per U. S. gallon.

Chlorine—1.32 parts per million.

Free Ammonia—.008 part per million.

Albuminoid Ammonia—.023 part per million.

Nitrogen as Nitrates—None.

Nitrogen as Nitrites—None.

Hardness—18.49.

Calcium—38.9 milligrams per litre.

Silica—9.6 milligrams per litre.

Magnesium—Trace.

Chemically pure water is an artificial product. It is obtained only by distillation, and as all water from running streams, springs, wells and cisterns contain solid residue, and elements in solution, it becomes necessary, in analyzing water, to determine the amount and nature of the solid residue, and the elements in solution.

An interpretation of the results:

The calcium and magnesium are present as the acid carbonates of these metals, and give to the water its hardness, and a slightly acid reaction. The small amount of ammonia shows that it belongs to what are classed as "organically pure waters." The very low percentage of chlorine shows that it is not contaminated by any decaying animal matter, and the solid residue is principally inorganic.

Tests were made for barium, iron, zinc, copper, lead, and other poisonous metals, but a concentrated sample of the water gave no tests for any of these poisonous metals.

April 29, 1901. A. F. Gilman.

ATHLETICS.

Our baseball season opened on April 5 with a defeat. The team was composed, for the most part, of new material, and this first game was largely a test one for team membership. The game was with the usual strong team from the Porter Academy, at Wildwood, and was close enough to be exciting all the way through, ending with the score of 9 to 12.

Our pitchers, Newman and Duncan, were both tried, and both did excellent work, although Newman was a trifle wild in the sixth inning, when the opponents made four of their runs. The feature of the game were Houston's home-run drive

over the right field fence, and the fielding of Murphy. The players and positions were as follows:

Maryville.		Wildwood.
Henry	C	J. Keeble
Duncan	P	Dunn
Newman	P	———
Susong	1b	J. McLeer
Bartlett	2b	Murphy
Disney	3b	Peery
Ruble	SS	Houston
Murphy	L. F.	E. Keeble
Barnard	C. F.	A. McTeer
Tracy	R. F.	Waters

The second game of the series was played on our diamond on April 16, and our boys were this time able to turn the tables and bat out a victory. Wildwood presented the same team, but some changes were made for Maryville. McSpadden and Sparks being substituted for Murphy and Ruble Duncan pitched the game throughout, and held the hard-hitting visitors down nicely, being accorded excellent support. The home team had put in a hard week's practice since the previous defeat, and put up an excellent game, being especially strong at the bat.

Score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Maryville	1	1	1	4	4	6	0	0	2	—19
Wildw'd..	0	0	3	0	3	3	0	0	1	—10

The last game of the series was to be played at Wildwood on April 19, but was postponed on account of rain.

Mr. Gamble was unable to push through the Legislature his bill taking the license tax off college athletic parks, and so our baseball will have to be maintained entirely by contribution for some time. We trust that it will not be many years till an athletic park can be erected somewhere on the campus, and a small athletic fee be required of all students at matriculation to pay the running expenses.

May 17 has been named as the date for the annual field day, and it is hoped that a good number of entries will be made. The track team will be coached by Professor Gilman, a member of the Amherst track team in '97, and it is expected that some of our records will be broken this spring. Under the new rules adopted by the Athletic Association, entries can be made for any and all events, but a man can take prizes in only three events, which he must announce as his choice before participating in them. The all-around athletic medal will be given to the man taking the most first prizes, and in case of a tie it is to be given to the man breaking the most records. These rules have been adopted to induce men to try for records and to prevent a few men from capturing every event, and worked very successfully last year. Entries must be made by May 12, and are free to members of the Athletic Association, who have paid their dues. All other students will be charged twenty-five cents to enter for all events, or twenty-five cents for each entry if made after May 12.

STANDING RECORDS OF THE COLLEGE.

Putting 16-lb. Shot—36 feet 4 inches, Joe L. Jones.

Throwing 16-lb. Hammer—78 feet 2 inches, J. N. Davis.

Pole Vault—8 feet 10 inches, T. W. Belk.

Throwing Baseball—117 yards, Donald McDonald.

40-yards Dash—5 seconds, W. S. Green, Donald McDonald.

100-yards Dash—10½ seconds, E. M. King.

440-yards Dash—56 seconds, J. L. Jones.

Mile Run—4 minutes, 40 seconds, R. G. Levering.

Standing High Jump—4 feet 6 inches, T. W. Belk.

Standing Broad Jump—10 feet 5¼ inches, T. W. Belk.

Standing Hop, Step and Jump—30 feet 10 inches, R. K. Beatty.

Standing Three Jumps—31 feet 3 inches, T. W. Belk.

Running High Jump—5 feet 1 inch, J. B. Jones.

Running Broad Jump—19 feet 6½ inches, George A. Malcom.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—42 feet ½ inch, T. W. Belk.

High Kick—8 feet 8½ inches, R. K. Beatty.

Y. M. C. A.

A sunrise prayer meeting was held on Easter morning in the auditorium of Bartlett Hall. In charge of Will Keeble, the meeting was thrown open for prayer and praise to the many members assembled. To those on College Hill Sabbath days are ever full of holy joys, but on that Easter morning God filled our cup to overflowing. Everybody present sounded a note of triumphant praise. Our hearts burned within us as He talked to us by the way.

Mr. S. Waters Magill paid our association a visit on April 6. After meeting the Cabinet in conference, Mr. Magill addressed members on the subject, "Why I Believe in the Y. M. C. A." We were much encouraged and helped by the State Secretary's visit, and are now taking to heart some of his advice in making plans for sending delegates to the summer school at Asheville.

One of the best lectures ever given in the College chapel was that delivered March 28 by Miss Gwendolyn Clark on behalf of Bartlett Hall. Her subject was "An Illustrated Lecture on Music." Instructive, elevating and entertaining, the lecture called forth frequent bursts of applause from a large and appreciative audience. The lecture brought in fifteen dollars to the Treasurer, and this amount goes towards furnishing the parlor of Bartlett Hall. We extend our heartiest thanks to Miss Clark for the financial help, and especially for her brilliant lecture, which, we understand, she has been asked to repeat by the M. E. Church, Maryville.

Y. W. C. A.

The college prayer meeting, on April 2, was conducted by the Y. W. C. A. In compliance with the urgent request of the girls, Mrs. Clemmons presided. The topic, "The Reasonableness of the Demands of Christianity," was presented in an introductory and general way by the leader. It was then discussed in four phases: "The Reasonableness of Christianity demands that we, like Christ, crucify evil," by Miss Stebbins; "That we have Christ's character in the heart," by Miss Williams; "That we have Christ's altruism," by Miss Post; and "That we have Christ's devotion to the Father," by Miss Johnston. The Y. W. C. A. quartet furnished special music.

The topic considered on April 21 was "Our Brother's Keeper." Miss Hastings, the leader, had previously arranged a very helpful service. Mrs. McCulloch spoke of a girl's responsibility in the home, and of the influence it is her privilege to exert over her brothers. Mrs. Armstrong spoke of the power a girl may wield in behalf of temperance by taking a definite and determined stand for that cause. These talks were very practical, and especially timely, as we shall so soon re-enter our homes, and be again with our brothers. And we feel that, inspired by this meeting, we shall be better able to be a help to them.

The work in the Mission Study Class is interesting and instructive.

One helpful feature of all our meetings is the number of prayers offered by the members. Miss Barton, Chairman of the Music Committee, has been called home, and Miss Franklin is very efficiently filling her place.

The Adrian World has opened an original prize-story contest for Adrian alumni. The first published story by a '96-er in the February issue is quite readable.

BAINONIAN NOTES.

April 5 was the Bainonian's Reciprocity evening. Members of the Chillhowee, the Theta Epsilon, the Clover Leaf and the Golden Rule were visitors.

After a few words of welcome by the Bainonian President, the following program was carried out:

Recitation—Nancy Gardiner.
Recitation—Maud Bright.
Essay—Lois Alexander.
Dialogue—Four girls.
Essay—Leola Landon.
Current events.
The Bainonian—Helen Post.

The dialogue entitled "Clubs" was bright, to the point and well given.

Another interesting occasion was a Longfellow evening. First was an essay on the life and work of the poet. A well-written review of "Evangeline" was given. Readings from "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and "Hiawatha," together with recitations, completed the program.

THETA EPSILON.

The officers elected for the spring term are as follows:

President—Mayme Malcom.
Vice President—Mollie Jones.
Secretary—Eva Alexander.
Treasurer—Cora McCulloch.

A great deal of interest has been manifested in society work this term, and since the first of the year twenty new members have been taken in.

The meetings have been well attended, and the programs very interesting. Some of the best recitations listened to were delivered by Irene Bewley, Grace Leatherwood and Cora Howard.

On April 12 the following well-prepared program was carried out:

Recitation—Mollie Jones.
Pen Picture—Blanche Weisgerber.
Recitation—Annie McCulloch.
Select Reading—Loduska Harned.
Juvenal—Belle Gray.

DEBATE.

Resolved, That Chinese emigration should be prohibited. Affirmative, Beulah Anderson, Lizzie Walker; negative, Kate Rippetoe and Ada Hammontree.

The debate was especially interesting, and showed careful preparation.

On April 19 Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" was reviewed, and sketches of the following stories were given:

"Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Mamie Stebbins.
"Widow and Her Son," Phronia Gamble.
"Westminster Abbey," Cora Howard.
"Rip Van Winkle," Maude Yates.

The Theta Epsilon Society was well represented at the Bainonian Reciprocity Day, and all report a very pleasant evening.

"VEXINATION."

He gripped his arm and bent his head,
Then to the maid beside him said:
"Thet 'orrid vexination law
Will never do fer paw and maw."

And she replied, "I think you'll find
'Twas only meant for human kind,
'Twould vex a beast without just cause
To scratch and vaccinate its paws."

RECEPTION AT BALDWIN.

One of the most charming social events of this month was the reception given by Mrs. Clemmons and the Baldwin girls on April 18.

The parlor and music-room were thrown together by opening the wide doors, and both rooms were made attractive and home-like by pictures, photographs and flowers. Mrs. Clemmons and Miss Clark received the guests and made each one feel at ease.

When all had arrived conversation was assisted by each one's trying to guess what noted name was pinned on his back from the remarks of those who could see. After that little bags, each containing thirty beans, were distributed. If one inadvertently answered "Yes" or "No" to any

question, he forfeited one bean. Much merriment arose from the clever questions and the efforts not to use the forbidden words.

Prizes were awarded to the two having the largest and the smallest number of beans at the end of the game.

At 10 the guests were invited to the dining-room, where they partook of delightful refreshments. The tables were beautifully decorated with apple blossoms and foliage.

Every one so fortunate as to be present agreed that Mrs. Clemmons and the Baldwin girls are the best of entertainers.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

The High School Monthly, from Skaneateles, N. Y., is a new but enterprising periodical.

One of the prize orations of the Albany College contest appears as leading article in the Student.

"The Passing of a Nation" is a vigorous article on the old Confederacy, in the Davidson Magazine.

The Wheaton College Record's valentine number was the most stunning paper that has found its way to our table for a long time.

The Dickerson Library Monthly and William and Mary Magazine, as usual, come in laden with literary productions of exceptional high quality. Both take high rank among our Southern magazines for the large amount of poems from the pens of students.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine presents a very tasty appearance, and contains a number of good storyettes and essays.

The inaugural number of the Knox Student is a fine issue, and deals with the life of the college.

The Pegasus is out with an artistic and striking new cover that adds much to the magazine.

Other exchanges received, and for which we extend thanks, are the Aurora, Wilmingtonian, Alfred University Monthly, the Reveille, Doane Owl, Black and Red, Nutshell, Egypti, Stetson Collegiate, Milton Review, the Oaklandite and U. of T. Magazine.

F. L. W., '02.

EXCHANGES.

About fifty different institutions are represented at our exchange table by their student publications this month.

In each of the received magazines of the new century we see with pleasure many improvements, and extend hearty congratulations.

Glad to see the academies and high schools sending in such credible publications. "The Tech," "Observer," "Egypti," "Catholic H. S. Journal," "Racquet" and some others of equal merit are setting a pace that some colleges could well follow.

We welcome the return of the "Gray Jacket." Blacksburg issues one of the best magazines in the South.

The Carolian gives us a strong number this month.

ME AN' MA AN' PA.

We was sittin' on the porch, me an' ma;
She was singin', an' I tried to sing like pa;
Course I couldn't get so low
Life pa allus makes it go,
But we done it pretty good, me an' ma.

We staid out till it got dark, ma an' me,
Till the bats come out a-dodgin' 'round the tree;
Sooner listen to ma sing
As most any other thing,
We know lots er good old songs, ma an' me.

So we kept a-sittin' there, ma an' me,
An' I put my head up snug 'gainst her knee,
An' she jest went singin' on
Till the stars lit one by one,
An' the moon come out to see, ma an' me.

Guess I must er went asleep close to ma,
Jest got tired a-lookin' straight at a star;
I heard ma a-singin' slow,
Some one else was singin' low,
An' when I woke up I seen ma an' pa.

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THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Competent and experienced instructors give their entire time to this department, while a number of the professors of the College department give a portion of their time to it.

EXPENSES.

The endowment of $250,000 reduces the expenses to low figures. The tuition is only $6.00 per term or $12.00 per year. Room rent in Baldwin Hall (for young ladies) and Memorial Hall (for young men) is only $3.00 per term, or $6.00 per year. Heat bill, $3.00 per term. Electric lights, 20 cents per month. Instrumental music at low rates. BOARD AT CO-OPERATIVE BOARDING CLUB ONLY ABOUT $1.25 PER WEEK. Young ladies may reduce even this cost by work in the club. In private families board is from $2.00 to $2.50. Other expenses are correspondingly low.

Total expenses, $75.00 to $125.00 per year.

The next term opens January 2, 1901.

For Catalogues, Circulars, or other information, address

MAJ. BEN. CUNNINGHAM, *Registrar*, MARYVILLE, TENN.

*Absent on leave in the interest of the Science Department. †Absent on leave in Germany.

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOLUME III. MARYVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1901. NUMBER 8.

THE FACULTY AND BUILDINGS OF MARYVILLE COLLEGE.

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF PRESIDENT.

The past year has been one of general prosperity, but the President is not now in a condition to give exact details. They may, however, be learned from the Business Manager and from other sources.

Amid our unusual multiplicity of cares, the health of the President was quite broken down in February; and, although he has heard the Senior Class till near the close of the term, he has not been able to discharge full duties.

The President hereby resigns the office which he has held with the greatest interest for twelve years. This was his plan, if he should be spared so long, when he accepted the position.

In this connection he wishes to renew the expression of his deepest affection for the directors, faculty and students, and also to the Presbytery of Union and the Synod of Tennessee, under whose care the College has always existed and done its great work. The President came to the College in 1889 under very deep spiritual impressions. His election seemed to him to be in an eminent degree a call from God. We had been previously almost unknown to each other. The early deep consecration of the institu-

tion as a theological seminary, its especial service in raising up ministers and missionaries, and the very frequent and powerful revivals of religion prevailing here lent a peculiar charm to an invitation to this field of labor. The breadth, catholicity and benevolence of its spirit added greatly to its attractiveness. All denominations and races were made welcome. Japan, China, Syria, Palestine, Greece, Mexico and the American Indians have furnished us students, as well as every class of our own population, to the present time. I have had the pleasure of seeing my own children among the students from the first to the last day of my administration.

The blessing of God had been upon us in a most wonderful manner during these twelve years. We came abounding in the spirit of prayer and supplication. Our hopes and plans have been more than fulfilled, chiefly as far as material agencies are concerned, through the Fayerweather legacy. Six new buildings, the heating apparatus, two provisions for water, the elaborate platting of the grounds, the great improvement of the campus, new teachers, enlarged and improved courses of studies, students increased to an annual average of 400—all these have seemed to me like one large chart of answered prayer. The first words I heard at morning prayers in the chapel, February 8, 1889, were, "Revive thy work, O Lord." Those words have sounded in my ears as expressing much of the spirit of Maryville College ever since. Faculty and teachers and a large majority of the students have been in a good measure a unit in desire and efforts to promote such revivals and secure the constant growth of the kingdom of God.

The great and general harmony of the faculty in all respects has been an occasion for profound gratitude to God. It will hereafter be, so long as life lasts, my deep and earnest desire to promote so far as I am able the welfare of Maryville College; to secure the increase of its funds, its influence and its honor; and to bear it constantly in my affections and prayer, with the hope of hearing of its constant increase in prosperity. In conclusion allow me to bid the Board of Directors and all connected with the College an affectionate farewell.

Samuel W. Boardman, President.

New York City, May 21, 1901.

SYNOPSIS OF ANNUAL REPORT OF COLLEGE.

PERMANENT FUNDS.

Endowment Proper.

Amount last year		$247,364 19
		$247,364 19
Notes secured by first mortgage		$211,810 00
Subscription notes		623 00
Purchase money note		200 00
Knoxville City bond		500 00
Land, Hale place		1,600 00
Smith Fund, invested in Wisconsin Central Railway—		
Bonds	$15,000 00	
Stock	15,000 00	30,000 00
Cash in treasury		16 08
Overdrawn last year		1,129 27
Overdrawn this year		1,485 84
		$247,364 19

The present condition of the income on the above:

Active and bearing 6 per cent. per annum, paid promptly	$197,883 00
Bearing interest at 6 per cent., but payment suspended by reason of litigation and settlements of estates	15,250 00
Land yielding a standing rental	1,600 00
Active, bearing 4 per cent. per annum	15,000 00
Unyielding, railway stock	15,000 00
Overdrafts	2,615 11
Cash in treasury	16 08
Total	$247,364 19

Campus, Grounds and Buildings.

The campus and adjacent grounds consist of 232 acres, originally costing		$ 8,568 00
Improvements on streets, grading and walks		1,250 00
Total		$ 9,818 00
There are nine buildings, costing		$ 87,500 00
Outbuildings added this year		250 00
Total		$ 87,750 00
Water supply improvements cost		$ 2,500 00
Well bored this year, 148 feet deep, cost		200 00
Total		$ 2,700 00
Grand total		$100,268 00

GENERAL EXPENSE.

Received from—

Interest on notes		$12,723 14
Heat	$ 372 00	
Light	185 00	
Rooms	339 00	
Music	323 75	
Tuition	3,210 66	—4,430 41
Diplomas		45 00
Loan expense		802 00
Picked up		119 69
Pasture		56 50
Rents		265 92
Prepaid		90
Science Department		331 05
Total		$18,774 61
Overdrawn		1,485 84
		$20,260 45

Disbursed to—

Annuity		$ 399 84
Advertising		75 85
Clerical Assistance		21 90
Campus		364 80
College Monthly		167 75
Committee-co-racial		20 95
Dray		13 65
Evangelistic		54 35
Executive Committee		39 65
Fuel		959 96
Freights		70 05
Gymnasium		48 20
Insurance		268 80
Lights		539 55
Library Work		18 50
Matron		6 65
Miscellaneous		567 16
Postage		56 95
Printing		221 95
Repairs		1,433 56
Rents		8 00
Revenue		22 00
Refund		125 35
Stationery		35 47
Sanitary		71 70
Salaries		12,945 00
Sweeping		110 51
Science Department		796 71
Supplies		294 83
Taxes		419 95
Telephone		31 01
Y. M. C. A. Secretary		49 85
		$20,260 45

There is due from Expense Fund—		
To the Loan Library Fund, on last year		$ 433 89
To Endowment Fund last year	$1,129 27	
To Endowment Fund this year	1,485 84	—2,615 11
Total		$3,049 00
There is due to the Expense Fund—		
On one of the old notes, in litigation		$4,617 00
On other notes in litigation		795 00
Rents on Hale lands		145 00
Sale of Typewriters		26 75
		$5,583 75

CASH BALANCE.

Endowment	$ 16 08
Carson W. Adams, Permanent	200 00
Lamar Library, Permanent	800 86

Loan Library	178	10
Bartlett Hall	1,537	49
Laundry	270	75
J. G. Craighead, Int.	38	39
George Henry Bradley, Int.	25	00
Lamar Library, Int.	13	88
	$3,080	55
In Bank	$3,043	91
In Till	36	64
	$3,080	55

Respectfully submitted,
BEN. CUNNINGHAM, Treasurer.
May 20, 1901.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The Trustees of Maryville College met in Science Hall on Tuesday, May 28, 1901. The following members were present: Rev. W. H. Lyle, D.D., Dandridge; Rev. A. J. Coile, Knoxville; Rev. W. H. Franklin, Rogersville; Rev. J. M. Alexander, Rockford; Rev. E. A. Elmore, D.D., Chattanooga; Rev. R. L. Bachman, D.D., Knoxville; Rev. J. H. McConnell, Maryville; Rev. J. N. McGinley, New Market; Rev. W. A. Ervin, Rockford; Rev. Nathan Bachman, D.D., Sweetwater; Hon. W. A. McTeer, Maryville; W. B. Minnis, New Market; A. R. McBath, Esq., Rockford; Joseph A. Muecke, Kingston; Rev. C. A. Duncan, D.D., Knoxville; Rev. J. W. C. Willoughby, D.D., New Decatur; Rev. Charles Marston, Maryville; Rev. W. R. Dawson, Knoxville; Hon. W. L. Brown, Philadelphia; Colonel John B. Minnis, Knoxville, and Ben Cunningham, Maryville.

The Committee on Co-Education of the Races presented a report which was adopted. (See below.) The Craighead Fund was ordered to be sent to Swift Memorial Institute. It was further ordered that the committee presenting the foregoing report on the co-education of the races confer with the Board of Freedmen of the Presbyterian Church in reference to the foregoing action of this Board as to the funds set apart to be used in connection with the Swift Memorial Institute.

The annual report of President Boardman was received (see below), and the following action taken: The Board of Directors of Maryville College, in regular annual session, in accepting the resignation of President Samuel W. Boardman, D.D., who for the past twelve years has so devotedly and faithfully served the College, hereby gives expression of its high appreciaition of his noble Christian character, his constant and devoted loyalty to the institution, and rejoice that the years of his connection with the College have added a lustrous chapter to the history of the institution. In his decline, by reason of advanced age and physical infirmity, this body extends sympathy, condolences and prayers for his peace and comfort, and in the end that the setting sun with him shall have that peaceful and quiet course that his noble Christian life would lead to, and a glorious entrance into the morning of eternal day, where he shall have his home with the Savior, to whom his long and useful life has led so many young people. The Board of Directors hereby elect Dr. S. W. Boardman Emeritus Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, to receive a salary of $300 per year, provided $5,000 shall be raised as a permanent fund, the income of which shall be kept and used for the payment of any Emeritus Professor elected by this Board.

On recommendation of the Executive Committee, the Board adopted the three-term system, and increased the tuition from $12 to $18 per year, being $6 a term, the terms for the coming year beginning September 4, 1901; January 2, 1902, and March 17, 1902.

On motion, Dr. Samuel T. Wilson was elected President of Maryville College, and a committee, consisting of Dr. C. A. Duncan, Will A. McTeer, Colonel J. B. Minnis and Dr. E. A. Elmore, was appointed to inform Dr. Wilson of his election and make arrangements for his inauguration.

The degree of A.B., in course, was conferred upon the following: Emma Alexander, Maryville; Sara Pearl Andrews, Butler, Pa.; William Thaw Bartlett, Maryville; Luther Boone Bewley, Pate's Hill; Morton Wayne Ervin, Rockwood; William Divine Hammontree, Greenback; Mary Lena Hastings, Maryville; Charles William Henry, Maryville; Thomas Maguire, Manchester, England; Andrew Wade Morton, San Francisco, Cal.; Earl Roswell North, Piqua, O.; John Evarts Tracy, Crossville.

The degree of B.S., in course, upon Samvil Houston Bright, Chuckey City.

The degree of A.M. was conferred upon Clement Earnest Wilson.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. William Henderson Franklin and Rev. David Ayrton Heron.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The work of your Executive Committee has been largely routine, and to keep the endowment safely, securely and actively invested, so that there might be no depreciation of the principal or decrease of the income from it. We are gratified to report that there has been no loss in either the one or the other, and there is not likely to be, if the rules and regulations governing the loaning and collecting of the interest are rigidly complied with and strictly and promptly enforced. All the funds of the institution in our hands are and have been continuously invested at six per cent. The semi-annual interest has been met with more than usual promptness, and the applications for loans are greater than we can supply. . . . The fact, however, confronts you that, with all our vigilance, care and business tact, the income is not equal to the outlay. We need a larger endowment, a curtailment of expenses and a larger revenue from privileges and college benefits. . . . In your Treasurer's financial report we invite your attention to the item of tuition received. We obtained from the same source last year $2,742.50, while this year, with fewer students in attendance, we received $3,210.66, a gain of $468.16. . . .

The erection and installation of a college electric light plant is now in the hands of a building committee, who are obtaining plans and specifications and bids. It will be built and equipped during the vacation and ready for use at the beginning of the fall term.

The well, which was driven 148 feet deep on the campus, is one of the best, if not the very best, of all the investments made last year.

A laundry in connection with the girls' hall, which Mrs. A. A. Wilson has so long, so earnestly and so persistently desired, is making headway. Plans and specifications have been made and are in the hands of a committee, although the funds specially donated for its erection are not yet entirely secured.

The grounds are being beautified by littles, and the buildings kept in repairs, but some extensive and needed work is prohibited by lack of means.

Memorial Hall should be renovated, repaired, and improved from top to bottom this summer, even if many other things are left undone.

As this is a day of benevolent institutions, and especially of large benefactions to colleges, would it not be wise and timely to penetrate the North and Northwest for money, and the South and Southwest for students, by authorized agents, who would make personal appeals for students in one section and for funds in the other, and by these efforts add to the endowment, increase the enrollment and enlarge the work of this historic institution?

In conclusion, the Executive Committee would do injustice to their own feelings were they not to speak in commendatory terms of the attention and devotedness of your Treasurer to the financial interests of the institution. We have had his prompt, efficient and constant co-operation in all our deliberations, and his active efforts to execute the wishes and conform strictly to

the rulings of your committee. While we thus acknowledge his services, we are gratified to report that his salary has been principally paid from fees received in making loans. John B. Minnis, Chairman.
W. R. Dawson, Secretary.

A NIGHT STORM.

Too soon the twilight falls. The starless night
Closes the sunset gates where daylight dies,
While clouds sweep in a surging tide the skies,
And mountain-summits sink from searching sight.
The glimmering vale below lies wrapped in gloom;
No sound, save where the foaming torrents leap
From rocky heights where shadowy pine-trees loom,
And misty shapes rise from the echoing deep.

The warning hush is broken. A fierce blast
Strikes with swift force the slumbering mountain-side,
Crushing the towering forest's stubborn pride,
And crashing boughs from giant oaks are cast.
A flash—a thunder-peal that seems to shake
The rock-ribbed mountain to foundation stone!
For Nature's mighty heart-throbs jar and break
Through these vast rugged heights close to our own.

Slowly the heavy rainfall's deafening roar
Gives place to silence, and the Storm recedes.
With sullen mutterings his ranks he leads—
A dark-cloud army—to night's farthest shore.
Across the sky a silver radiance spreads
Till, like a swelling flood, the light o'erleaps
Those banks of cloud, and swift the moonlight sheds
Its glory where the silent valley sleeps.

A fragrance from the wild azalia blows
Across the shadow-flecked and shimmering light
From banks where laurel leaves are gleaming bright,
And in each coral cup a rainbow glows.
Oh, look not, Love, upon the wreckage cast!
Through yonder new-made rifts the moonlight showers.
The tears of our long night of storms are past,
And all to-morrow's unguessed joys are ours.

Bertha C. Thorne.

CLASS OF 1902.

It's all over for another year. Thanks be!

The examination season passed by without any casualties. Not one of the Class "busted," so a general feeling of rejoicing pervaded all the tribe.

The convocation of the Tribe of Ben Hadad was held at the hospitable home of Major Ben. Cunningham. Since Miss Barton and Miss Ervin were obliged to return to their homes, we have felt that we were but a remnant; but all the remnants were present at the great occasion. There were also present friends of the Class—not a few—who, from their long acquaintance and because of their sympathy with the old Class, were regarded as home folks. The evening upon which the party was held was also historic through the fact that it was the time when the new Senior caps and gowns arrived.

The Junior Class, photographed in the Senior caps and gowns, and the photo exhibited at class-day exercises, created a ripple of merriment in the faculty and undergrad. seats.

The Class of 1902 has had the most delightful fellowship, the one with the other, during the past year. They have enjoyed the friendship and society of their fellows in class, and loyally stood by either. They have gotten close to each others' hearts and formed life friendships. It is hard to say farewell, but it must be said; and now there remains the joy of meeting in the autumn in the old familiar places.

F. L. W. ('02).

CLASS POEM.

List! Seraph sweet and heavenly muse
Their cherished songs and anthems choose;
From Olympia's height, their home of mirth,
They've come to join the sons of earth.

To harp and lute fair mermaids cling,
And mingling with the throngs that sing
Are rippling brooks that laugh and run,
Bright dewdrops sparkling in the sun;

And shimmering lakes that murmur low,
As gentle zephyrs come and go;
And birds that flit from tree to tree
Break forth in songs of jubilee.

Chilhowee shakes his lofty plumes,
And spirits rise from out their tombs;
All, all rejoice, with past and gone
To greet the Class of Nineteen-One.

Proud day for thee, O Maryville!
That nature doth thy lap so fill
With youth and maid who've known thy care,
And breathed the breath of classic air.

But prouder still the first, must be,
Of classes in this century,
To know thy joy with nature thrills,
And heaven approves what earth so wills.

Though nature shows her smiling face,
And academic robes may grace;
Though treasured friends may speak thee fair,
And praise thy gifts, however rare,
Ne'er think the goal is reached and won;
Thy battle great is but begun;
In North and South, from East to West,
Are crowns awaiting thee to wrest.

Commerce seeks her rightful king;
Religion, Art and Science bring
Requests for thee to spend thy skill,
The world to heal of sin and ill.

And heathen cries, in lands afar,
For Christ, the Light, the Morning Star,
Are cries to thee, blest Nineteen-One,
From famished souls grown pale and wan.

The Orient, dark and black as night,
In tears awaits the Morning Light.
Brave Nineteen-One will do its part
To heal her wounded, bleeding heart.

Japan shall know the depths of love,
Inspired, diffused by Him above,
In souls redeemed that to mankind
Give life and body, heart and mind.

Already in the "Golden West"
Thy hand has pitied, soothed and blessed;
Vouchsafed to life a longer span,
And hope revived in suff'ring man.

The Western land, with beaming pride,
The "Golden Gates" has opened wide,
Embraces, rains her honors on
A worthy son of Nineteen-One.

Dear Nineteen-One! thy love must grow,
Then all the world thy fame shall know.
The day whereon thy name was born
Shall never turn a lip to scorn.

But hearts aglow with honest pride,
Adown the centuries, far and wide,
Shall proudly hail thy natal day,
Thy name exalt, and homage pay.

And now farewell! dear Maryville!
The future, whether fair or ill,
Can never pluck this treasured hour
From hearts of love, fond mem'ry's bower.

This sweet sad hour, eventful year,
When what we prize and hold most dear

Fades from our sight, as ships at sea,
New lands suggest that are to be.

As parted lovers, lost a while,
Their trysting place remember, smile,
So we, who leave these classic halls,
To fill that sphere where duty calls,

Shall ne'er forget thy honored voice
Of faithful counsel, rich and choice,
Thy winsome smile, that scattered care,
Inspired our hearts, made all things fair.

And hope shall live, and love shall bless,
When mem'ry of thy fond caress
Reminds the soul to drink its fill
Of cherished days on College Hill.

Thomas Maguire ('01).

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Luther Boone Bewley.—Born in Greene County, Tennessee, 1876. Student at Mosheim Academy one year. Entered Maryville 1897. An Alpha Sigma. Has been in college three years, and has taught five years. Medal for best oration in Alpha Sigma Society, 1901. Occupation, lawyer. Home address, Pate's Hill, Tenn.

John Evarts Tracy.—Born in Green Bay, Wis., 1880. Student Cumberland Normal Institute. Entered M. C. 1898. President Athletic Association one year; captain football team, 1900; member baseball team, 1901. Athenian. Editor College Monthly. Occupation, lawyer. Home address, Crossville, Tenn.

Sara Pearl Andrews.—Born in Butler, Pa., 1880. Student Westminster College, Pennsylvania. Entered Maryville 1898. President of class 1899-1901. A Bainonian. Occupation, teaching. Home address, Butler, Pa.

Andrew Wade Morton, M.D.—Born in Blount County, Tennessee, 1868. Entered Maryville College in 1879; spent his vacations in teaching school and working; left college in 1889, at end of his Junior year, and entered the medical department of the U. of T., where he graduated in 1892 with the highest honors of his class. He practiced in Colorado for several years, and then removed to San Francisco, Cal., where he has been for three years. He has met with phenomenal success here, and is Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, surgeon to the County Hospital, etc. He is known as one of the most skillful surgeons in the West. Athenian. Occupation, medicine. Home address, San Francisco, Cal.

William Thaw Bartlett.—Born in Maryville, September 20, 1876. Has been an Athenian two years, and played on baseball team six years; captain of college nine, 1900 and 1901. Member of Presbyterian Church. "Our Class Singer." Occupation, the ministry. Home address, Maryville, Tennessee.

Mary Lena Hastings.—Born in Maryville, 1877. Entered college 1890; has been engaged in teaching during two years. Is a Bainonian. Leader of Volunteer Band. Member Presbyterian Church. Editor College Monthly, 1900-1901. Occupation, foreign missionary; will teach at Hyden, Ky., next year. Home address, Maryville, Tennessee.

William Divine Hammontree.—Born in Loudon County, Tennessee, 1873. Entered college in 1890; has taught school three years. Is an Alpha Sigma. Member Cumberland Presbyterian Church. President Y. M. C. A., 1900. Occupation, teaching; principal academy, Kingston, Tenn. Home address, Greenback, Tenn.

Charles William Henry.—Born in Maryville, September 20, 1878. Entered first "prep" class in 1892; has been out of college one year. Has been on football and baseball teams for five years; President of Athletic Association, 1900-1901. Leader of College Band, 1899-1901. An Alpha Sigma. A Presbyterian.

Thomas Maguire.—Born in Manchester, England, 1867. An apprentice in engineering for several years, and afterward in locomotive works in Australia. Came to America 1894. Student at Moody Institute, Chi-

cago, for one year. Student in Maryville since 1895. President Y. M. C. A. for three years. Y. M. C. A. Army Secretary at Chickamauga, 1898. An Athenian. President Ministerial Association. A Presbyterian. Class poet. Occupation, the ministry. Home address, Manchester, England.

Morton Wayne Ervin.—Born in Good Hope, O., 1879. Entered Maryville College in 1896. Out of college 1899-1900, engaged in government work in Puerto Rico. On first football eleven for two years. An Alpha Sigma. A Presbyterian. Occupation, medicine. Home address, Rockwood, Tennessee.

Emma Alexander.—Born in Tokyo, Japan, 1880. Entered M. C. in 1897. Is a Bainonian. President Adelphic Union, 1900-1901; Vice President Alumni Association, 1901-1902. A Presbyterian. Occupation, foreign missionary. Home address, Kioto, Japan.

Earl Roswell North.—Born in Sidney, O., 1880. Graduated Piqua High School, 1898; student Wittenberg College, 1898-1899; entered M. C. 1899. Alpha Sigma. Member Ministerial Association. Class editor; class prophet. Occupation, ministry. Home address, Piqua, O.

Samvil Houston Bright.—Born in Chuckey City, Tenn., 1880. Student Greenville and Tusculum College, 1896-1900; entered Maryville 1900. An Athenian. Occupation, medicine. Home address, Millburnton, Tenn.

The average age of the class is twenty-four and a half years. There are three prospective ministers, two teachers, three physicians, two lawyers, two missionaries and one business man in the class.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

In the unavoidable absence of President Boardman, the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Dr. Richmond, of the Fourth Church, of Knoxville, who gave a strong exhortation to the graduating class upon the necessity of having firm foundation principles.

The last meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was a joint missionary service in the chapel. Miss Lou Johnson conducted the meeting. The topic: "How Can I Best Serve Christ This Summer?" Prof Waller spoke on "Missionary Giving"; Miss Post on "Missionary Visiting"; Mr. Bassett on "Missionary Teaching," and Dr. Wilson on "Working in Our Home Sabbath-school." It was a very inspiring meeting.

The annual sermon before the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was preached from New Providence pulpit by Rev. J. J. Robinette, D.D., on Sunday night.

On Monday morning, in the College Chapel, the rhetorical classes gave a pleasant entertainment.

The annual exhibition of the Adelphic Union was held Monday night in New Providence Church. The exercises were fully up to the similar exercises of previous years. The program was as follows: Recitation, Lelia May Cooper; oration, Fred H. Hope; debate, "What Is the Greatest Victory in History?" F. F. Schell, Annie McCrosky, Frank Laughead, Nancy V. Gardner; recitation, Irene Bewley; oration, W. E. Lewis. Music was furnished by Miss Anna Magill, Will Bartlett, Will Henry and the Theta Epsilon Quartette.

Tuesday morning in College Chapel the music and elocution pupils of the College gave the commencement recital. The music pupils who contributed numbers to the program were Miss Minnie McGinley, Miss Jennie Crawford, Miss Emma Waller, Miss Mabel Franklin and Miss Grace Carnahan. The pupils from the elocution department were Miss Phronia Gamble, Miss Maud Bright, Miss Margaret Eckles, Miss Lelia Cooper, Miss Grace Gamble, Miss Irene Bewley and Miss Eva Alexander.

The class-day exercises of the College were held on College Hill Tuesday afternoon. The exercises were very pleasant, and the following is the program: Presiding officer, Sara Pearl Andrews. Introductory address, by the Class President; music (trombone solo), C. W. Henry; oration, L. B. Bewley; address to the Presi-

dent, S. H. Bright; music (piano duet), Misses Andrews and Alexander; address to the campus, C. W. Henry; address to the undergraduates, J. E. Tracy; response by an undergraduate; address to the chapel, E. R. North; music (piano duet), Misses Andrews and Alexander; class poem, Thos. Maguire; address by a member of the Class of 1891, Rev. J. N. McGinley; music (vocal solo), W. T. Bartlett. At the close of the exercises the Class President, Miss Andrews, announced that Dr. Wilson had been unanimously elected to the Presidency of the College by the Board of Trustees, then in session. This announcement was received by cheers and college yells, and showed the popularity of the President-elect.

On Tuesday night four hundred persons heard Alf. Taylor give his lecture, "Poetry and Pearls."

The Wednesday exercises of commencement were enjoyable and largely attended. In the morning at 9:30 o'clock, at the church, the graduation exercises were under direction of Dr. Wilson, President-elect of the College. The orations and papers given by the twelve graduates were excellent. The program of the morning is as follows: Invocation, Rev. W. A. Ervin; "The Grand Old Man," W. T. Bartlett; "Japanese Folklore," Emma Alexander; "The Land of the Lilliput," L. B. Bewley; music; "The Third Estate," S. H. Bright; "An Epidemic of Lawlessness," M. W. Ervin; "The Huguenot in History," Sara Pearl Andrews; "The Civil Service Problem," W. D. Hammontree; "The Man of the Twentieth Century," C. W. Henry; "No Foreign Land," Mary Lena Hastings; "Our Chief Heritage," T. Maguire; "Thesis," A. W. Morton; "The College and the Man," Earl Roswell North; "The Scholar in Politics," J. E. Tracy; presentation of diplomas.

Wednesday night in the old chapel the annual farewell social was given. There was an unusually large crowd in attendance, and every one seemed to be happy. At the same time, in the dining hall, the alumni held their annual banquet. This meeting was enjoyed by all present, and was made an occasion of extending congratulations to Dr. Wilson.

NOTES.

President Wilson and Prof. Newman are scheduled to take part in the convention at Tusculum.

Prof. Barnes and family will spend the summer at Ithaca, N. Y., where Cornell University is located.

Dr. Boardman will make his home at Newark, N. J., where his son is a rising lawyer.

Rev. James B. Porter, '76, a returned missionary from Japan, is visiting in Maryville.

The Rev. W. H. Bates Bible prize, offered for competition in the Freshman Class, was won by Miss Helen Post. The prize was a Bible—the finest published by the Bagsters, and very valuable. The examination was a very severe test of two hours' duration. The judges were Dr. McCulloch, Dr. Wilson and Prof. Sherrill. The two who followed the closest to Miss Post in the contest were Lois Alexander and Mr. Mitchell.

A pleasant innovation was the cap and gowns worn by the Senior Class.

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Ministerial Association of the College has been very beneficial during the past term, both to each member and to the surrounding country Sunday-schools and churches. Meetings were held every two weeks, and questions and plans discussed by each member.

We are sorry to lose two of our faithful members this year, who will go out into wider fields and assist in other places, but we who return hope to re-enforce our energies and purposes and keep up the Association, which has been such a blessing and help to ourselves and the district.

Thomas Maguire, President.

E. Lysander Grau, Secretary.

Maryville College Monthly.

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EDITORIAL STAFF.

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ATHENIAN, - - ARTHUR E. SIMERLY
BAINONIAN, - - MARY LENA HASTINGS
ALPHA SIGMA, - JOSEPH S. CALDWELL
THETA EPSILON, - - - MALLIE GAMBLE
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EDITORIALS.

The New President. The election of Dr. Samuel T. Wilson to the Presidency of Maryville College has been very favorably received by the students and the public generally. The son of a foreign missionary, he was born in Syria forty-three years ago, and graduated at Maryville in 1878. After completing a course of theology at Lane Seminary, he spent about two years as a missionary in Mexico. Returning to this country on account of ill health, he accepted a position in the College in 1884 as Professor of English Language and Literature. During the past seventeen years he has given himself unreservedly to the College work, and has gained the good will and respect of all who came under his influence by his thoroughness and ability.

His elevation to the Presidency is a deserved promotion, and his complete knowledge of the wants and needs of the institution will be of great service in guiding the course of the College under the present conditions. We rejoice that Dr. Boardman has such a worthy successor, and prophesy that the new administration will bring a still larger measure of prosperity and influence to our alma mater.

The Retiring President. On May 13, by the advice of his physician, Dr. Boardman left Maryville to seek medical treatment in New York City. His departure was not generally known, and at his own request no public farewell services were held. His enforced departure on account of ill health was regretted by all, and his presence was missed at the many commencement exercises. Touching references of him were made by many speakers during commencement week, and all will be glad to know that his bodily health is now much improved. His annual report, which is published on another page, gives a brief synopsis of the many improvements accomplished during his administration of twelve years. One feature which especially attracted his attention during these years was the emphasizing and systematizing of Bible study in all departments of the College. It is the wish of all his friends that he may be spared for many years, and that his influence may widen and broaden as his pupils enter more actively the arena of life. The following words from him were read at commencement:

"To the Students of Maryville College, at Morning Chapel:

"Dear Pupils and Friends:—It was a great disappointment to me to be detained from chapel so often during the last term, and also to be unable to address to you a few parting words of kind regard on leaving. Allow me now to express to you all how much I have valued and enjoyed your companionship and friendship, from oldest to youngest. I have never failed to be inspired at morning prayer with a deep and tender sense of the important and sacred future possibilities of the large body of students before me. I have always seen material for a splendid faculty of any college, and for extended and eminent usefulness in Church and State. It was impossible not to pray for you all, that you might ever be filled with the Holy Ghost. Nor could the words 'Marching as to war, with the cross of Jesus going on before," fail to recur to

mind as many of you marched in by the platform every morning. In view of all our past blessings as a College, allow me to leave with you one text: 'God is Love.' Permit me to express for you all the deepest affection and the assurance, while life lasts, of my most earnest and prayerful desires for your highest earthly and eternal welfare, and to bid you all an affectionate farewell.

Samuel W. Boardman,
"President."

A New Departure.

We publish in this issue the report of the Committee on Co-Education, which states very clearly the necessity for changing the policy of the College under which the institution has grown and flourished for a third of a century. The legislative enactment of March 13, 1901, which punishes with fine and imprisonment in the county jail any teacher in private schools who shall be guilty of the offense of teaching whites and blacks in the same building or class room, seems to be an anachronism, but it is in accord with the general tendency of the times, and fairly represents the State.

Whatever differences of opinion, however, there may be in regard to this law, all true friends of the College should unite in cordially supporting the institution at this time.

The necessary increase in the tuition may prevent some students from returning next fall, so that there is more need than ever before of scholarship funds, if the college is to retain some of its former traditions.

The following editorial, which appeared in the Knoxville "Journal and Tribune" of May 29, gives a very fair and true statement of the past and present situation of the College:

"Maryville College is an old, time-honored institution, established under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. It has had some distinguished men in its faculties, able, consecrated, God-fearing men. Isaac Anderson, who for a long time was its President, had few superiors as a logical thinker, as a man, as a leader of men and as a theologian. He was an intellectual giant, and, though he has been dead forty-four years, his work still lives.

"The College has been passing through difficulties growing out of the race question. Like nearly all educational institutions in the South, the Civil War left it with little more than its name and its charter. The Church, through whose instrumentality it had been brought into the world, undertook the work of rehabilitation and was successful. Contributions were solicited at the North and received, some of them with the understanding that the doors of the institution should be open to colored students as well as white.

"This condition has been complied with, but has caused friction, more perhaps than the world knows of. Able men have been connected with the College since the war, and it has done good work. The Legislature, at its session last winter, enacted a law prohibiting the attendance of the two races together at the same school. Thus a climax was reached. The trustees of the institution have just decided to solve the problem by turning over to the Swift Memorial Institute at Rogersville the income derived from funds contributed by those who did it with the understanding that the institution should be open to both races. Hereafter Maryville College will be open to white students alone.

"There has been some controversy on this subject. The Journal and Tribune, knowing the difficulties surrounding the situation, has taken no part in the controversy, believing that no good could come from it, only harm, and having confidence in the good intentions and ability of those who direct the affairs of the College to accomplish that which is for the best of all concerned.

"Prof. Wilson, who has been with the institution for years, has been elected to the Presidency of the institution, to succeed Rev. Dr. Boardman, who has resigned. Like his predecessor (Dr. Boardman), Prof.

Wilson is a devout, faithful, consecrated man, and we sincerely hope and believe that under his administration Maryville College may have a career even more successful than is expected or hoped for by its most sanguine friends."

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON CO-EDUCATION OF THE RACES.

The Committee on Co-Education of the Races in Maryville College would respectfully report that, in accordance with the instruction given by this Board, they met and considered all the papers referred to them, and, after deliberation, would respectfully make the following recommendation to the Board:

First. Whereas, the State of Tennessee, by an act of the Legislature passed and approved March 13, 1901, has forbidden the co-education of white and colored students in the same institution; and whereas, we are assured by eminent legal counsel that the act is clearly constitutional under the general police powers of the State. Therefore, since, in view of these facts, your committee are convinced that the further attempt to carry out the policy of co-education of the two races in Maryville College is impracticable, we recommend that it be so declared by this Board, and that no further attempts be made to contest the constitutionality of the law.

Second. Whereas, for thirty-three years Maryville College has practiced the principle of co-education, and might have continued to do so had it not been for the recent act of the State referred to above; and whereas, by reason of that action of the State, the College is now compelled to change its educational policy to comply with the law of the State, and henceforth will be under the necessity of admitting only white or colored students; and whereas, Maryville College was originally established for educating white students for the ministry, and since the practice of co-education has been adopted the ratio of white to colored students has not been less than 20 to 1, and since there are now ample facilities for the education of colored people by themselves; therefore, we recommend, in compliance with the present law of the State, that from September 1, 1901, only white students be admitted to Maryville College.

Third. In order that we may conform to the law of the State, and at the same time deal justly with the colored people, your committee recommend that the Board of Trustees equitably divide the interest accruing from such portion of the endowment as was given on the specific condition of co-education.

Fourth. After carefully examining the data put before us respecting the endowment funds of the College, and after correspondence with representatives of the donors, we suggest, in compliance with the principles of equity and generosity, that the Board of Trustees set aside $25,000 of the present endowment fund of the College, the interest of which only shall be faithfully applied to the education of the colored people in Swift Memorial Institute at Rogersville, Tenn., so long as it shall remain a Presbyterian institution and fulfill other conditions named by this Board.

(Signed.) E. A. Elmore,
W. P. Washburn,
R. L. Bachman,
John P. Smith,
Thomas Lawrence.

FIELD DAY.

Friday, May 17, witnessed one of the most interesting field days ever held on College Hill. That which made field day interesting was that the feats were not entered by only a few men, as has often been the case in former years, but many of the boys came out and contested with their fellow-students in the various events.

Two records were broken, and several near approaches to other college records were made. Owing to the stop-watch failing to work several times, the records on some of the races could not be gotten. The gold medal for the best all-round athlete was awarded R. K. Beatty.

Following is a list of the events and the names of those who won first and second places.

Baseball throw: Newman, first, 105 35-36 yards; Henry, second.

Forty-yard dash: Beatty and S. Sparks, tie for first place; Wilson, second.

Hundred-yard dash: B. Barnard, first; Magill, second.

Standing broad jump: Beatty, first, 9 feet 4 inches; B. Barnard, second.

Standing hop, step and jump: Beatty, first, 30 feet 9 inches; B. Barnard, second.

Pole-vault: Loughead, first, 9 feet 1 inch; Brown, second, 8 feet 7 inches.

Hundred-yard hurdle race: B. Barnard, first; J. Barnard, second.

Standing high jump: Beatty, first, 4 feet 5 inches; Bright, second, 4 feet 3 inches.

Running high jump: R. Beatty and J. Barnard, tie for first place, 4 feet 10½ inches; Newman and Bright tied for second place.

The 220-yard hurdle race: B. Barnard, first; J. Walker, second.

Running broad jump: D. Sparks, first, 16 feet 10½ inches; B. Barnard, second.

Throwing 16-pound hammer: Lamons, first, 75 feet; Newman, second.

Putting 16-pound shot: Beatty, first; Lamons, second.

The 440-yard dash: J. Barnard, first, 60 seconds; Laughead, second, 60¾.

Mile run: Wilson, first, 5 minutes 50 seconds.

High kick: Beatty, first, 8 feet 10½ inches; Newman, second.

The class relay race, which many were looking forward to as the most interesting event, was called off. The Freshmen Class was the only class whose team was prepared to run.

Following is a list of the business firms which gave us prizes. Our students should read this list and, when they buy, remember those who have favored us:

Knoxville—Palace Shoe Store, Woodruff & Co., McCormick Company, Wiley, Andes & Payne, Brakebill & McCoy, McCrary & Branson, Weiser, Hope Bros., Biddle & Moulden.

Maryville—King & Caldwell, Bank of Maryville, College Monthly, George & Tedford, Maryville Times Company, Bittle, Webb & Co., Badget, Young & Co., F. Rodgers, F. L. & E. L. Webb, F. H. Lamon, Clark & Cunningham, Callahan Bros. & Best, McNutt, Chandler & West, C. A. Davis, G. B. Ross, Glenning.

STANDING RECORDS OF THE COLLEGE.

Putting 16-pound shot, 36 feet 4 inches; J. L. Jones.

Throwing 16-pound hammer, 78 feet 2 inches; J. N. Davis.

*Pole-vault, 9 feet 1 inch; F. E. Laughead.

Throwing baseball, 117 yards; Donald McDonald.

Forty-yard dash, 5 seconds; W. S. Green and D. McDonald.

Hundred-yard dash, 10½ seconds; E. M. King.

The 440-yard dash, 56 seconds; J. L. Jones.

Mile run, 4 minutes 40 seconds; R. G. Levening.

Standing high jump, 4 feet 6 inches; F. W. Belk.

Standing broad jump, 10 feet 5¼ inches; T. W. Belk.

Standing hop, step and jump, 30 feet 10 inches; R. K. Beatty.

Running high jump, 5 feet 1 inch; J. B. Jones.

Running broad jump, 19 feet 6½ inches; George A. Malcom.

*High kick, 8 feet 10½ inches; R. K. Beatty.

---

*College record broken this year.

Who guides vast orbs, and rules the waves,
Doubt not! He knows the heart that craves,
And seeks the soul with care oppressed
To trust and lean upon his breast.

Mac.

Y. M. C. A.

Messrs. Quirt, Barrett and Schell have been selected as delegates to the Southern Students' Conference.

The resignation of Will Kuble was regretfully accepted. Paul R. Dickie has been elected to fill the presidency for the unexpired term.

Carpenters and plasterers are now at work putting the finishing touches on Bartlett Hall. Rooms will be ready by the fall term, and students may rent them by applying to F. B. Schell, who is now Secretary for the Y. M. C. A.

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